Liberty

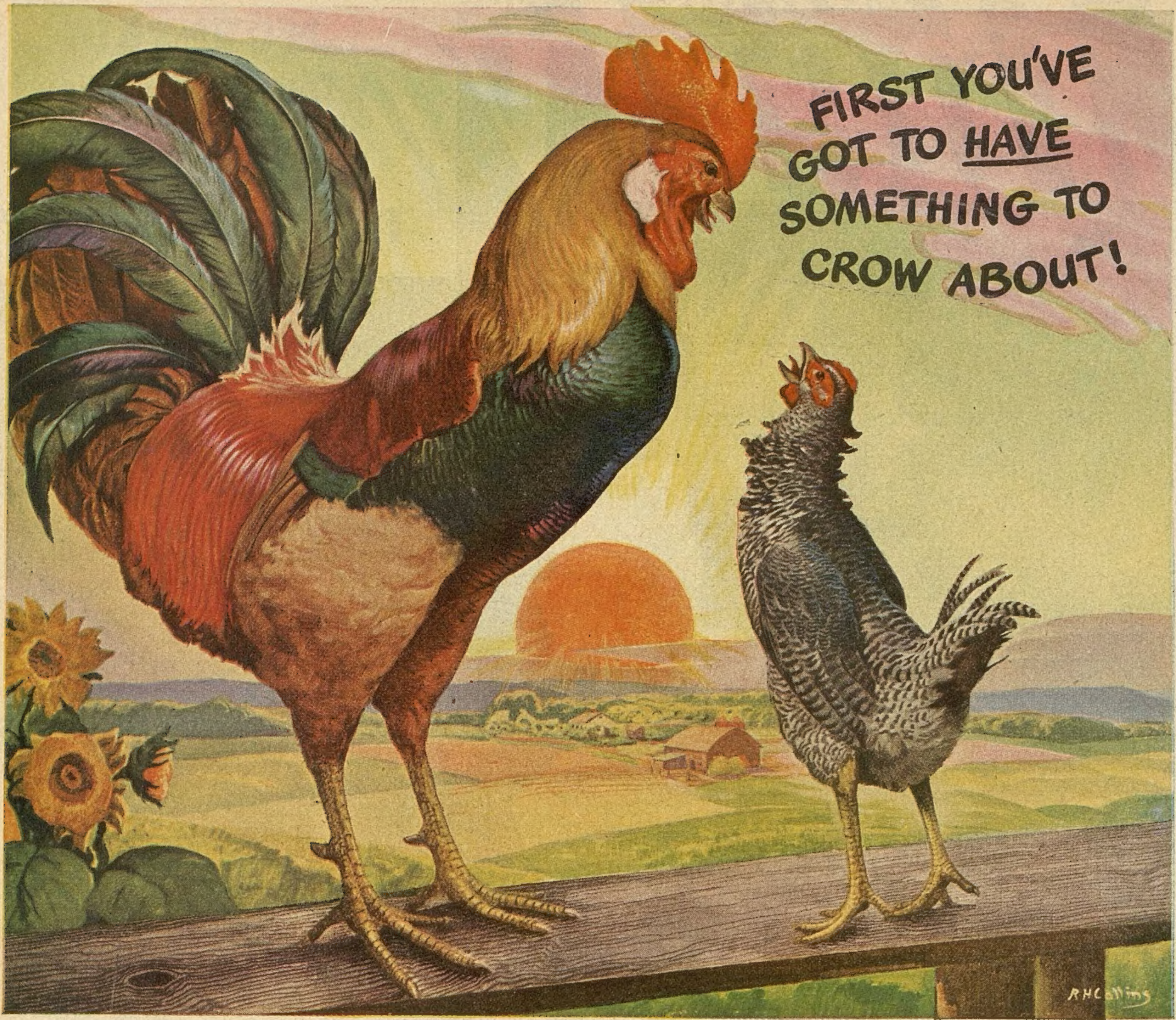
JULY 22, 1944

10c

Book: THUNDER MOUNTAIN

A Truly Unusual Novel

PENICILLIN FOR EVERYBODY!


FIRST YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE SOMETHING TO CROW ABOUT!
RHCollins

and here it is– The Sunny-Morning Taste of Schenley Reserve

YOU'LL pardon us for our pardonable pride in SCHENLEY Reserve when you yourself sample its bright-as-the-sun, smooth-as-a-breeze flavor. That light, clean freshness will call to mind the sunny friendliness of a perfect morning. With your second sip you'll join the thousands of Americans whose first-choice whiskey is SCHENLEY Reserve. If you want to see how much *extra enjoyment* true *genius* in blending can add to a whiskey, you'll want to be among those who know SCHENLEY Reserve.

The basic whiskies in Schenley Reserve blended whiskey are supplied only from pre-war stocks. Our distilleries are now producing only alcohol for munitions, synthetic rubber and other important uses. Schenley has produced no whiskey since October 1942.

SCHENLEY
RESERVE
Blended Whiskey
BOTTLED FOR
SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.

MELLOW AND LIGHT AS A PERFECT MORNING

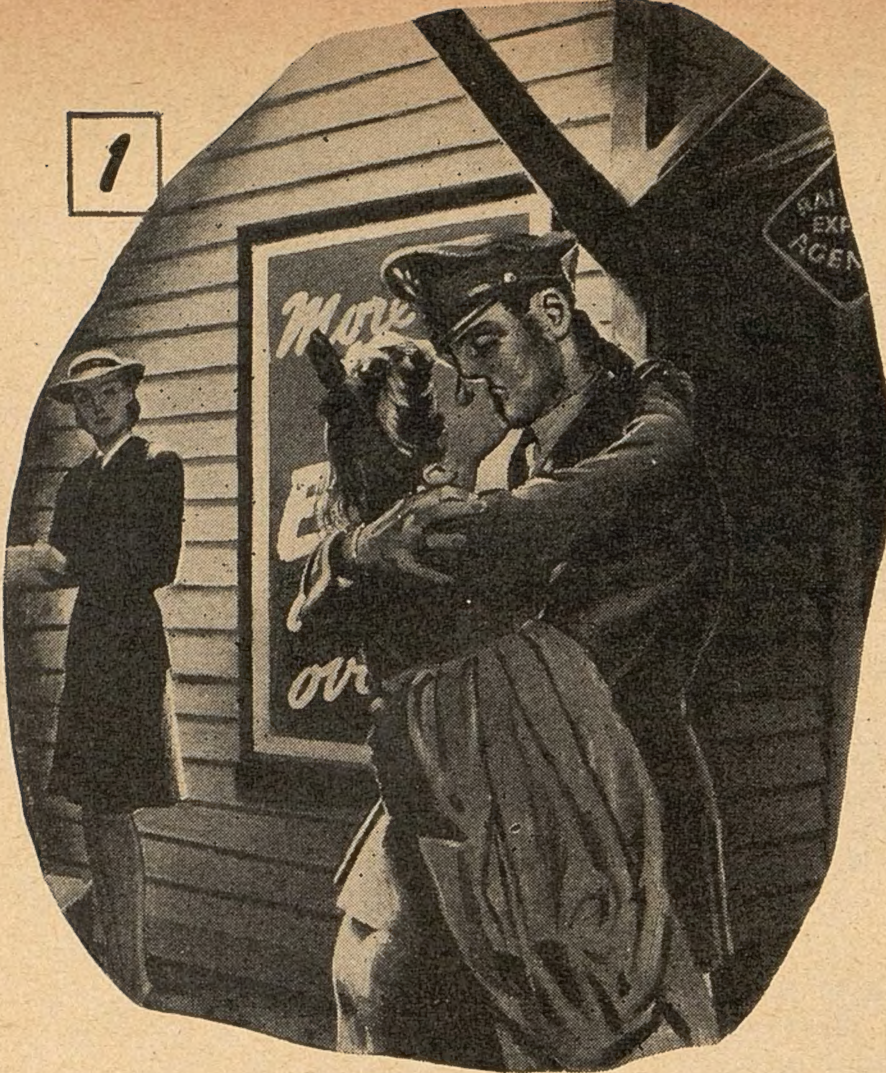
SCHENLEY

Reserve

BLENDED WHISKEY

Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City. 86 proof — sixty per cent neutral spirits distilled from fruit and grains.

1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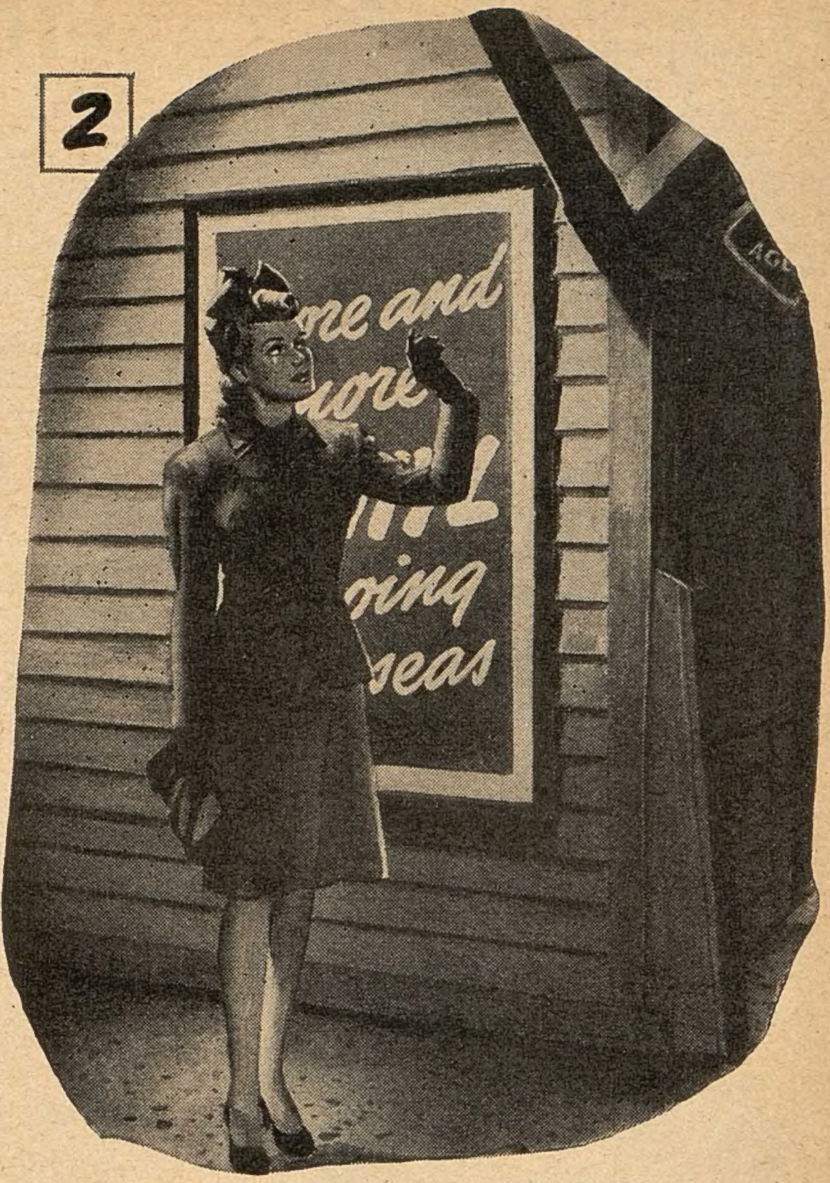
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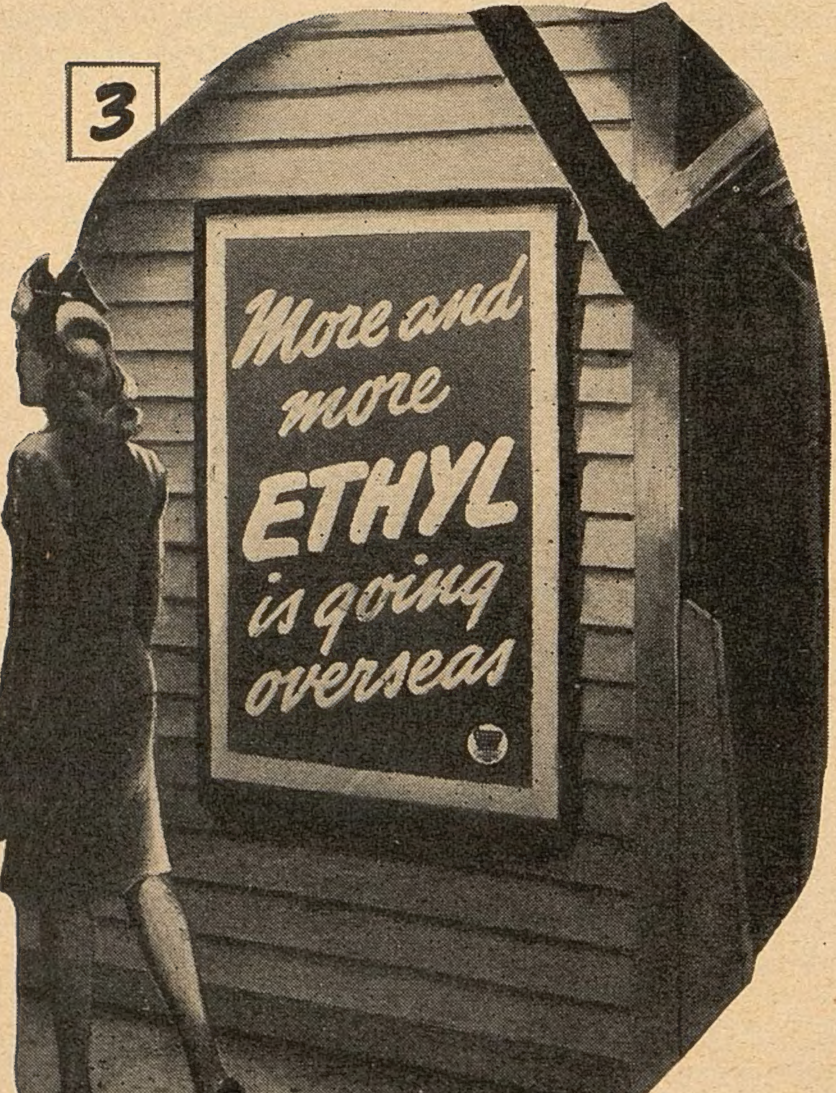
More and
more
ETHYL
is going
overseas

4 He *must* have gasoline to fight.

What's more, the gasoline needed to power a plane, tank, truck or jeep must be top-quality gasoline. That's why the antiknock quality of nearly every gallon of fighting gasoline—aviation and motor—is improved with Ethyl fluid. And that's why government agencies have placed limits on the quantity and quality of gasoline for civilian use.

Remember—"Gasoline powers the attack—don't waste a drop!"

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Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

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Cover: G.I. Distaff Side
Who cares if she's little or big or fat?
Three cheers for the girl in the khaki hat!
Painted by Vernon Grant

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LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

If THIS happened to you...

... have you enough insurance to cover your loss?

Perhaps, you say to yourself...

"Oh, I have enough insurance, if fire should damage my house or its contents."

But, have you? Are you sure?

You know, of course, that most things you own cost far more today to repair or replace.

Unless you want to dig into your own pocket in case of a loss, we suggest you see your local insurance Agent and talk things over. His advice will help you to determine just how much insurance you should carry to adequately *protect what you have.* Remember ... it's not safe these days to be *under* insured. Especially since *adequate* North America protection costs little more than *not enough* protection.

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QUESTIONS you'd hate your wife to ask about Insurance

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- **YOUR SILVERWARE:** "If our silverware was destroyed or stolen, have we enough insurance to pay for its replacement value?"
- **YOUR JEWELRY:** "Have we *enough* insurance to meet our loss if any of my jewelry should be destroyed, lost or stolen?"
- **YOUR FUR COAT:** "Are my furs insured for what they are worth today?"

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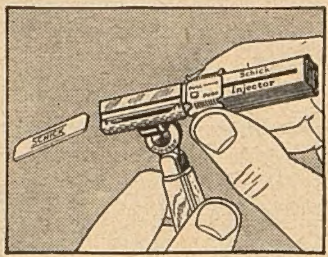
SCHICK BLADES ARE BACK!

Your Schick Injector Razor says and we quote: "I've been on the shelf long enough. You can put me back to work tomorrow morning! Schick Injector Blades are here again—in force!

'Nuff said? From now on, you and I can get together on some really smooth shaving!"

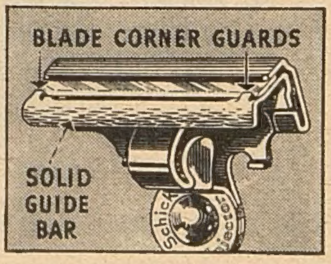
While we're still unable to get material for new razors—we're now supplying *all* military and civilian demands for the blades. So go right ahead and enjoy these Schick Injector features . . . the only basic safety razor improvements in the past 40 years!

AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE



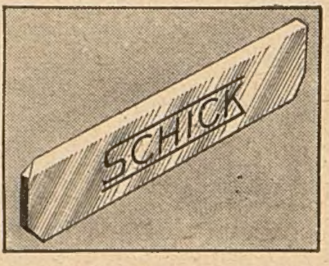
. . . an exclusive Schick Injector feature. A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart or re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges or messy paper wrappers.

SOLID GUIDE BAR



. . . has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Pops up whiskers for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking and scraping.

DOUBLE-THICK BLADES



. . . just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil packed in special cartridge, cutting edges are suspended in space.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport 1, Conn.

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

FROM THE OVERSEAS MAIL POUCH

AUCKLAND, N. Z.—I work for one of the leading magazine stores in New Zealand and during the last twelve months I have had repeated requests from Yank servicemen for your outstanding magazine. We received the January and February issues. After reading the nine copies I wish to say I can understand why your boys are always clamoring for it. I am happy to add that your boys like being with us and we are glad to have them. I am engaged to a marine and when we are married I hope to enjoy Liberty Magazine every week.—*(Miss) Noreen Healey.*

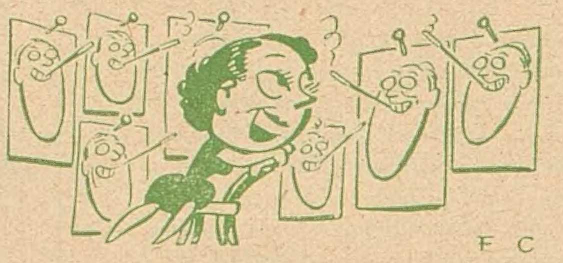
RENEE BRENNER AND F. D. R.

FORT GEORGE G. MEADE, MD.—Attention Gertrude L. Walkley! Would you mind telling a good soldier where you got the nerve (June 3 Vox Pop) to tell Miss Renée Brenner she was too young to attempt thinking and voicing her opinions?

That is what I, personally, am fighting for.

Please do what you recommend Miss Renée to stop doing, before other people hear your opinions.—*Pvt. W. Scott.*

POMPTON PLAINS, N. J.—Naturally Miss Renée Brenner thinks President Roosevelt is wonderful. He has been President twelve of her eighteen years. The danger is that she has grown up under a one-man rule. In fact, her whole generation feels one man is indispensable simply because they've never had a demonstration of anyone else doing the job.



I say—no matter *who* is the other candidate—WE NEED A CHANGE! ! !—*A. B. Snow.*

U. S. MERCHANT MARINE—For almost twelve years, now, F. D. R. has guided this nation through peacetime perils and the even greater dangers associated with war. To the greatest extent possible for a human, he has been successful, a truly remarkable man. His ability is *known;* that of any other candidate would necessarily be *unknown.* Despite this, we find, among certain irresponsible elements, loud and unrestrained squawking for a change in leadership. These elements know the dangers involved in a change of leadership as well as you or I, but they still proceed to list many reasons why the *unknown* should be preferred to *known.*

President Roosevelt can't live forever—though, including myself, there are many who wish he could. The war is slowly but surely approaching a successful climax; why, then, can't they wait?—*Bill Ussery, M/M Radio Operator.*

THREATS

PARAGOULD, ARK.—No more Libertys until Ted Shane's Crossword Puzzles get back on readable, writable paper!—*Frances Orr.*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Please stop placing Ted Shane's puzzles on that flimsy paper that any self-respecting butcher would scorn to employ for packaging 15 cents' worth of chicken giblets.—*A. C.*

We pointed out a few weeks ago that the servicemen like to get the condensation and the puzzle together. That's why Shane has been moved from the back of the magazine. Okay? —VOX POP EDITOR.

TURNABOUT

SOUTH PACIFIC—I just ran across the article Gary Cooper wrote after his rather short tour of the Pacific (March 18 Liberty). There was more truth jammed in those few lines than I've seen in any article of late.

Sometimes I wish it were possible to line all the people of the U. S. A. in a column of twos and march them around a beachhead held by our boys on one of these small Pacific islands. Just think how much more mail we'd get and how much less crying and moaning there would be from the civilians about their hardships and needs!—*Lt. J. B. Holmes.*

SMALL RECOMPENSE FOR BIG RISKS

DE LAND, FLA.—I'd like to give you a sailor's version of the subject of bigger gas allotments for servicemen.

I have been at sea now for fourteen months. My last ship was a tanker.

For several months we sailed that ship loaded with octane, knowing that if we received one torpedo we only had one chance out of a thousand of surviving—if that much. Can you imagine how I feel when the ration board says, "Here is your *five* gallons"?—*Cox. O. L. Hall.*

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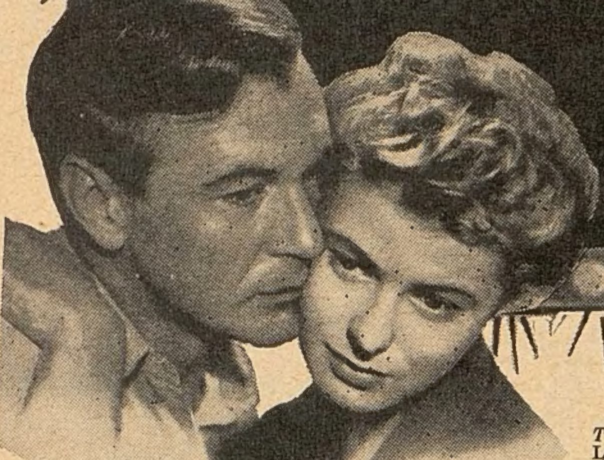
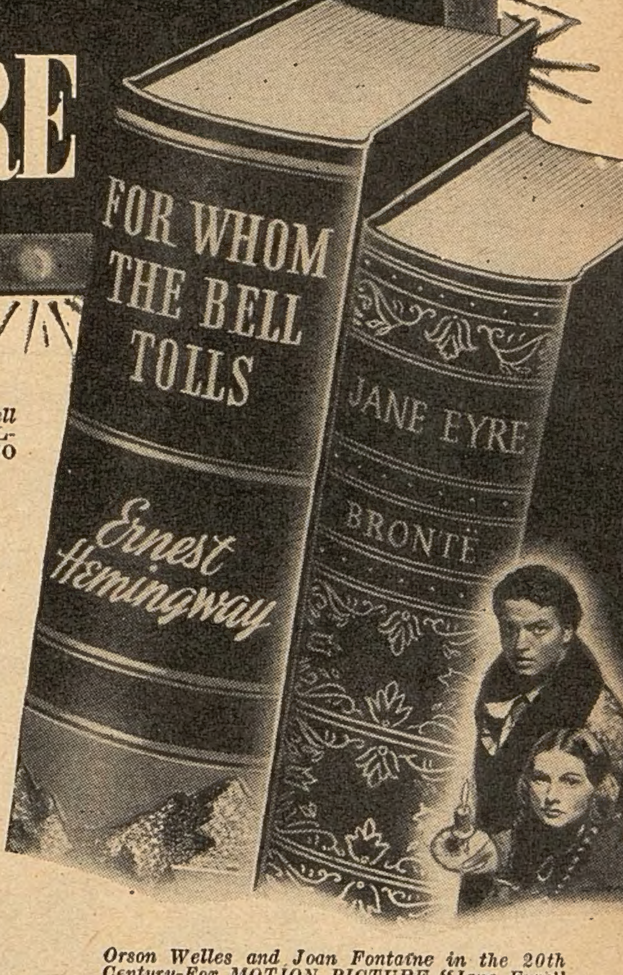
BOTH These Books Are Now Sensational MOVIES!

For Whom the Bell Tolls *and* JANE EYRE



You'll lose your heart to lovely Maria—**plaything of men**, who loved only one man, the American. (Photograph of Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman, starring in the Paramount MOTION PICTURE.)



1,250,000 people have bought *For Whom the Bell Tolls*—in the publisher's $2.75 edition! FIVE MILLION have seen the picture. And *Jane Eyre* is now ALSO a smash-hit movie. BOTH books yours FREE!

Orson Welles and Joan Fontaine in the 20th Century-Fox MOTION PICTURE "Jane Eyre"

HERE is a truly amazing double-gift offer. You get *free* not one, but TWO of the greatest novels of passion and suspense ever written—FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS, and JANE EYRE—*both* now magnificent new motion pictures!

For Whom the Bell Tolls is a *new kind* of story of love and war. Love that crams an eternity of emotion into but a few intoxicating hours . . . love that knows each embrace may be its last!

Suppose YOU Were One of These Lovers!

Only two of the screen's biggest stars were considered great enough for the leading roles. That is why Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman are now starred *together* for the *first time!*

Suppose *you* were the young American, Robert Jordan—flinging yourself at love, life, terrible danger with equal fury. Or suppose you were the lovely, terror-haunted, Spanish beauty Maria. You had escaped from a nightmare of many men—into the arms of the *one* man you have ever loved, ever kissed!

Ernest Hemingway's Greatest Book

Seldom in all your life will you find yourself LIVING a book the way you will live *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. 1,250,000 readers have bought it at its full $2.75 retail price in the publisher's edition. Over 5,000,000 people have *already* thrilled to the motion picture! And now you may have this modern masterpiece AND *Jane Eyre* — BOTH FREE—on this great offer!

Also FREE . . . JANE EYRE

You ALSO get—*free*—*Jane Eyre*, one of the greatest novels of passion, hate, romance and mystery ever written—now the 20th Century-Fox super-production starring Orson Welles and Joan Fontaine! *Jane Eyre* was the most banned book of its time. *Your* gift copy will bring you the *complete unabridged* text.

Why did young Jane Eyre fling herself at Edward Rochester? Why did they both cherish a love stalked by the most terrible secret that ever cursed two haunted hearts? You will understand when you read this great story. And on this Double-Gift Offer you can get *Jane Eyre* and *For Whom the Bell Tolls*—*both free!*

TWO Great Books a Month— For Less Than the Cost of ONE!

Each month The Book League sends its members not one but TWO books. One is a MODERN best-seller by a famous author like John Steinbeck, Somerset Maugham, Ernest Hemingway, Pearl S. Buck, Ben Ames Williams or Ilka Chase—selling everywhere at $2.50 and up in the publisher's edition.

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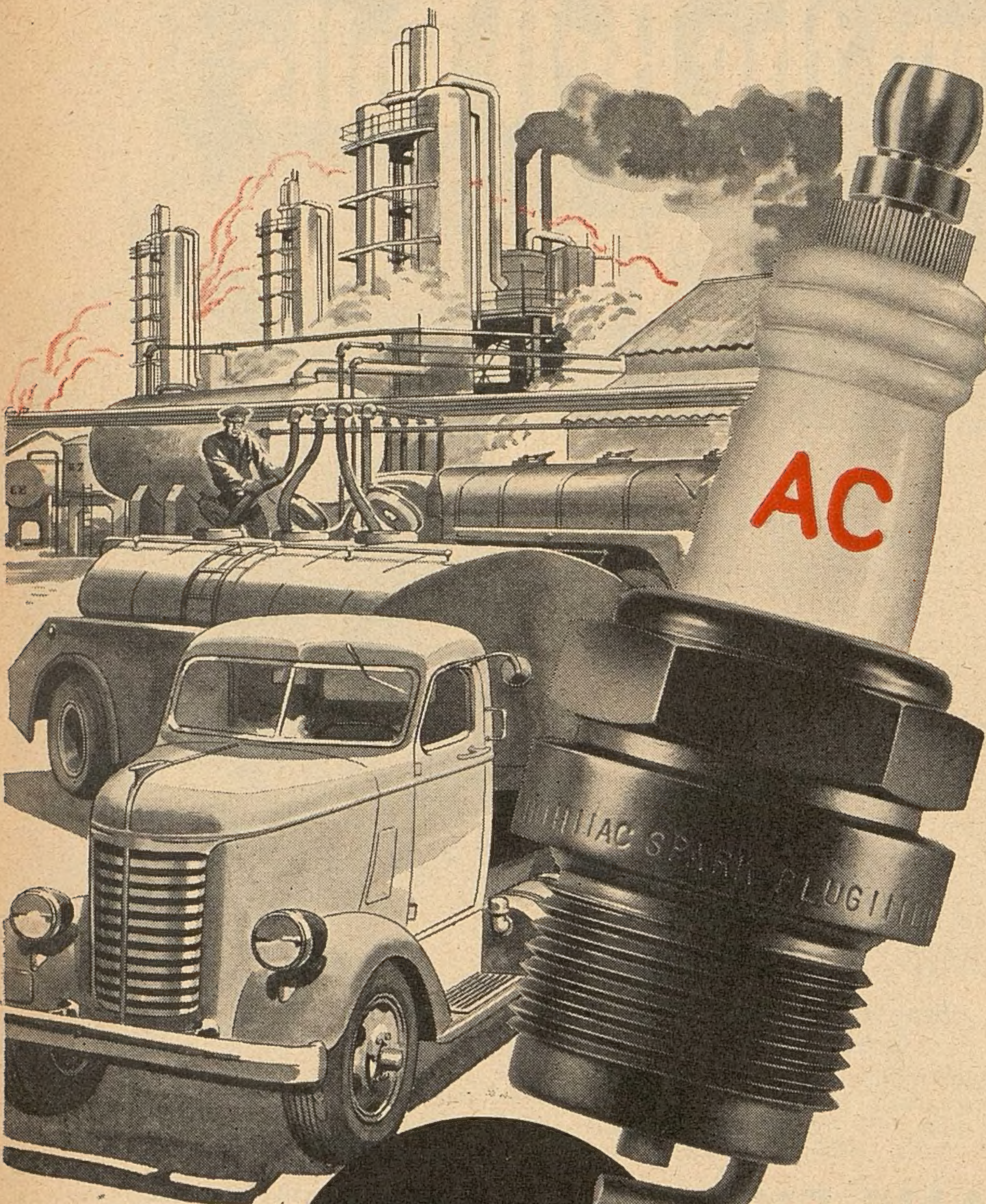

CLEAN SPARK PLUGS SAVE UP TO ONE GALLON OF GAS IN TEN

AC SPARK PLUGS

ARMY NAVY

BUY THAT *EXTRA* WAR BOND THIS MONTH

Liberty
Book: YOU'RE ONLY HUMAN ONCE by Grace Moore
RED WELDERS
RED WELDERS

NEXT WEEK

✓ **YOU'RE ONLY HUMAN ONCE**

By Grace Moore
Liberty's Book Condensation

This is the story of a small-town girl with a big-time voice whose indomitable zest for life carried her gaily up the hard road to fame. To vivacious, fun-loving Grace Moore it was merely a matter of course for Irving Berlin, on a trip to Paris, to sign her to a contract on a tablecloth at Ciro's—and for the doors of the Metropolitan and Hollywood to swing wide open.

✓ **GLIDE INTO THE UNKNOWN**

By Bob Considine

It was a daring and terrifying operation to land a glider-borne army behind the Jap lines in Burma at night. But despite the dangers, seen and unseen, Colonel Cochran's First Air Commandos did it!

✓ **THE MENACE OF THE "MOTHERS"**

By Russell Whelan and Thomas M. Johnson

This article is a straight-from-the-shoulder warning to all patriotic mothers that certain "mothers" groups are seeking to exploit true mothers' wartime worry and grief to foment racial strife and disunity!

✓ **BEWARE THE NAZI PEACE BAIT**

By William van Narvig

The Nazis are counting heavily on selling the Allies a compromise peace at the "psychological" moment. The terms may sound alluring—until they're analyzed.

✓ **BROADWAY'S DOUBLE-PLAY BOYS**

By Bennett Cerf

Contrary to rumor, Kaufman and Hart, double-witted playwright team, are not Siamese twins. A man who knows them separates the inseparable—and it's fun!

✓ **CRUSADERS AGAINST CANCER**

By Juliet Bridgman

Medical science is fashioning new weapons to fight cancer, but it needs help. There's something each of us can do to combat this deadly scourge.

✓ **THE POISON VOICE**

By Hugh Pentecost

To his unseen audience and to the patriots who would destroy him, Jasper Rowe was a traitor who had sold his voice to the enemy. But Max Chandler knew that sometimes treason can be the screen for heroism.

✓ **LIKE IN DAVID'S TIME**

By Isabel Way and Ruby Thomson

A record, a romance, and a reconciliation are the results when Old Gabe and Quent Jumper match their skill in a sheep-shearing contest that proves each a winner.

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Starring

PAT **O'BRIEN** · ROBERT **RYAN** · RUTH **HUSSEY**

with **FRANK McHUGH · BARTON MacLANE**

Produced by Robert Fellows—Directed by Harold Schuster—Screen play by Warren Duff

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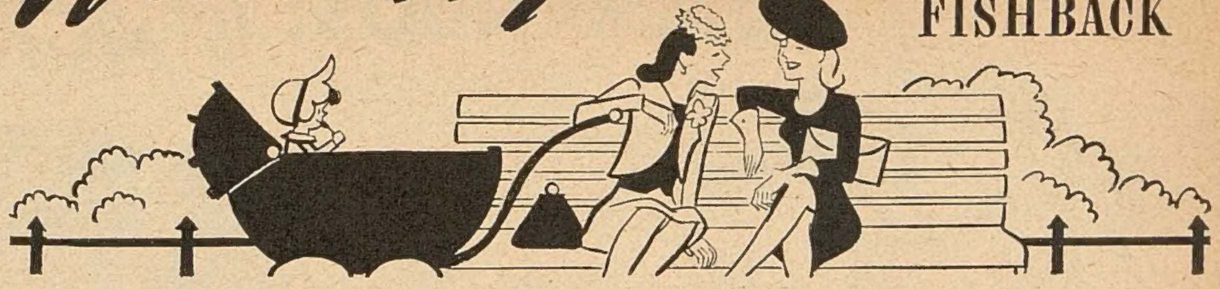
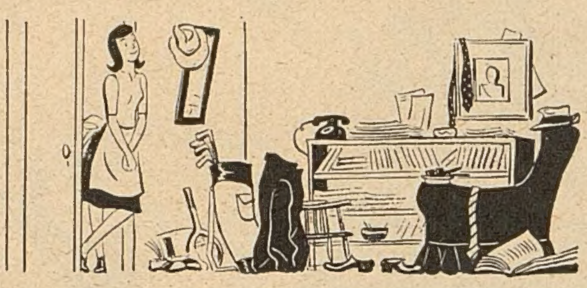
Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET
FISHBACK



WISE GUYS: Said Logan Pearsall Smith: "There are two things to aim at in life: first, to get what you want; and, after that, to enjoy it. Only the wisest of mankind achieve the second." Said Oscar Wilde: "In this world there are only two tragedies. One is not getting what one wants, and the other is getting it." Though eloquent and forceful, neither epigrammatist could convince a war wife that she won't enjoy having her man home when the victory is won. A statistician with a gimlet eye could pile up some pretty monumental figures on the civilian clothes in masculine closets and chiffonier drawers that are being tenderly sprayed and moth-balled for the great day when Johnny comes marching home. His wife and/or his mother may have bellyached in the dim sweet past about the way he never hung up his coat or mopped up the bathroom floor after inundating it with his sea-lion showers, but never again! The sterile neatness of an all-feminine home gets a woman down and makes her long for good old-fashioned masculine disorder. Once she gets it again, she'll appreciate it as she never has before.



MODERN MOTHER: Two-year-old Christine, fair as a summer day, learned colors at her mother's knee. Mommy, a well-known fashion artist, taught the precocious tadpole with the help of poker chips.

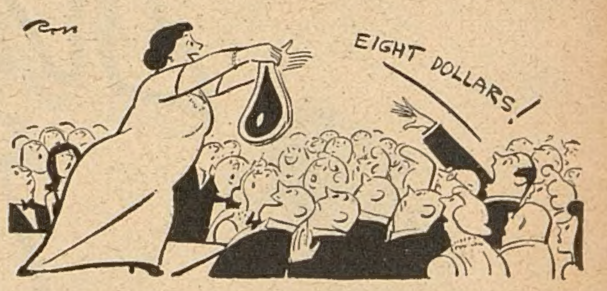
GREAT GIRLS: Seventy-one-year-old Mrs. Clara Anctil of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, hasn't let total blindness interfere with her contribution to the war effort. In the past year she has knitted fifty-eight sweaters for servicemen. . . . Lucille Rehm, daughter of Colonel H. W. Rehm, is a Wave parachute expert stationed at Lakehurst, New Jersey. Said to be the only Wave who has made a parachute jump, she now packs parachutes for Navy flyers. . . . Italian-born Mrs. Joseph Montone, aged sixty-nine, was recently graduated from grammar school in Newark, New Jersey. The mother of six sons and one daughter, she never got around to going to school until twelve years ago, when the Newark school system instituted part-time classes for the adult foreign-born. About that time Mrs. Montone had the good fortune to be growled at by a bus driver when she asked if his bus was going to Nutley. "What's the matter—can't you read?" snarled the fierce fellow, pointing at the Nutley sign. The query was a challenge to Mrs. Montone, who has been going to classes from 11 A. M. to 1 P. M. four days a week ever since. She hopes to enter high school next fall. Her greatest joy in having learned to write lies in the fact that she will be able to write letters to her son William, who has just joined the Navy.

STAY-AT-HOME: Mary Olive Jones of West Twelfth Street, New York, says Uncle Sam doesn't need to give her a sales talk on staying home instead of standing up on steaming, crowded trains already overburdened by members of the armed forces heading home for furloughs, perhaps the last in a long time. All she has to do, says she, is to go to the Pennsylvania or Grand Central station any week-end and watch the hot, harassed crowds tottering under heavy bags without benefit of redcap. They stew and fret as they beg waiters or soda-fountain attendants to get them sandwiches in a hurry, then struggle on to their groaning trains, full of angry indigestion. Mary Olive claims there is nothing like this sight to make her fall wildly in love with her own refrigerator, bathtub, corner delicatessen, and near-by park.

REST PERIOD

When cares and worries overtax
The mind, it's helpful to relax.
One pleasant method which achieves
Results, consists in raking leaves
Or cutting grass, though I'll admit
It's more relaxing just to sit
And watch, and listen with a yawn
While someone else reclaims the lawn.

SUPER-BARGAINS: Effervescent Elsa Maxwell officiated as auctioneer at a huge cocktail party given by the Publicity Club of New York for the benefit of newspaper charities. Crowded to the threshold, the big Crystal Room at the Ritz was a jolly and ear-splitting spot in which bands played, people babbled, and Elsa managed to outshout them all. Among the bargains that went for a song were a mammoth steak which brought eight dollars, a pair of nylons for ten dollars, and, best of all, two orchestra seats to Oklahoma! for fifteen dollars. All the articles sold had been donated. . . . Arturo Toscanini's baton with which he conducted the Red Cross benefit concert at Madison Square Garden was auctioned off during the intermission by Mayor LaGuardia, who observed that since it would be considered a sale, the purchaser would have to pay a sales tax, thereby helping Mr. Morgenthau along, as well as the Red Cross. Mrs. James P. Donahue bid $11,000 and brought home the baton. Bids started at $1,000. Eighteen thousand persons attended the concert.


EIGHT DOLLARS!

Blatz Beer

Fast Becoming
AMERICA'S
NEW
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Blatz
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NOTICE
The prompt return of
ALL EMPTY BEER BOTTLES
to your source of supply
is urgently requested.

GOOD TASTE

Nothing can describe the thrilling good taste of a red-ripe tomato fresh from your own Victory Garden!

And so it is with the Good Taste of Blatz Beer. Only when you try it can you fully appreciate how much better Blatz really is! More and more beer lovers everywhere are finding this true.

Never sharp . . . never bitter . . . always mellow

Blatz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. • *In our 93rd year*

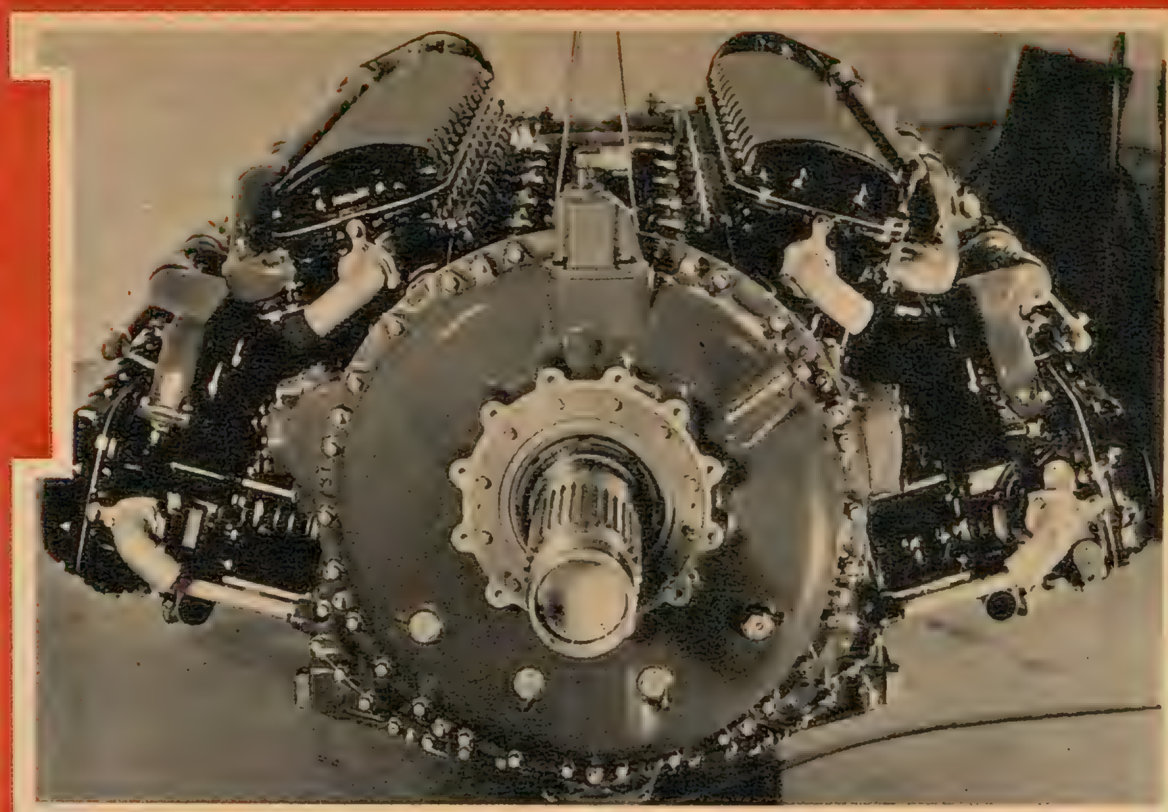
MILWAUKEE'S MOST EXQUISITE BEER

opyright 1944, Blatz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Back the Attack!
Buy MORE War Bonds Than Before!

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH



The world's most powerful liquid-cooled aircraft engine, developed and produced by the Allison Division of General Motors, is ready for service.

Aerial Militia

In response to a letter to this page telling about an unusual air organization within the Rhode Island State Guard, your On the Beam editor did some investigating and came up with some news supplied by Brigadier General Peter Leo Cannon, Adjutant General of the State Guard.

From many walks of life come the men and officers who make up the personnel of the State Guard's two air squadrons. Among them are teachers, beauticians, chiropractors, store operators, salesmen, and truck drivers. Despite the divergence of civilian pursuits, all members of the squadrons have one thing in common—a burning enthusiasm for flying. The men use their own planes and personally pay all expenses, including those for gasoline, maintenance, and airport facilities.

Originally organized as a Civilian Air Reserve group, the First Wing entered the State Guard as part of the militia reserve in May, 1942, and promptly instituted a comprehensive training schedule. The aerial State Militia is almost unique in the country.

Many of the pilots joined up because they would be given an opportunity to fly which they would otherwise not be able to enjoy because of war restrictions on private flying along the east coast. Others joined because of the courses offered. They meet on an average of three times a week, with one night devoted to drill and classes. Sundays are spent at the airports, flying in conjunction with State Guard maneuvers whenever such are scheduled.

The commanding officer is Major George A. Anderson, thirty-six, who has 250 flying hours and in civilian life is owner and operator of a radio and electric shop. Captain John H. Greene, thirty-six, executive officer, owns an automobile sales agency. Captain Ezra H. Kent, fifty-eight, operations officer and World War I pilot, teaches aeronautics at Pawtucket High School. Other officers are a repairman for the Navy, a transportation man, a meteorology teacher, a shipyard worker, an Air Corps inspector, a medical examiner, and an insurance salesman.

Pan American Anniversary

The first commercial trans-Atlantic air line has completed its fifth anniversary—and the record is impressive. It was on May 20, 1939, that Pan American Airways inaugurated the first scheduled ocean service with forty-two-ton Boeing Clippers, the first flight reaching Lisbon twenty-one hours after leaving New York. Since that first trip the Clippers have carried 60,000 passengers and traveled 10,000,000 miles, traversing the Atlantic 2,000 times.

The first mail loads ran about 1,500 to 2,000 pounds, but with the canceling of steamship services after war began, Pan American began carrying as much as 13,000 pounds of mail on one trip. Today's passengers are high-priority for the most part—passengers on urgent business of international importance. Overhaul maintenance time for the Clippers has been cut from six days to forty-eight hours.

A New Record

Here is a story about a record set by a Boeing B-17 Flying Fortress by the name of Fran Sue. It's an unusual record because it has nothing to do with destroying enemy planes—it's a record of engine overhaul.

Aircraft engines can only operate so long before they need overhauling, and an air force is only as good as its overhaul facilities. Nobody had thought about setting records on overhaul until a B-17 known as Slugger flew 900 hours without a single engine overhaul—the crew apparently just didn't have time to stop for it. No sooner was this 900-hour record noised about than a race was on. A B-24 Liberator went to 973 hours. Then came Fran Sue, flying for the Air Service Command.

With special permission, Fran Sue was permitted to establish a record of 1,009½ hours before its four Wright Cyclone engines were lifted out for overhauling.

Important? Well, during that 1,009½ hours, Fran Sue flew approximately 166,500 miles, the equivalent of six and a half times around the world without engine change. Could you do as well in your automobile?

Another Language

Want some pukka gen on airmen's lingo?

A sprog climbed out of his bomfoon after a rhubarb, gave the pukka gen to a spy, telling him his kite ran into a little job bandit, had a shambles, but got away a good squirt before joining a gaggle and stooging home.

All this, we read in the Edmonton (Canada) Journal, is the way Royal Canadian Air Force talk in their own way. The above can be translated as follows:

A novice flyer climbed out of his Typhoon bomber and gave accurate information to an Intelligence officer, telling him his plane ran into an enemy fighter, had a brief battle in which the novice got away a long burst of fire before joining a loose formation of returning bombers and escorting them home.

We wouldn't pretend to own a complete glossary of terms, because airmen's lingo varies in country and combat area, but here is a guide to some of the perplexing Canadian airforcese:

Duff gen: inaccurate information; big job: bomber; boogie: unidentified plane; a good do: lots of action; going: a decoration; along for the ride: no action; brown job or pongo: Army; shark bait: Navy; erk: ground crew; the boss: the commanding officer; plumber: flight engineer; screened: taken off operational duties; clot: a pilot who plays the fool, like dive-bombing his girl's house; shaky do: a tough fight; packed up: engine failure.

A Good Idea

Even airplanes get Distinguished Flying Crosses—unofficially. Captain Norman E. Olson of Orlando, Florida, and Fargo, North Dakota, was so proud of his Republic P-47 Thunderbolt which carried him on Eighth Air Force missions from England to shoot down six enemy airplanes, that he decided something should be done for his sturdy fighter.

At the suggestion of Major Edward W. Szaniawski, squadron commander, who hails from Scarsdale, New York, an impromptu ceremony was held and a big cardboard D. F. C. was hung on the P-47. So now both Captain Olson and plane are properly decorated, one officially; the other—well, it was a good idea.

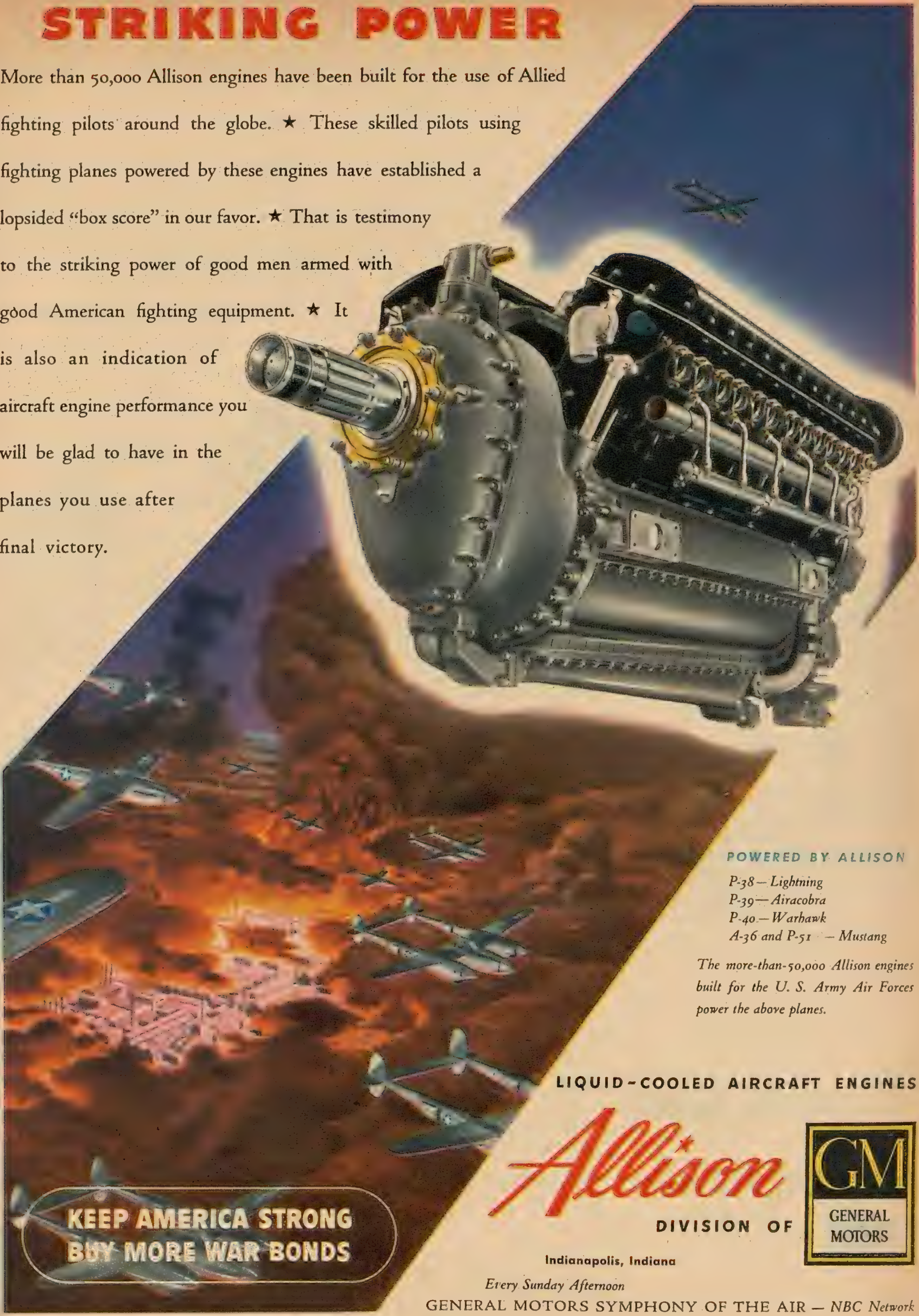
Odds and Ends

At almost any hour of the day or night, at any number of places around the world, the amount of gasoline being burned in American fighting planes would keep all the electric lights in the world going.

Since Pearl Harbor the United States has manufactured airplane engines of more than half a billion (500,000,000) horsepower—ten times the installed horsepower capacity of all the central electric generating stations in the nation.

STRIKING POWER

More than 50,000 Allison engines have been built for the use of Allied fighting pilots around the globe. ★ These skilled pilots using fighting planes powered by these engines have established a lopsided "box score" in our favor. ★ That is testimony to the striking power of good men armed with good American fighting equipment. ★ It is also an indication of aircraft engine performance you will be glad to have in the planes you use after final victory.



POWERED BY ALLISON

P-38 — Lightning
P-39 — Airacobra
P-40 — Warhawk
A-36 and P-51 — Mustang

The more-than-50,000 Allison engines built for the U. S. Army Air Forces power the above planes.

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF GM GENERAL MOTORS

Indianapolis, Indiana

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR — *NBC Network*

U. S. MARINES ON BOUGAINVILLE use palm trees for telephone poles as they string communication lines. Two stand guard with carbine and sub-machine gun.

Telephone Lines on Bougainville

THIS is a war of communications. The farther our forces advance, the more wires, telephones and switchboards they need. And war stopped the making of telephones for civilian use.

We regret that many here at home cannot now get telephone service and may not be able to get it for some time.

If you are one of those who are waiting, we'd like you to know that we will do everything in our power to minimize your delay.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

FRITZ GORO PHOTO FROM E. R. SQUIBB & SONS

PENICILLIN FOR EVERYBODY

Mass production of the miracle drug is here. Its availability for civilians means that thousands now under sentence of death will live

BY GENE R. CASEY

ARMY doctors looked grim as they examined the thirty-three-year-old soldier at the station hospital of a New England Army camp. Dread hemolytic streptococcus was destroying his blood cells and sprinkling his body with abscesses. For days his temperature had been close to 106 degrees. Now he was close to death.

There didn't seem to be much that could be done for him, and the medicos shook their heads as they watched him sink. Then one of them suggested, "Penicillin might save him." The others nodded. But penicillin was scarce. There was none at this camp.

Then began a speedy check of the New England area. There was penicillin at the Lovell General Hospital at Fort Devens, Massachusetts! In a few minutes an Army ambulance was racing over the road with the dying soldier, doctors expert in the administration of the wonder drug were getting ready at the Army general hospital—and then attendants were carrying the patient in.

The Lovell General experts examined him immediately. They, too, shook their heads. The soldier had only a couple of hours to live. Probably it was too late for even penicillin to save him. But the drug had worked near-miracles before, and these Army doctors were going to give it another chance. They poured the penicillin into the soldier's veins by the continuous drip method. He began to show improvement.

A few days later, the pathologist at the station hospital asked Lovell General doctors for a report on the case. He expected an autopsy report. Back came word: "Patient is recovering."

After six days, the soldier had improved so much that it was no longer necessary to keep up the constant flow of penicillin into his veins. Instead, injections into his muscles were given for the next twenty-one days. Then the medicos were entirely sure of their victory; penicillin had saved the soldier's life.

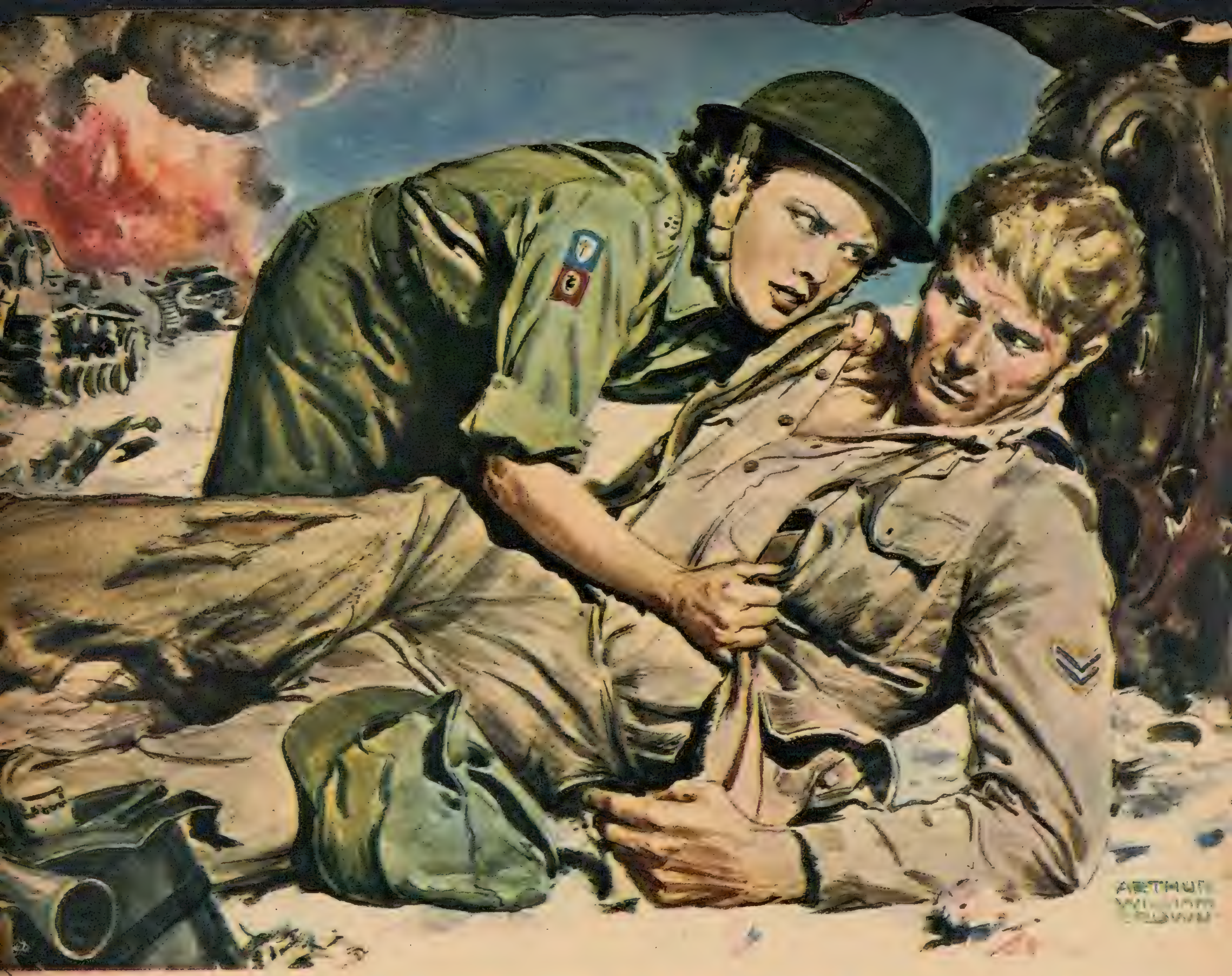
This is not ancient history. It happened just last November at a time when not even enough penicillin was being produced to stock Army hospitals, and when supplies were reserved for just such eleventh-hour reprieves from death.

Happily, a production achievement little less wonderful than penicillin itself has changed that picture until, now, not only have the armed forces every bit of the drug which it is estimated they will require, but there is also enough to stock 1,000 civilian hospitals throughout the country. And it is expected there will be enough penicillin within a few months to take care of all civilian requirements.

The war-spurred development of penicillin's uses may some day permit historians to record that more lives were saved by this war than were lost in it.

For this, much credit will belong to the

(*Continued on page 52*)



She seized the front of his blouse and pulled him upward. "Where is he?" she repeated. "Do you hear me, Hun? Where?"

. . . FOR AN EYE

BY JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Desire for vengeance drove the slim nurse from Poland to North Africa, only to discover there are emotions stronger even than hate

IT would have been easy for Captain Wagstaff to say later that he had been aware of a compelling, extraordinary quality in Carla Brydowska from that first instant he saw her in the sweltering coach of the Beirut-Cairo troop train. Actually, he was never sure. What he was sure of was that one moment his eyes were traveling idly along the clogged aisles; the next they were fixed on the slender black-haired nurse sitting a few seats away, staring motionlessly out the window.

Not all men might have thought her beautiful. Wagstaff did. Her face was small-boned and oval and almost startlingly white against her short black hair and faded khaki blouse. Beside the tanned, sweating, long-limbed English girls among whom she sat, she seemed to him less a flesh-and-blood woman than an exquisite fragile doll. But for an instant only. For the next moment, conscious of being watched, she moved her eyes from the window and looked at him. They were not doll's eyes. They were old and cold and hard as stone.

Wagstaff lowered his glance and the girl returned her attention to the window. Haifa dropped away behind. The hot midsummer dusk closed slowly in as the long train crept southward between the brown hills of Palestine.

The train was crowded to overflowing, and the three hundred officers, nurses and men of the Fifty-ninth Field Medical Detachment were jammed into the confines of two sway-backed wooden coaches. Ahead and behind, the other coaches were similarly jammed: with English and Highlanders; with South Africans and New Zealanders; with French, Greeks, Czechs, Poles, and Yugoslavs; with Palestinians, Sudanese, Bengalese, Gurkhas. Rifles, kit bags, bedding rolls, and canteens choked the aisles, rose in pyramids on the platforms and bulged from the sooty windows.

In front of the train was another train; behind it a third. All night there would be long, jammed trains creeping southward; and all the next day and the next night, and for days and nights thereafter. Rommel and his Panzers were fifty miles from the Nile delta. From a hundred cities, encampments, and desert outposts of the Middle East the British were drawing their strength to hold them.

Hour after hour the train ground on.

In the first of the two cars carrying the Fifty-ninth Field Medical Detachment, a huddle of soldiers was singing Roll Out the Barrel. Presently it was answered by Bless Them All from the car behind. At one end of the coach a game of acey-deucy had started. Some of the nurses began a card game of their own, and others had joined in the singing. But the slim black-haired nurse down the aisle from Captain Wagstaff remained apart. She was still sitting as he had first seen her, staring silently out the window.

Wagstaff dozed, half awakened, dozed again. When he awakened the second time, the singing and card games had stopped. Around him officers, nurses, and men were huddled and sprawled in sleep. But the thin white-faced nurse he had been watching was no longer in her seat.

After a few moments he arose, stretched, and walked down the swaying aisle to the vestibule. The girl was there, standing among the stacked kit bags and bedding rolls, staring out the window.

"Hello there," he said.

The girl turned and looked at the tall hollow-cheeked young medical officer.

"I'm Captain Wagstaff," he introduced himself. "Junior surgeon. You're one of the new sisters, aren't you?"

"Yes. Five of us just joined the unit at Haifa." Her voice was low and husky, with a faint Continental inflection.

"You're not English?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No—Polish."

"Oh." He smiled again. "Well, glad to have you with us and all that."

"Thank you," she said.

"Not a bad outfit really, old Fifty-nine. Just so long as you don't let the Old Man frighten you."

SHE looked at him for a moment with level gray eyes. "People do not frighten me," she said quietly.

"Good," said Wagstaff. There was an awkward silence. Suddenly he said, "Look, sister—er—"

"Brydowska."

"Look, Sister Brydowska—I couldn't help watching you a bit back there in the coach. I don't mean to butt in, but if there's anything I can do—"

"Do?" she repeated. "I don't understand."

"For you, I mean." He hesitated. "You seem so—well—so deuced unhappy."

"What makes you think that?"

"In the coach, before. All the others were singing or playing cards—"

"I have no voice," she said, "and I do not play cards." She looked away from him suddenly. "Besides—"

"Besides what?"

"Besides, I do not understand you English yet."

Wagstaff smiled. "A lot of people complain about that," he said. "What is it in particular you don't understand?"

"The way you think and feel. The way you go to war." She was silent a moment. "One would almost think you were all going to a party."

"People should have their fun while they can, shouldn't they?"

She did not answer. She had turned her back to him. He put his hands on her shoulders and swung her gently around.

"Tell me about it," he said.

She did not look at him. "About what?"

"About what's troubling you."

"There's nothing to tell."

"Yes, there is." He looked at her curiously. "It's as if—as if you were running away from something," he said.

The girl's body stiffened, and her hands were two tight white knots at her sides.

"I will tell you something, captain," she said softly. "Ever since I can remember I have been running away from things. But no more. Tonight—here on this train, for the first time in three years—I am going *toward* them."

She stood staring at him for a moment—thin, fragile, rigid. Then her body relaxed. "I am sorry," she murmured. "I do not mean to be—this way."

She returned to her seat in the coach. After a few minutes Wagstaff came down the aisle quietly and lay back in his seat. Everyone in the car seemed to be asleep.

The girl closed her eyes. When she opened them again the blackness outside was thinning and the train was crawling through the twilight of the Sinai Desert.

DAWN, she thought. Life reborn.

Dawn—and the sudden booming of guns beyond the Vistula. A flurry of shots, a shout—silence. Then the red glow climbing the sky in the direction of the square, and her father clumping down the stairs in his peppermint-striped pajamas.

A mud-daubed staff car with a gay blue pennon on a pole came down the street. Men were crossing the lawn. Then they were in the room. Their uniforms were of forest-green twill, and on the left arm below the shoulder was the woven facsimile of a boar's head and the figures 131.

The colonel who had been in the staff car laid his helmet on the piano and lit a cigarette carefully. He was very young for a colonel, with cropped yellow hair and clear piercing blue eyes.

"You did not expect us so soon, Herr Burgomeister?" he asked, smiling.

Her father did not answer.

"People seldom do." The German eyed the old man's striped pajamas and his smile widened. "Occasionally they get caught with their pants off."

The soldiers laughed. The colonel's eyes moved from her father to her mother; then to her brother Paul and her sister Pia; lastly to herself.

"Polack swine," he said suddenly.

And then:

The questions; the answers; silence. Her father and Paul walking slowly from the room, across the lawn, standing side by side under the old elm. "The higher branch for the old one," the colonel had ordered, smiling. "One must observe the amenities." Laughter; then silence again. She and her mother and Pia standing now on the porch, two soldiers holding each of them, so that they had to see.

Only her mother did not see, because she had lost consciousness.

Now her father was looking at her, very straight and gray. "Remember, Carlushka," his voice came to her. "Remember—"

That was all. Now the branch above was creaking and swaying. They had not tied his feet, and the pink-striped pajama legs kicked grotesquely.

"Regular damn Nijinsky," one of the soldiers said.

Most of them were leaving now. They dragged Pia to a lorry, pushed her in, and drove away. Someone threw a ladle of water in her mother's face and propped her against the porch railing. Back in the living room the colonel took his helmet from the piano and looked at her with his blue eyes. "The pretty ones have all the luck," he said.

"And you're a very pretty one," he added, smiling. He pulled her toward him and kissed her. "*Ach*, what kind of a way is that to kiss, *Puppchen?*" Holding her against him with one hand, he placed the thumb and forefinger of the other against her jaws and forced her mouth open. Then he kissed her again.

At the door he turned and saluted. "Oberst Forscher," he said. "At your service, *Fräulein*. Shall we say—er—eight this evening?"

Then he was gone. Outside, the dawn was brightening slowly into day.

SHE leaned her head against the window, watching the sand and the sky. Yes, Captain Wagstaff, she thought—we should all have our fun while we can.

The wheels clacked. The couplings groaned. The train crept on.

THAT had been in late July. Through August and September the Fifty-ninth Field Medical Detachment was assigned to a camp in the outskirts of Cairo. Early in October it was transferred to the Eighteenth Base Hospital in Alexandria.

Twice Carla Brydowska appeared before the commanding officer, Colonel Robb, and requested a transfer to another unit. Both times the request was refused. Except for these two occasions, she did nothing to bring herself to the official attention of her superiors. And, as time passed, she began gradually to take a larger part in the conversations and activities of the mess.

But her quietness remained. Her remoteness remained. Whatever it was that she thought and felt, she kept it tightly walled in behind her cold gray eyes.

During the second week in Alexandria Captain Wagstaff asked her to a party at the Kom-el-Dik Officers' Club. This was the first time since the night on the train that he had spoken to her other than as physician to nurse. She declined the invitation at first, but when he urged her she hesitated and at last accepted.

Once there, however, she was silent.

"Shall we dance?" Wagstaff suggested.

She shook her head. "I don't know how."

"Of course you know how," he smiled.

They danced, but she was tense, almost awkward. When the music stopped they left the floor.

"You didn't enjoy it," Wagstaff said.

"It's been so long," she murmured. "Besides—"

"Well?"

"It seems so wrong."

"Dancing?"

"These parties. This endless, insane trying to forget." She shook her head slowly. "No," she said, "I do not understand you English. The world is on fire. Fifty miles away your brothers and comrades are dying in the desert. And what do you think about? About tea. About dances at the Officers' Club."

She turned suddenly away. Wagstaff looked after her thoughtfully; then he walked over to the bar and ordered two drinks. He handed her a glass and sat down beside her. "Wrong again." He smiled. "Mostly we think about whisky."

They sipped their drinks in silence.

"You've asked to be transferred, haven't you?" he asked presently. "Why?"

She shrugged. "I want to be where the war is being fought."

"You mean it's not being fought here?"

"Your kind of war, perhaps. Not my kind. Not Poland's kind." Her voice was very soft and she did not look at him. "War is where death is. That is what war is: killing and dying."

"War is a great many things," Wagstaff said, "most of them very unpleasant. Among other things it's mopping floors and typing out sick reports in quintuplicate and greasing wheels and taking orders from dunces. It's doing your job and going on doing it."

"And you are satisfied with that?"

"Satisfied? Those things depend on—"

(*Continued on page 63*)

The SILENT WAR

BY BETTY MILTON GASKILL

The Ministry of Economic Warfare in London opens up to a Liberty reporter and reveals a few of the mysteries of its thrilling war-within-a-war

THE man who walked the bridge of the fast German steamer Alsterufer was one of the most hunted men on earth. Twice across the hostile waters of more than half a world, he had sailed his outlaw craft. So far, with a phantom's luck, he had escaped the tentacles of the British blockade.

His first voyage had been early in 1943. The Alsterufer had stolen through the watchful Allied patrols to creep over 15,000 miles of water to Japan. Now, nearly a year later, this was his second trip. Cloaked by the long winter nights, heavy with precious war materials that a desperate Fatherland prized above human life, the Alsterufer raced toward her goal, a port in German-occupied France.

Although her cunning master certainly realized the importance of his mission, he probably knew little of his role in that mysterious struggle we call vaguely "economic warfare." Few men did—a handful of men in London, a handful in Berlin. Silently, with the world for a chessboard, they played for fantastically rich stakes—but different ones. Berlin was trying to get the rare raw materials of war which she lacked. London was trying to stalemate Berlin.

One pawn on that chessboard, the Alsterufer stole into the perilous Bay of Biscay on the morning of December 27 last winter. The sky was only half overcast—a disappointment, for the German captain loved fog only slightly less than he loved night. Eight o'clock. Nine. The bay seemed empty of life. Ten . . .

Shortly after ten the calm was broken. High on the mast the lookout shouted: *"Achtung! Flugzeuge!"* It was a British bird of prey, a Sunderland flying boat of Coastal Command. It was the beginning of the end.

The Alsterufer opened fire, but the Sunderland circled just out of range and radioed to Britain for help. By afternoon the sky swarmed with bombers. By nightfall the Alsterufer was a smoldering derelict, her stunned crew scattered in lifeboats. By midnight the sea rolled over the twisted steel that had once been a ship, and over the priceless tin, rubber, and tungsten that lay with her on the sea's bottom. The men of London had won.

Economic warfare has been a war within a war. Often its battles have been fought in silence, behind a curtain of secrecy. Now it is possible to lift at least a corner of that curtain.

In Hitler's first furious blitzkrieg which crushed Norway, Denmark, Holland, Poland, Belgium, and France, he gained much more than military victory. He won vast treasures of weapons and raw materials. He won great new manpower, won prisoners and populations that would work for him by choice or under compulsion. He won Europe's farms and factories, her foods and forests.

With these resources he built "Fortress Europe" to house a war monster which could feed there for years, entirely self-sufficient, defying all the world, perhaps even conquering it.

The men in London knew he had built well and had almost succeeded. But they were not yet beaten. To London had come some of Britain's brainiest men, economists, chemists, political scientists, industrialists, analysts, and translators—a small band, mostly anonymous. Later they became the Ministry of Economic Warfare, now headed by short-spoken, direct Lord Selborne, descendant of Queen Elizabeth's favorite Foreign Minister, Cecil. After Pearl Harbor, another body of men joined them, the economic warfare division of the American Embassy in London, headed by Winfield W. Riefler.

They fought on many fronts: in ports of South America, in Germany herself and on the high seas, in Turkey and Spain, in France and Sweden. They fought with many weapons and they spoke with many voices, sometimes in the soft voice of diplomacy, sometimes in the harsher voice of naval guns, sometimes with money, sometimes with bombs.

Lieutenant Colonel C. G. Vickers, the Ministry's director, describes its objectives this way:

"We are out to smash the enemy's power to keep his armies fighting. That means destroying or denying everything on which he depends to keep his armies fed, clothed, equipped, munitioned, and mobile. Moreover, he cannot go on fighting unless his civilians also have food, clothes, tools, transport, and the heart to go on using them. Thus there is no part of his economy which is not part of his power to fight. So Economic Warfare attacks it all, but particularly the parts which matter most, by denying him imports and by attacking his resources at home."

Lord Selborne, the direct, short-spoken chief of Britain's Ministry of Economic Warfare.

One of the most important phases of this warfare is the sea blockade. It aims at cutting Germany off from her single large overseas source of supply, Japan. Germany needs Japan's rubber and tin, tungsten and edible oils, and Japan desperately needs German blueprints and technical advice, machine tools, mercury, and ball bearings.

The snag is that they are on opposite sides of the planet. How to bridge the world? For a time, before Hitler attacked Russia, a thin trickle of supplies came across Siberia. Then it seemed they might join hands when Japan struck westward toward India and Germany struck eastward into Egypt. But that failed, too, leaving only one way. Lone ships like the Alsterufer began sailing the seas.

The men in London went to work to stop them. Messages went out to the secret agents, mostly in France: "What ships are they using for blockade runners? What do they carry? Where do they sail from? When?"

Back came the answers from this silent army of spies. French ports were the European end of the shadowy traffic. The cargoes were sent overland by rail to and from Germany. She had only thirty-two surface ships big enough and fast enough to brave the blockade. They sailed between October and March, for they needed the cover of the long nights. No ship seemed able to make more than one trip over that great distance within that time.

Economic Warfare called on the Royal Navy. The going was tough that first winter of 1941-42. As a high officer in the Royal Navy explained it, "We already had our hands more than full. We had to guard convoys to and from America and our far-off dominions and colonies. Then when the Mediterranean was closed to us, we had to guard that great long route all the way around South Africa to the Middle East and India. And always we had to keep strong forces around the British Isles, too." Yet the Navy, helped by the Royal Air Force, took on this new duty, and managed to stop about half the ships which tried to sneak into German or German-controlled ports in 1941.

Things were much better in the winter of 1942-43. America was in the war with her Navy, the Mediterranean was opening up. Fewer ships now dared the blockade. Secret agents in France suddenly reported that four vessels had slipped away, bound for Japan. The Royal Navy found all four and sank them. Other agents reported twelve ships coming from Japan, already halfway along. The Navy sank six of those.

With them to the bottom went 60,000 tons of priceless rubber, tin, and edible oil. Still there were loopholes. About 11,000 tons of the same vital materials slipped by.

Last winter the blockade runners tried again, with disastrous results. Not a single ship dared leave Europe for Japan. Three of them were loading in Bordeaux to try it, but French agents reported them and Allied bombers, waiting until they were almost loaded, damaged two so severely that they couldn't sail, and the third apparently changed her mind.

Seven ships tried to sneak in *from* Japan, where they had gone from Germany the winter before. The Alsterufer was one of them. Three were sighted by the American Navy in the South Atlantic and sunk; the Burgenland, the Weserland, and the Rio Grande. The Royal Navy sank two more. Only one got through, with 6,000 tons of rubber and tin. She is the most famous of all, the Orsorno, but even she probably won't try again next winter.

In desperation, the Axis has turned to blockade-running submarines. Britain first learned of them when her Far Eastern patrols reported subs acting in a curious manner. They never seemed hostile; they always tried merely to get away. These were unquestionably some old Jap submarines which had been converted to carry cargo. Later, when Italy surrendered, Germany managed to grab and convert some Italian submarines, too.

It is far more difficult to stop these undersea runners, and it is also difficult to know how many are sunk, because fighting subs and cargo subs look alike. But the cargo subs are no serious menace, for the biggest of them can carry only 150 or 200 tons—only about one twentieth of the capacity of the smallest surface vessel Germany has used.

Related to blockade-running is smuggling. Most of it was—and some still is—done from South American countries by neutral sailors or travelers. Officially, no South American country now trades with the Axis. Actually, many ports, particularly in Argentina, leak like sieves with small-time smuggling. Favorite articles are industrial diamonds, concentrated foods, stimulating powders for German airmen, and documents to and from Germany.

TO control this and other contraband, Britain employs a system of navigation certificates or "navicerts." She has consuls in all world ports except enemy ones, and any non-Allied ship that sails from any port without a ship navicert from the British consul, testifying that he approves the cargo and destination, is liable to seizure.

Since Britain and America now control the seas, we are able to make this navicert system stick. Allied fighting ships cruise the seas, boarding and searching vessels at random. Further, "contraband control bases," through which all vessels must pass, were set up at points conveniently near trade routes. Four were in Britain and others were at Aden, Port Said, Trinidad, Bermuda, Haifa, Malta, and Gibraltar. Now only two are maintained, in Trinidad and Gibraltar. Last year, at Gibraltar alone, armed boarding vessels hailed 2,645 ships. Any United Nations port may, however, be used for examining suspected ships.

Even navicerted ships are not immune to boarding on the high seas. If anything is found wrong, an armed guard is put aboard and the ship is taken to the nearest Allied port to be rigidly examined. Since no ship knows whether she will be boarded, she usually takes no chances. To illustrate the effectiveness of this control, only 489 of those ships at Gibraltar last year were examined minutely and only four were seized for carrying contraband. In the first nine months of the war as many as 100 were examined *weekly* and some 700,000 tons of contraband were seized.

A typical smuggling trick was uncovered recently in a neutral ship searched at Gibraltar. A batch of tins marked "bile paste" were found to contain liver extract, a contraband item Germany needs. Some of the tins also had false bottoms which concealed one-pound disks of platinum embedded in putty. Such minor items will

The British Navy takes no chances in seeing to it that Germany gets none of the war imports she so desperately needs. Suspicious vessels are stopped.

BRITISH COMBINE PHOTOS

No matter how well contraband is hidden, the searchers find it. The blockade runners are licked, but neutral vessels often attempt to smuggle vital goods.

probably always get through, but in driblets so small as to be negligible.

For all practical purposes, Germany is hermetically sealed off from any overseas source of supply. This was a smashing victory for London's economic warriors.

The men of London launched another great offensive when they discovered that the formidable German war industry actually had a serious weakness. Hitler had mountains of coal and iron, but these are almost worthless for war unless mixed with rarer metals: nickel, molybdenum, manganese, chromium, and tungsten. And much of these metals comes, not from the heart of German Europe, but from the countries that lie along its borders. Economic Warfare sets its sights for this Achilles heel. The battle has not yet been won, although the end is near.

Nickel has been the toughest nut to crack because all German supplies come from German Europe. Norway and Germany each contribute 1,000 tons, and about 1,500 tons come from Greece. But by far the largest source is Petsamo, Finland, which can turn out 4,000 tons. Nickel has almost universal uses in many special steels, and Germany has almost no reserves. So far, unfortunately, we haven't yet been able seriously to damage her sources.

Molybdenum was easier. Nature stacked the cards in our favor by storing three quarters of Europe's molybdenum in one concentrated spot, the Knaben mines in Norway. The rest comes from Finland. The Knaben mines make a perfect bombing target, and Economic Warfare called on the R. A. F. A few days later, in March last year, bombs turned the tightly grouped mines into a shambles. All production was stopped for three months. Just as the mines began operating again at half speed, American Flying Fortresses hit again, knocked them out once more. This can go on indefinitely.

MANGANESE is essential in making *any* kind of steel. It removes impurities. Fortunately for our side, more than half of Germany's manganese supply came from Russian mines—at Nikopole, which the Red Army has now reconquered. This terrific body blow automatically cut the German steel industry by one third.

Hitler needs 375,000 tons of manganese every year, but now he can get only about 175,000 tons. Germany supplies 50,000 tons of this herself, and the remainder comes mostly from the Balkans. We can't do much about that, except by bombing, although Yugoslav and Greek patriots are making it as difficult as possible for the Germans.

Chromium is the irreplaceable essential in making stainless steel, and, because acids don't affect it, stainless steel is essential in making most of Germany's chemical products. Chromium is also a great toughener. Already, for example, Germany's shortage has made her artillery shells noticeably poorer.

Chromium likewise is the root of most Allied troubles with Turkey. That wasn't so for the first three years of the war because Britain (and, at one time, France) simply agreed to buy every ounce Turkey could produce to keep Germany from getting it. Things changed for the year 1943. In return for German manufactured goods, Turkey let Germany have 47,000 tons of chrome ore—about one third of Hitler's needs. Turkey still let the Allies have slightly more, about 56,000 tons.

It looked even worse for us in 1944. During the first two months of this year Germany got 15,000 tons, while the United Nations got a mere 2,000, partly because of transport difficulties. The British mis-

(*Continued on page 67*)

TROUBLE IN HAVERSTRAW

The amusing tale of a second lieutenant who pulled his rank from an upper berth and proved clothes don't always make the man

BY LT. CY FEUER and LT. ARTHUR LEWIS

NOW, some people think a commission in the Army is a fine thing to have. Maybe so. I happen to be a second lieutenant and, frankly, sometimes it worries me a little. I graduated from O. C. S. at a place called Camp Davis, North Carolina. I'll never forget that day, either. Because not only did I receive a commission; I married Gertrude, and I've known Gertrude since my second year at Crescent Park High School. Now, Gertrude is a wonderful girl, but sometimes she worries me, too. But don't misunderstand me. Because General Marshall and I wear the same kind of hat, she thinks we've got the same kind of responsibilities!

Now, as everybody knows, trains these days are very crowded, which is no good at all for a honeymoon—especially a short honeymoon. And, as I said before, Gertrude is a wonderful girl, but it seems she's got to have things just the way she wants them. Like sleeping in a lower berth with her feet facing the opposite way from the way the porter intended them, and insisting that I leave my brand-new uniform with her, so it doesn't get out of her sight.

On this particular train trip, Gertrude was very proud of the fact that I was the only officer on our Pullman car, the name of which happened to be Haverstraw Junction. There were seven enlisted men riding on the Haverstraw Junction too, and she pointed out how convenient it would be to have these enlisted men carry our bags when we got to Elgin. It's a good thing she pointed it out to me, because I don't think the seven enlisted men would have liked it at all. Incidentally, Elgin is where we live, and we were on our way there to spend my ten days' leave with my folks, who live on Harrison Street.

Well, anyway, as I was saying, I had to sleep in the upper berth. Upper berths have never appealed to me, not because they're so high, but because they give me a feeling of being away from things—especially Gertrude. The porter had made up our berths early, because Gertrude was tired and thought I should get some rest. Getting ready to go to bed early on a crowded Pullman car requires a special kind of skill. It takes a lot longer than getting ready for bed anywhere else.

Pretty soon the other passengers on the car, who, with the exception of the seven enlisted men, were civilians, decided to have their berths made up too. They all must have been doing important war work, because the government says that in these times people shouldn't travel for pleasure. Now, having just relinquished the status of being an enlisted man myself, I know that watching a lot of tired people get ready for bed isn't the most interesting type of diversion for enlisted men. So I understood perfectly when I overheard one of them say, "Lester, leave us go into the club car and see what's doing."

About an hour later I was lying in my berth thinking of various ways to speed up the feeding of a forty-millimeter Bofors gun. This sort of thinking is likely to make one a little conscience-stricken, because a newly married man has no right thinking of a Bofors gun. So I began to think of how quiet it was on the car and how nice it was for Gertrude to be able to sleep so easily. I was just thinking about how lucky I was about a lot of things when a voice said:

"You can't call me no liar."

"I can call you anything I want."

"You can't call me no liar."

"Blow it out your barracks bag!"

The enlisted men had returned from the club car!

"Who's gonna stop me from calling you a liar?"

"I'm gonna stop you from calling me a liar."

"This I gotta see."

It was very apparent that an enlisted argument was starting, because another beer-soaked voice said:

"Lester, don't leave him call you no liar."

"And who invited you into this argument, may I ask?"

Now this is the kind of argument I had become very used to during the last three years, so naturally I found myself very interested in its outcome. Personally, I liked Lester, because there was real strength in his voice.

After a few minutes of carefully analyzing what was going on, which, incidentally, was getting progressively louder, I heard a brand-new voice, unmistakably a civilian voice, say:

"Why don't you fellows stop this noise? We're trying to get some sleep!"

The answer was sort of abrupt:

"Why don't you mind your own business? No guy in tweeds is gonna tell us what to do and when to do it, so blow it out your barracks bag!"

THIS answer startled me for more than one reason. In the first place, it brought to mind the fact that the civilians, who were undoubtedly engaged in important war work—else why would they be traveling during these times?—were losing valuable sleep. And in the second place, it brought to mind the fact that I was the only one in the car who could do anything about it. The latter frightened me for more than one reason. In the first place, my uniform was in Gertrude's berth, leaving me stripped of my officer's insignia. And in the second place, I realized I had never before officially spoken to an enlisted man as an officer.

"You and who else?"

"That's tellin' him, Lester."

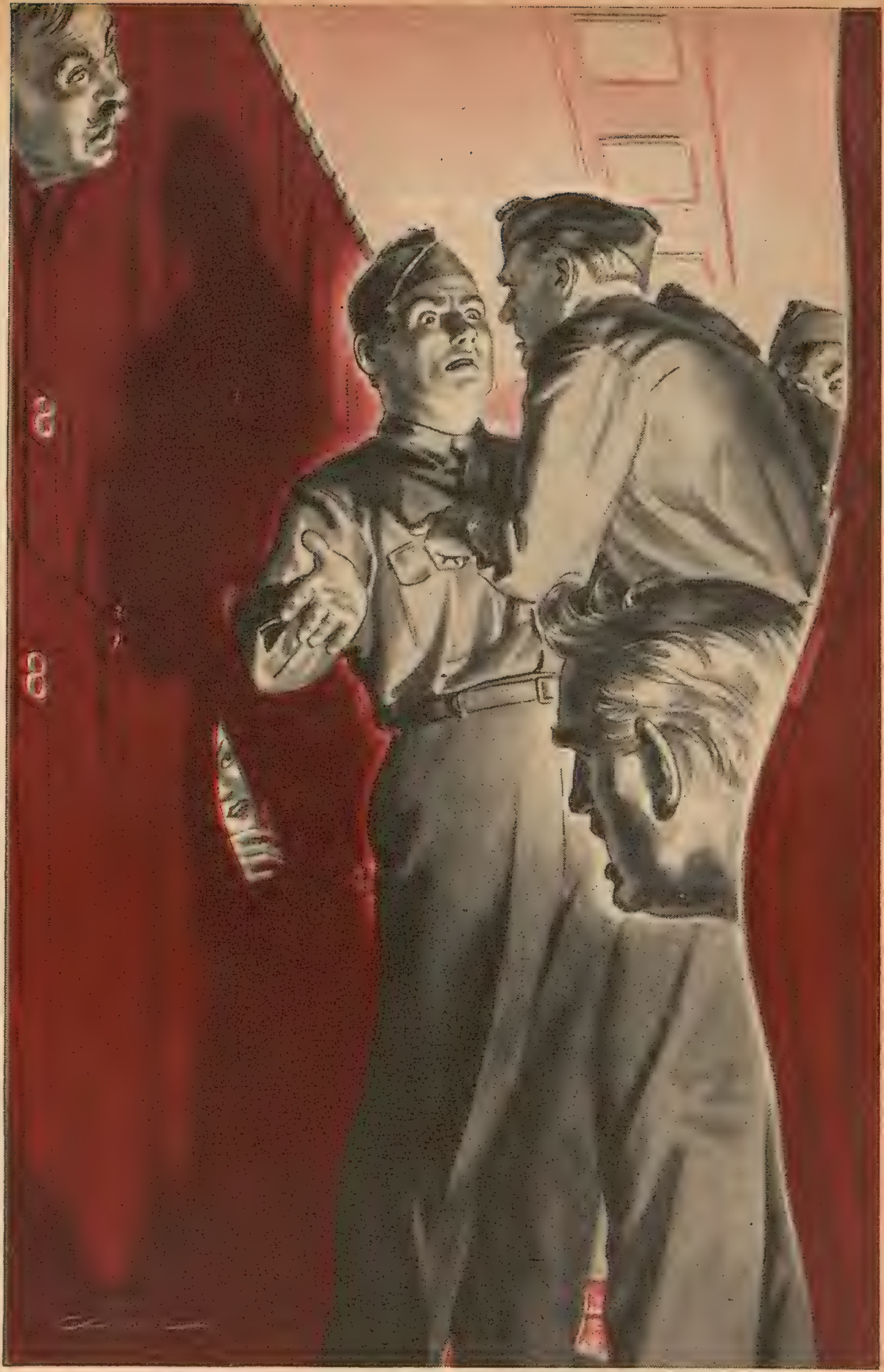
"Butt out."

By this time the indignation of the civilian passengers could be felt throughout the car. At that moment it occurred to me that Gertrude was also awake—and waiting.

JUNCTION

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN COLLINS



I heard a brand-new voice say, "Why don't you fellows stop this noise?"

I knew the time had come to do something and do it fast. So I decided to get it over with. I pulled the curtains of my berth apart and was just about to stick my head out, when a horrible thought struck me: My head, looking very much like a civilian one, may lead to a misunderstanding about my authority. This type of misunderstanding can very easily draw a comment such as "Blow it," or a reasonable facsimile thereof. And this would be very embarrassing, especially with Gertrude listening.

The risk was too great—loss of dignity and all that.

I THEN toyed with the idea of putting to use the only possible means of identification I had with me: my service hat! If I put it on and stuck my head out of the curtains, the enlisted men could immediately see that I was an officer. But what would an officer and a gentleman be doing with his hat on in bed? This also meant loss of dignity.

I was trapped!

At this point it sounded as though Lester was not only going to be successfully called a liar, but he was also going to be punched in the mouth. To add to the confusion, several of the civilians were sending for the porter at the same time, because the bell rang incessantly.

The porter must have been visiting in one of the other cars, because he didn't show up. However, it occurred to me that the civilians weren't interested in having regular porter-type work done; they wanted someone to stop the racket.

I collected myself. What was I going to say to these men? It was pretty hard to think with all that noise going on. I found myself no longer interested in the content of the argument. This was terrible! What did these men mean by carrying on this way? Didn't they realize they were wearing the uniform of the United States Army? Didn't they know they were degrading this uniform? What must these civilian war workers be thinking? What else *could* they be thinking? Why doesn't that officer put his foot down? I was furious! I couldn't let it go on for another minute. I sat up and, with everything I had, yelled from behind the curtains:

"Attent—hut!"

Like magic, everything stopped at once. A passing freight was the only thing that could be heard. What happened? I suddenly realized that I had done the right thing. It worked. The enlisted men were quiet. Even the civilians were quiet. My first command as an officer was a success! I was confident, and I knew Gertrude was proud of me.

"I want you men to stop this fighting immediately," I ordered, still behind the curtains. "I want you to get to bed as quickly and quietly as possible. If there's any further disturbance, I'll see to it that strict disciplinary action is taken."

The silence continued.

It's a funny thing—at that moment all I could think of was running those last twenty yards on the way to scoring my first touchdown for Crescent Park High. It was against Peterson Tech. That was a wonderful day, what with making my first date with Gertrude that morning, winning the game in the afternoon, and going to the Victory dance that evening. Of course I never did stay till the end of the dance because Gertrude, who was a friend of Coach Clancy, thought I shouldn't stay up too late. She must have been right, because I made All-Scholastic that same year.

I was getting sleepy. The car was nice and quiet. Gertrude was asleep, the war workers were getting their rest, and the enlisted men were still silent.

STILL SILENT?

Oh, Lord! It was five minutes since I had spoken to them, and I hadn't remembered giving them "rest." I began to perspire. These men were still standing at attention! Seven enlisted men standing rigidly at attention in the middle of a Pullman car, and me in an upper berth thinking about a football game!

Well, there was nothing else to do. There was no telling how long those enlisted men would stand there that way. I couldn't sweat it out any longer. I took a deep breath.

"As you were!" I yelled triumphantly.

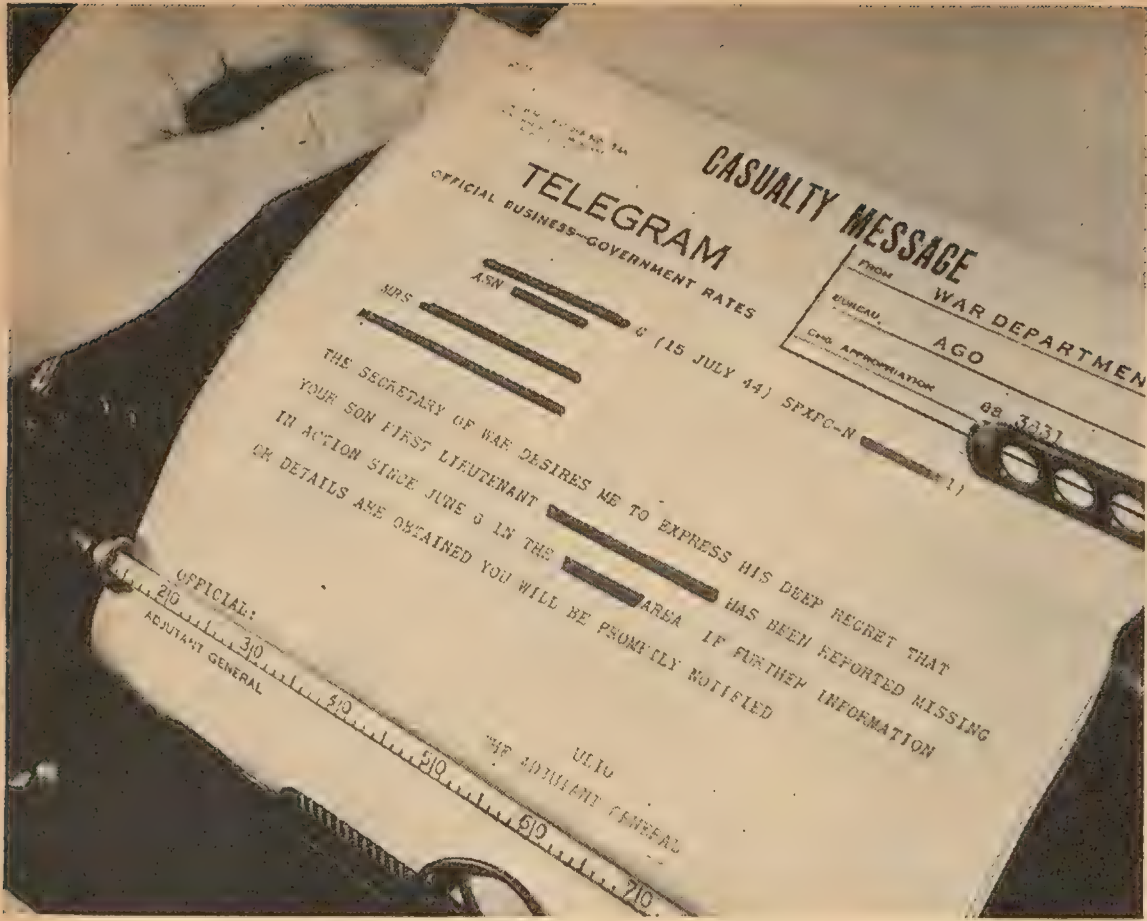
The reaction was frightening. It was a hushed, muffled, but audible voice:

"Lester, don't leave him call you no liar."

And, still muffled:

"Blow it out your barracks bag!"

THE END



CASUALTY MESSAGE

TELEGRAM

OFFICIAL BUSINESS—GOVERNMENT RATES

FROM WAR DEPARTMEN

BUREAU AGO

CHG. APPROPRIATION 88 3331

[redacted] 6 (15 JULY 44) SPXPC-N [redacted] 1)

ASN [redacted]

MRS [redacted]

[redacted]

THE SECRETARY OF WAR DESIRES ME TO EXPRESS HIS DEEP REGRET THAT YOUR SON FIRST LIEUTENANT [redacted] HAS BEEN REPORTED MISSING IN ACTION SINCE JUNE 6 IN THE [redacted] AREA IF FURTHER INFORMATION OR DETAILS ARE OBTAINED YOU WILL BE PROMPTLY NOTIFIED

ULIO
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL

OFFICIAL:
ADJUTANT GENERAL

A "missing" notice is the first, not the final word.

CLASSIFIED MESSAGE UNIT
LISTEN! DON'T TA
IDEAS for VICTORY

SIGNAL CORPS PHOTO

The Casualty Branch receives battle reports.

MISSING DOESN'T ALWAYS MEAN LOST

BY ELIZABETH BENNECHE PETERSEN

WHEN a man goes to take his place in any of the services, a certain amount of anxiety is bound to enter the home he leaves. And if letters from him fail to come, that anxiety deepens into heartache and worry.

Fully aware of this, both the War and Navy Departments make every effort to keep those at home informed when the men themselves do not or cannot. A man need not be a casualty to be "lost" to those at home. He may be too busy to write, too busy fighting; mail may have been lost, or a unit may have been moving too swiftly for mail to be sent through.

And so every day letters and telegrams pour into Washington asking for information. The Army alone, in the Adjutant General's Office, has 220 girls, a handful of civilian men, and four officers answering more than half a million such inquiries a year. It is their job to find American soldiers, wherever they may be on the face of a warring world, and to supply the latest available news about these soldiers to the people at home.

Most inquiries can be answered swiftly by reference to the vast files of the Record Section of the Military Personnel Division. In these files are vital statistics of America's soldiers—their names, their serial numbers, their parents' names, their backgrounds, descriptions, and their latest-known outfits. Reference to payroll and roster files, sent in by all Army units, no matter where they are, will show whether the soldier was still with his unit at the date of latest record. A check with the Casualty Branch will show whether the soldier has become a casualty recently. The Army Postal Service supplies latest available A. P. O. numbers. Replies to questions are thus generally processed within a week or two. (And for those who wish to make them, inquiries are always speeded up if the inquirer lists the name, rank, Army serial number, A. P. O. number and unit of the man he wants information about.)

Of course a great many letters of inquiry are from girls seeking friends and sweethearts. Some have valid reasons for their interest. But in many cases it is obvious that by the simple process of not writing a man has decided to terminate an affair which no longer interests him.

What are the chances of missing men turning up again? The facts are more comforting than mere words to those whose boys have disappeared

Confidential information is released only to those directly concerned and who obviously have the man's welfare at heart. People who request information that is none of their business do not get it.

If the inquirer does deserve the information, the service will go to any lengths to set at ease the minds of those at home. The O'Rear case, handled by the Military Information Section of the Army, is typical.

On November 11, 1942, Mrs. Norma O'Rear of Terre Haute, Indiana, wrote for news of her son, Corporal William O'Rear. The soldier had last been heard from on December 12, 1941—just six days before he sailed from the West Coast for the Philippines with a pursuit squadron.

O'Rear had not been reported as a casualty, although it was believed that he was missing in the Philippines.

A routine search revealed nothing that Mrs. O'Rear did not know. It was evident that the section would have to find out about the soldier in the field itself. No new entries had been made on his records in Washington since he had sailed. His name was not on his unit's roster. Apparently he had literally dropped out of sight.

A radiogram was sent to Australia requesting that a search be made there. On December 9 it was answered. "There is no record of this enlisted man. . . ." Mrs. O'Rear was told that there would be a delay.

All over the Pacific and the Far East the search went on. Little scraps of information, some of it only hearsay, were added. Then a break—a little one. O'Rear had been seen in a hospital in Java just before the island was engulfed by the Japanese.

Some fifty of the 200 patients had escaped. Was Corporal Bill O'Rear among them? It is not certain yet, but the search continues. It has already involved hundreds of letters, radiograms, telephone calls, man-hours of work. But it will go on until the question is answered.

Definite casualties are, of course, reported promptly to the emergency addressee. In such cases, all the delicacy and kindness in the world cannot soften the blow when bad news comes. But no one is more understanding of the sorrow and anxiety which a casualty report brings than the War and Navy Departments themselves.

Letters to missing soldiers are held until notice goes to the next-of-kin.

Your soldier, hurt perhaps, usually turns up.

Their task is tremendous. Yet every report is handled with promptness, accuracy, and sympathy. Once a casualty report is made, they keep relatives and emergency addressees informed of every detail that is known or can be told without disclosing information which might be of help to the enemy.

In the case of casualties, the most difficult problem is that of men reported missing in action. Some idea of its enormousness can be gathered from the fact that approximately 50 per cent of the casualties reported by the War Department fall into the missing-in-action and prisoner-of-war categories.

Often the War and Navy Departments are as mystified as the missing man's family about the circumstances relating to his disappearance. In many cases there are no eyewitnesses, no clues. But usually some information is subsequently dug up and, if official or sufficiently authentic, is transmitted to the family as soon as military security permits its release.

Relatives of missing men tell of the comfort, the sympathy expressed in these official communications, how much it means to them to know that the government understands what they are going through. Thoughts, even those of the strongest mind, cannot go along on an even keel at a time like this. They swing like a pendulum between hope and despair and sometimes even hope itself seems to be nothing but wishful thinking.

BUT facts, hard realistic facts, also offer comfort and hope to those whose men are missing in action. First, there is that most convincing fact of all—figures. And there are figures from the last war to warrant the belief that when this war is over, much of the mystery surrounding the missing men will be solved. During the First World War a total of 78,000 men were reported missing. But by August 1, 1919, this figure had been reduced to *forty-six men.* By far the largest number of those accounted for were finally found in hospitals or had returned to duty after having been lost from their units. Of the rest, 1,550 were presumed dead after sufficient evidence had been secured, and 4,480 had been taken prisoner and later released or exchanged.

In this war the figures are equally hopeful. In the casualty totals reported on January 13, 1944 by Secretary Stimson, 49,482 men were reported missing. Of these, 25,415 were subsequently listed as prisoners—a recovery of 50 per cent up to that time. And experience to date has shown that approximately 50 per cent of personnel initially reported missing in action in the war against Germany are subsequently reported to be prisoners of war or internees. Others later turn up in their own units or are identified at hospitals. Thus the percentage of men eventually accounted for always increases appreciably.

It is impossible to say how long it may be before a missing man's name will appear on a prisoner list. Reports from the German government vary from about six weeks to as long as seven months. Reports from the Japanese government have been very unsatisfactory.

Stories from the Southwest Pacific have told of the selfless service rendered by natives to our men who have been lost in jungle country. They have given them first aid, fed them, housed them, shielded them, and, when possible, guided them back to their units.

The precautions to condition men for emergencies account for the return of many. Knowledge of the terrain they fight over, and of things there that will be of use to them, is part of their training. For jungle fighting, especially, they are taught how to distinguish between edible and poisonous fishes and fruits, between harmless and deadly insects, reptiles, or animals.

Then there is the matter of equipment. Flyers wear inflatable life-preserver vests on over-water missions. Medium and heavy bombardment airplanes carry multi-place life rafts. In addition, each crew member is provided with a one-man life raft attached to the parachute harness, in case he has to abandon the plane in flight. Fighter and other types of planes with crews of three or less are equipped with a one-man life raft for each crew member.

Multi-place life rafts are supplied with rations and Air Transport Command aircraft operating over isolated areas usually carry a case of U. S. Army Field Ration K. Besides this, there is a parachute emergency kit containing one four-ounce package of cheese, one package of biscuits, two ounces of chocolate bar, one one-ounce fruit bar, seven cubes of sugar, one package of coffee, one package of lemonade powder, three packages of chewing gum and, since water is more necessary than food, one tube of water-purifying tablets.

Emergency rations and equipment carried by foot soldiers vary as greatly as do the theaters of operation in which they fight. Weather conditions and terrain dictate whether they are equipped with machete, jungle suit, citronella, and mosquito head net, or with snowshoes and sleeping bag. But the equipment is the best, and it includes a first-aid kit containing sulfa drugs.

MEN who serve on "surface ships" are now better equipped for survival than ever before. Lifeboats contain 56 ounces of food for every person of the boat's carrying capacity, 14 ounces each of biscuits, pemmican (which consists primarily of corned beef), chocolate, and milk tablets. Rations are enough for ten days and can be eked out over longer periods. Besides this, they are equipped with navigation aids, two-way radio kits, fishing tackle, complete tables of daily positions of the moon, distress signals, etc. In all, there are forty items, plus the equipment recently perfected for converting salt water into drinking water within thirty minutes.

There is also a Marine Survivor's kit which a patrol plane can throw over to a sighted raft or lifeboat. This is a cylinder about the size of a tall ash can. It contains a metal mirror for heliograph signals; blankets, tarpaulin, hot water bag and cooler; Very pistol flares and cartridges; See Far water pigment, a powder that stains the water bright yellow to attract patrols; signal flares to be used if the men are cast ashore; twenty-four cans of water; first-aid kit; and six Army Field Ration kits, containing enough nourishment for eighteen complete meals.

Beyond all this, it is our boys themselves who inspire the greatest hope that some of them still listed as missing will return. This generation of young Americans who were children during the depression years have a hardiness, a sense of the realistic, and a resourcefulness that serve them well. They are self-reliant. They know

(Continued on page 68)

IT TAKES A DAME TO FIGURE A DAME

Rocky Ford, Herbert, and Kate wage psychological warfare for a G. I. Romeo with triangle trouble. Another tale of the hilarious three who go on a rampage for romance

I'M driving home, decked out in my new finery, a red carnation in my buttonhole, a new bowler topping the classical Rocky Ford noggin. Meadow Park's pin-up boy. I look like a two-column spread in the Sunday roto. "Among those present at the gay opening of the opera season was Mr. Rocky Ford, prominent clubman and bon vivant." A distinguished-looking citizen, which nobody would ever take for the Herald's City Hall leg man, unless they got a gander at my bank book.

I park the jaloppy at the corner of Eighty-fifth and Butternut, slip in the florist's and buy Kate a hunk of roses with the two bucks McCarthy pays me back out of his parlay pickings.

Rocky, I can hear Kate cooing, after ten years you still bring me flowers! Kate, I'm saying, what's ten years? We're young, and we're in love.

I roll down the car windows and take a deep whiff of fresh air as I drive down Butternut Street. Suddenly the idyl is blitzed. I slam the brakes down to the floor. I nearly pop through the windshield.

A garden hose sprays me full force on the left profile, splashes down over my new brown herringbone, knocks off my bowler. I'm soaked. A dunked dude.

I regain partial vision by wiping my orbs with the back of a wet-fish hand. I come out of it fighting mad, and when I see old Edgar Sprockett at the curb with hose in hand, I boil over.

Sprockett is a sour-pussed bachelor, as crusty as store-bought pie. When he's not amusing himself by foreclosing on widows and orphans, he's crawling around his lawn, digging weeds, planting petunias, or yelling for the cops when the kids play baseball in the street and menace his pampered posies.

"Sprockett," I says, "I'll have the law on you for this"—Edgar's favorite line when the kids tiptoe through his tulips.

"It was an accident," Sprockett whines in a vinegar voice. "Those hoodlums were trampling my new grass again."

Across the street I can see the knee-pants Commandos of Meadow Park, snug in their shrubbery foxholes, out of range of Sprockett's H_2O artillery. For three years Sprockett's been bullying the kids, and this is my chance to get even. I lay down a barrage of blistering adjectives which could be bottled for insect spray.

"And," I top it off, "tomorrow you'll get a bill for damages."

Edgar's face wrinkles up like a cheap linen suit. Parting with a nickel is a sorrowful ordeal for Sprockett. You'd think that buffalo on it was blood kin.

"A seven-dollar hat ruined," I says; "a deuce for the flowers, another lettuce leaf for cleaning and pressing, and a buck and a half on the car, which I just had polished." I tick the items off slowly, and each one is like twisting a paring knife in Edgar's back.

Sprockett is a sick rooster, and his misery perks me up quite a bit. But when I get home and Kate lays eyes on my dampened elegance, she snaps, "Rocky Ford, you've been drinking again."

"Kate," I says, "it was an accident."

"Somebody threw a lake at you."

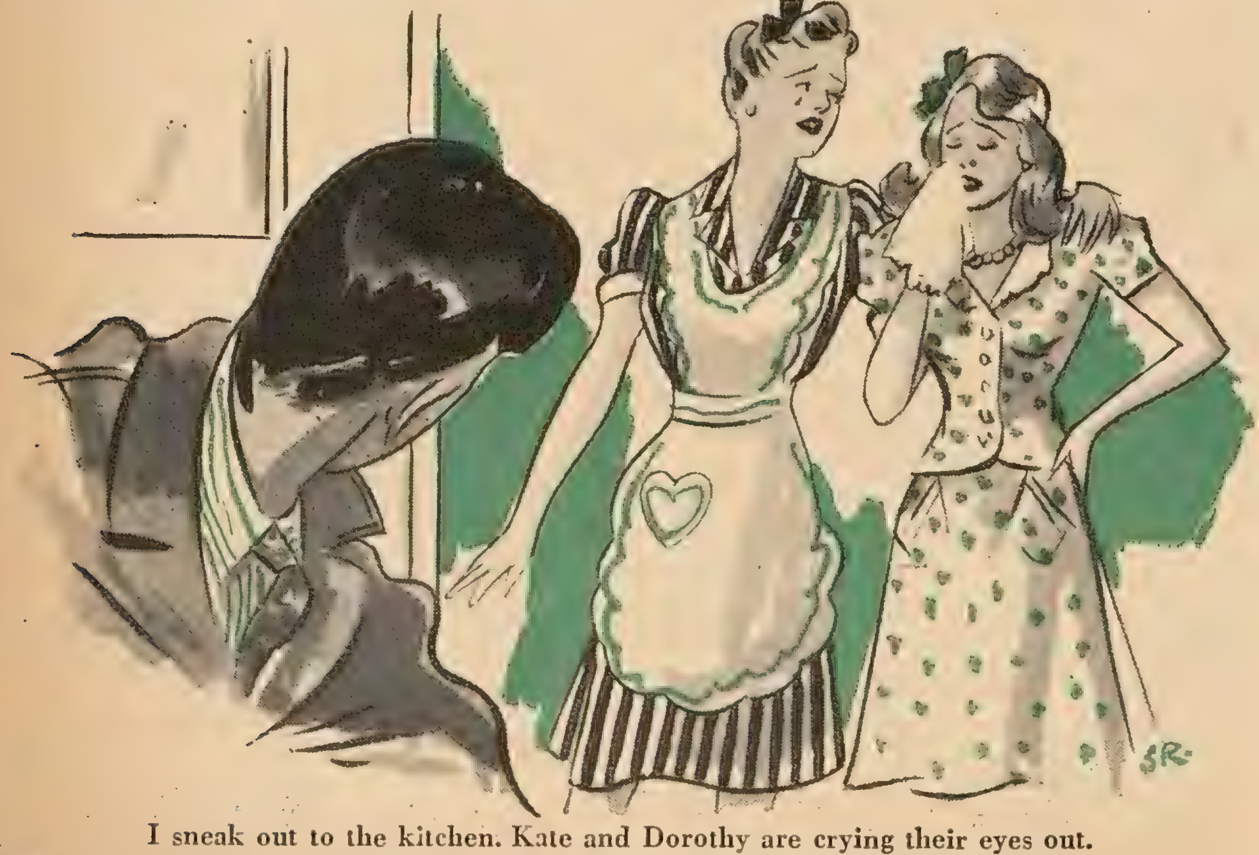
I shed my dunked dudery, slip on a robe, and Kate hangs my stuff in the kitchen to dry. She doesn't say a word. It's that tight-lipped prelude to trouble.

"Darling," I says, "I haven't even had a beer for three days."

I try to explain, but Kate isn't in a receptive mood. Finally I give up.

"I drank three magnums of champagne," I says, "and then went swimming."

That, I gather from Kate's expression, is more like it.



I sneak out to the kitchen. Kate and Dorothy are crying their eyes out.

A tense domestic situation is headed off by the arrival of Herbert, the nephew Kate and I have adopted for the duration, so his widower father can help the Navy clean up the seven seas. Herbert's Superman sweat shirt is soaked, and water is still dripping from his cowboy pants. The kid backs up my story, but by this time even the Truman Committee couldn't clear me.

"Kate," I suddenly remember, "I've got some flowers for you in the car."

"Humph!" Kate snorts. "Guilty conscience."

AFTER dinner Kate goes down to the Red Cross blood bank to serve coffee and doughnuts to the red-corpuscle set, so I corner Herbert and ask him what touched off this afternoon's hostilities.

"Courier duty," the kid says and he's kind of hush-hush about it.

"A Commando raid?"

Herbert nods. Then he gets up, closes the door, and slips me the low-down. Seems the kid's got a new friend, Sergeant Phil Harrison, a G. I. Romeo who's run into triangle trouble. The point of the triangle is old Sprockett's niece Dorothy, a cute blonde trick from Ridgeville. The sarge and Dorothy grew up there, went through whooping cough, measles, and high school together.

"Phil was top man with the dame," Herbert says, "only he no more'n gets back to Ridgeville and up pops this other chicken."

"What other chicken?"

"The colonel's daughter."

"Oh," I says, nodding. Then I realize that we haven't dealt with any colonel in the conversation. Herbert explains that Phil's stationed down South, and the colonel in charge has a daughter who was stuck on Phil in college, and when Phil goes home on furlough before shipping overseas, the girl figures he's apt to marry the local competition, so she hops a Pullman, blows into Ridgeville, and explodes the childhood romance.

"She don't mean a thing to Phil, though," Herbert says.

"Which one?"

"The colonel's daughter. But he's got to be nice to her on account of her old man, only Dorothy don't see it that way. She's just a dame, and all she sees is Phil breaks a date with her to take this Southern fluff out to dinner. She don't see he's only feeding the chick so's he can maybe talk her into blowing town. But it turns out it's Dorothy does the blowing. She hotfoots it down here to stay with old Sourpuss Sprockett, and Phil follows her, but she won't talk to him when he calls and won't even read his letters."

"How'd you and the Commandos get cut in on the deal?" I asks.

"Well," Herbert says, "it's really Signal Corps work, but we like Phil, so we took it on. We're trying to get a message through enemy territory to square things with the pigeon, clear the way for what Phil called arbitration."

"Herbert," I says, "this assignment calls for the cunning of a veteran."

"Gee, Rocky," he says, "will you help us?"

We shake on it. It's the secret grip of Dusty Dalton's Prairie Patrol, which I and Herbert are both members of, on account of the fifty box tops we've sent in to Dusty's radio rodeo.

"The first thing to do is talk this over with the sergeant," I says.

BY JOHN D. WEAVER

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVE RONAY

"He's over at Phelps' garage," Herbert says. "I told him we'd meet there tonight and maybe try a night raid."

"Just the thing," I says, "and I have a useful bit of military intelligence—I know where the guest room is at Fort Sprockett on account of that air-raid warden survey I made last year."

"Rocky," the kid says, "you're a right guy."

THE sergeant is built like a tank destroyer, with red hair and a big grin. When he shakes my mitt it's like being caught in a clothes wringer.

"Rocky," the sergeant says, "you gotta do something—quick."

"Sarge," I says, "it's in the bag."

Herbert rounds up the Commandos, and we throw a junior cordon around the Sprockett acres. Then I and the sarge creep along the fence to the back steps.

"Rocky," the sarge says, "if old Sprockett gets a gander at me, there'll be fireworks. Once I got as far as his door, and when I left I knocked over his potted begonias."

"He doesn't treat *me* like a lodge brother either," I says.

I post the sarge under the steps, and edge around till I'm under the guest room. I pick up some pebbles and flick one up against the window. Nothing happens.

I scoop up a handful of pebbles and drum a sharp rat-a-tat-tat on the half-open window. Then I hear the window shoot up, and I'm just opening my mouth to deliver my message when—bang!—I get a pan of water smack in the puss, and my other suit is soaked.

"Who's down there?" old Sprockett roars, poking his bald noggin out the window and flashing a light on me. "Is that you again, Ford?" he barks.

I don't linger for further conversation. I latch onto the sarge, get Herbert to send the Commandos home, and beat it back to my own quarters. Unluckily, I arrive at the same time as Kate.

"Rocky Ford!" Kate gasps.

"Got wet again," I says.

NEXT morning I hang around home till I see old Sprockett come out and catch the Meadow Park bus into town. Then I put on my air-raid warden's trench coat and my white helmet, and I amble down to the Sprockett premises. I ring the doorbell, and a pretty little fluff with curly blonde hair and blue eyes comes to the door. Only at the moment her eyes are kind of swollen and streaky, like she's been rubbing them or crying.

"Air-raid survey," I says, pulling out an official-looking blank form, which is really my notice to pay my back dues at the Press Club.

"Come in," she says.

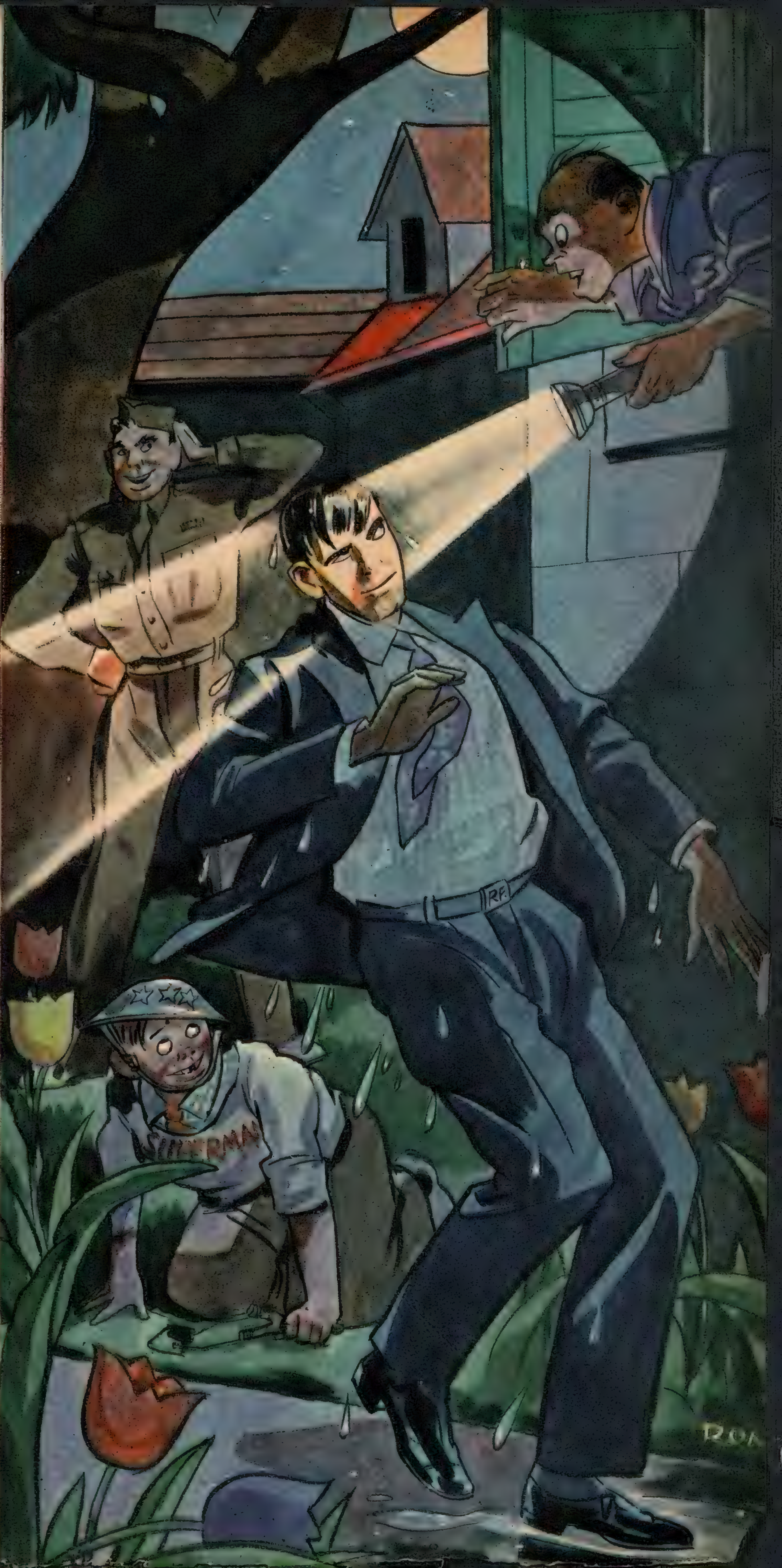
"Just have to check the wiring," I says.

"Do you mind if I go ahead and finish my breakfast?" she says.

"Sure, go right ahead."

I prowl around the living room, making notes, and then, while Dorothy's in the breakfast room, I slip upstairs. I find Sprockett's moved into the guest room, and Dorothy has the room at the front. First thing I spot in Dorothy's room is a framed picture of the sarge on the dresser. Which is encouraging.

(*Continued on page 48*)



Sprockett flashes a light on me. "Is that you again, Ford?" he barks.

BULLETS FOR THE BRIDEGROOM

BY DAVID DODGE

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

KITTY MacLEOD and James Whitney drove from San Francisco to a suburb of Reno to be married by Pop Foster, J. P., an old friend of Whit. Arrived there, late, they were met by two strangers, Walter Gates and Sammy Kohler. When Pop appeared, it was clear he was taking orders from the others, and when they discovered Whit had no marriage license, Gates became threatening, evidently not believing Whit's story. So the young people, relieved to get away unharmed, drove on to Reno.

To pass the time until the city clerk's office opened, Kitty and Whit visited Lorenzo's, a gambling club. At the tables they met Lorenzo, Gladys Warren, and Jess Caldwell. Caldwell had already received a phone call from Gates, telling him to watch the couple.

After the wedding, Kitty and Whit ran into two friends from San Francisco, Casey Jones and Pete Weston; Whit was suspected of the murder of Pop; he was saved by Casey from an attack by Kohler; and was about to be tortured by Gates when Casey again rescued him.

Kitty was seeing very little of her groom and was verging on revolt when she and Whit learned that Casey, Weston, and Gladys were F. B. I. agents trying to find where Gates—Goetz—had his powerful radio transmitter with which he supplied the Japs with military information.

Larson, Whit's bodyguard, suggested maybe Gates got the power for his transmitter without paying for it. That gave Whit an idea, and once more Kitty was abandoned.

PART SIX

WHIT'S theory was still burning him when he arrived at the hotel with an armload of laboratory equipment. In his room, he locked the door and went to work.

The laboratory equipment consisted of twenty-five dollars' worth of books on electrical engineering, a map of Reno and vicinity, and a pamphlet concerning the local power system. Whit sat down and began to read, throwing the books on the bed as he finished with them. He did not interrupt his work for five hours, except to turn on the lights when the room grew too dark to see. He had sketched a number of lines on his map and was woozy from a million cigarettes when Kitty and Larson banged on the door and demanded entrance. But he was happy, even though his head ached. He had done it.

Kitty hurried to open a window. She said, "Have you actually been in this smokehouse all afternoon?"

"Yes'm." Whit yawned and stretched.

"Did the idea jell?"

"If you mean do I know where the radio transmitter is—yes, I do. Would you like to hear how I found it?"

Kitty and Larson stared. Kitty said, "If you're serious, you have the floor."

Whit snapped his suspenders for attention.

"First I shall give credit where credit is due. Swede, you started me off. If your hunch was right, then Gates would go where there were no power lines at all. I marked down on my map, as well as I could remember, what Casey had on his map, and then I dug up some dope about the local power system and put that down too. Here's what I got."

He spread his map on the table.

"Here are Casey's lines of direction, fanning out southwest and northeast from Reno. These other lines are power lines. Casey's direction lines to the northeast cut through the middle of the whole power system, so the transmitter isn't there. It's over here, south of the river, where there's nothing but uninhabited brush country and no electricity for miles."

Whit's startling discovery in the ghost town gives Casey the information he needs to lay his plans for an attack that must be both swift and crushing

Whit's finger moved across the map.

"I had one big lucky hunch. Do you remember Gates' fingernails, Kitty? And Caldwell's? When you gave me the idea, Swede, I remembered their hands. They had been working with machinery—a generator, maybe. I made a list of every kind of generator there was and began to eliminate the kinds Gates couldn't use for one reason or another—windmill generators, too conspicuous; gasoline-motor generators, too noisy; and so on. When I got through, there was nothing left but turbogenerators. That's how Gates is getting his power."

"What's a turbogenerator?" said Kitty.

"A generator powered by a turbine. And a turbine is a motor that functions because it's got a steady stream of water rushing through it."

"The river!"

"Sure, the river. That's where the gas and light company gets its power. Why not Gates?"

Larson said, "How come Casey and Pete had it figured out that the power lines were the only answer?"

"Because they're smart—and you, Swede, you're dumb. You haven't got enough sense to reason that because Gates always got his electricity from the power company so far, he'd have to go right on getting it from the power company when things got hot. That, and the dirty fingernails Gates and Caldwell got from installing the generator, were enough to work on. Take a bow."

"Thanks," said Larson. "So it's on the river and it's somewhere inside the angle that Casey worked out with his radio doodad. The only trouble is that Casey's angle and the river travel in about the same direction all the way to Lake Tahoe. That leaves a lot of territory."

Whit said, "Notice that there's nothing up my sleeve." He bent over the map, hiding part of it under the pretense of resting his weight on his hand.

"Look. Here are Casey's lines of direction going southwest. On percentage, the transmitter lies about halfway between them, and we know it's on the river. That would be right about at the tip of my forefinger, where the river takes a jog toward the south on the other side of the California border. Now, one thing you've got to have for a turbogenerator is a good solid foundation that you can bolt your machinery to, and Gates needs a place to hide his equipment. So there have to be buildings of some kind, but he can't have people being nosy about what he's doing. He needs a nice quiet place on the river with a house or two he can use and no neighbors. Guess what he finds."

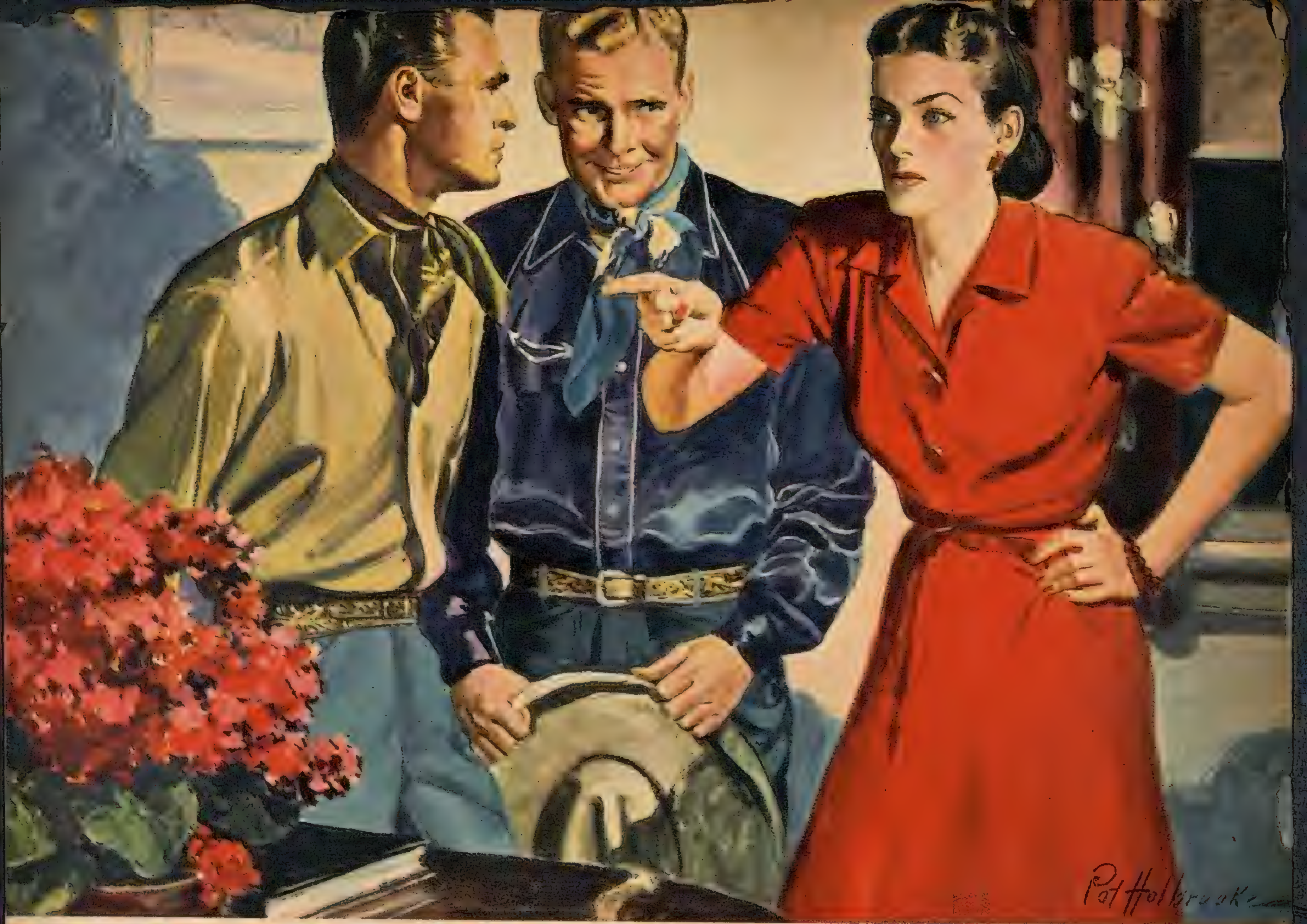
Whit dramatically lifted his hand. Where his finger had rested on the thin blue thread of the river there was a tiny black dot marked "Ghost Town."

AT dawn the next morning Whit pulled another sneak play on his wife. This time he crept out of bed instead of in. He and Larson had cooked up a scheme behind Kitty's back the night before, and while Whit didn't think their plans would get them into too much trouble, he didn't want Kitty along in case he made a mistake. He gathered his Wild West riding clothes into a bundle and sneaked down the hall to Larson's room. Kitty slept on.

The scheme took Whit and Larson to Alex Hotaling's stables in Verdi, where they rented the second and third best hosses in Nevayda. Alex still had no news of his stolen bay mare, but he expected to get her back soon. No rustler could get away with a hoss that had Alex's brand on her big as a pie plate.

Whit had counted on Alex's trusting good nature to supply Larson with clothes more appropriate for riding than Larson's blue serge suit, and Alex did not disappoint them. When they rode out of the livery yard, Larson was wearing boots and a pair of Levis that had belonged to Alex's stableman, and Whit had a canteen and a flour sack containing half a dozen fried-egg sandwiches slung to his saddle horn, as well as Alex's prize pair of field glasses. Alex had also given them directions to get where they wanted to go, although he thought they were durn fools to tackle the rough country south of the river just for a sight-seeing trip.

Alex had been right about the rough country, as the riders discovered when they clattered across a ramshackle bridge below the village and headed westward through the brush. But after an hour's ride they hit an abandoned railroad track which angled in from the south to follow the river upstream, and the traveling became easier. They kept between the rusty rails for several miles, until they reached a tunnel into which the track disappeared.



Kitty was really angry. "Honey, I don't blame you for being mad," Whit said, "but we found the transmitter."

The horses stopped of their own accord.

The bluff before them rose sheer from the river, so that there was no way to go on except through the tunnel or by way of a wide detour. Larson looked at the hole in the hillside and said doubtfully, "What do you think, Whit?"

"It's probably caved in. But even if we could get through, we can't tell where we'd come out. We're nearly to the ghost town now, and for all we know the tunnel might open out right on Main Street. We'll have to go around and up."

They turned their horses off into the brush.

They had to beat back half a mile from the river before the slope was easy enough to climb, and even then the horses were hard put to make it. Nearing the top of the hill, Larson began to sniff the air and make faces.

"We're getting near something," he said. "Catch that fruity odor? Smells like one of the ghosts."

Whit held his nose. "He's a fresh one, then. Smells more like somebody's cow stumbled and broke its neck. Get going. We're almost to the top."

The horses put their heads down and tackled the last climb. Thirty feet below the top of the hill Whit said, "Hold it, Swede," and reined in. "We hoof it from here. I don't want to come out on the sky line."

The two men swung stiffly out of their saddles and went up the last few yards on foot. At the very crest of the hill they dropped down on their hands and knees, crawling through the low scrub which screened the peak. Side by side, they parted the last bit of brush and looked down at the river below.

THEY had stumbled on a perfect lookout point. Half a mile upstream the river poured from a cut in the hills and came straight down the valley to curve around the base of the bluff on which they lay. In front of them and to their right the bluff dropped steeply to the water. On their left, toward the west, the hill sloped more gradually in a curve that went back from the river and left a crescent-shaped flat between the river and the hill. The rusted railroad track emerged from the tunnel opening almost directly beneath them, skirted the river side of the clump of ramshackle buildings in the flat, and disappeared through the cut upstream.

The ghost town had been an old mining center in its time. The diggings were not in sight, but there were the remains of a mill or a smelter near the river. In addition to the mill, there were a church, a railroad station, a building that might once have been a school, a dozen false-fronted store buildings, and perhaps fifty houses lying back toward the beginning of the hill slope. Everything in sight looked as if a strong sneeze would knock it over.

A rutty dirt road led away from the far side of the river and disappeared over a hill in the direction of the main highway which lay beyond, and a heavy footbridge across the stream swung from rusty cables which ran from a squat wooden tower in the flat near the wrecked mill to the higher bank on the far side. Where the road ended at the bridgehead, there was a good-sized shack made of rusty galvanized iron sheeting. Except for the narrow footbridge and the railroad track, the town appeared to have no connection with the outside world.

Whit put the field glasses to his eyes and propped himself on his elbows, intently scanning the cluster of buildings in the flat. At the end of ten minutes he handed the glasses to Larson.

"You try it. I'm seeing pink elephants."

"O. K. What do I look for?"

"An aerial for the transmitter. Wires. They may be horizontal, vertical, or kitty-corner, and they'll be well concealed, but they're there."

Larson looked until he had pink elephant trouble of his own. Whit had another try, then Larson took over again, and then Whit. Still no luck. The sun rose overhead, passed the zenith, and started home to bed, but the ghost town gave no sign that it had ever held anything but ghosts.

Larson said finally, "You could be wrong, Whit."

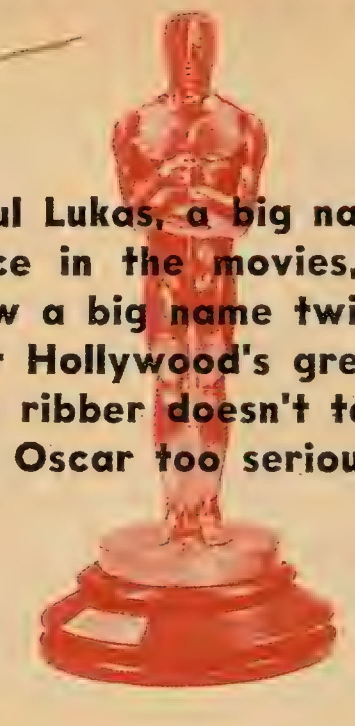
Whit shook his head. "That place is absolutely perfect for a hide-out. Look at the mill, right down at the river edge with a million places to rig the generator. Look at all those empty shacks. It's *got* to be there. Let me have those glasses. I'm going around the hill and try a different view."

They tried as many different views as they could find without exposing themselves to view from the flat below. The sun dropped lower toward the mountains.

(*Continued on page 58*)

AN OSCAR FOR PAUL

BY ELIZABETH WILSON



Paul Lukas, a big name once in the movies, is now a big name twice. But Hollywood's greatest ribber doesn't take his Oscar too seriously

PAUL LUKAS is undoubtedly the only man in Hollywood who has been kissed by Walter Pidgeon. The unusual event occurred at the Academy Awards shindig at Grauman's Chinese Theater last March. When it was announced that Lukas had won the coveted Oscar for the best performance of 1943, Pidgeon, one of the three nominees, sprang up and enthusiastically planted a peck on both of the Lukas cheeks, in the Continental manner.

There were those, of course, who said that Walter was overplaying the role of a good loser. But Walter Pidgeon genuinely admires Paul Lukas, one of his best friends for fourteen years, and he campaigned vigorously for him before the award was conferred.

When the Oscar was presented to him on the stage of the Chinese for his performance as Kurt Mueller in the screen version of Lillian Hellman's Watch on the Rhine, Lukas, who is no ad libber in English, said sincerely, "The play is the thing. What can an actor do without a play? I should give two thirds of the award to Miss Lillian Hellman, without whom the whole thing could not have been possible."

And he wasn't kidding. Still, he must have experienced a glow of self-satisfaction, since a few years before, they had told him he was through in Hollywood. Further, the role of Kurt Mueller hadn't exactly been tossed into his lap, either in the play or in the movie.

When Director Herman Shumlin was casting Miss Hellman's anti-Nazi play for Broadway, he wanted Paul to play the suave, sophisticated Rumanian villain.

"I have had to play too many parts like that," said Paul. "I want to play Kurt Mueller."

It took a lot of tall talking and Hungarian persuasiveness before Shumlin began to weaken. Finally he said, "I have never seen you on the screen, Mr. Lukas. I would like to have you read for me."

Paul quickly retorted, "Mr. Shumlin, I have never seen you direct. Would you mind directing a little bit for me?"

"And," Paul told his friends later, "the son of a gun did."

In order to play on Broadway, Paul had to get out of his contract for a supporting part in a Paramount picture. The director was delighted to release him. "After all, Paul," he said pleasantly, "you haven't any sympathy and the part requires sympathy."

There has never been a more sympathetic role written than that of Kurt Mueller, Nazi-hating German father in Watch on the Rhine. The director's face must have been scarlet when, a year later, Paul won the New York Drama League's Delia Austrian medal for the most distinguished performance of 1941; nine out of nine votes in Variety's critics' poll of the season's best acting; and a plaque from the National Father's Day Committee for the best portrayal of a stage father. No sympathy, eh?

It was only a matter of time before Hollywood started bidding for the screen rights of the successful Hellman play. Warner Brothers bought it for $150,000. Shumlin would direct the picture, and any additional scenes would be written by Lillian Hellman. Everybody said that Lukas would play the role he made famous on the stage. But Paul, Hollywood-wise, wasn't so certain. He was even less certain when, after a Saturday matinee, a prominent Hollywood agent's wife came backstage, threw her arms around him, and exclaimed between sobs on his shoulder, "Darling, you were wonderful! What a part for Paul Muni!"

So, while he was hurt, he was not too surprised when he read in a Hollywood column that Warner Brothers were dickering with Spencer Tracy for the screen play. In the next few weeks he was to read that Charles Boyer, Paul Henreid, and Paul Muni had been signed for the part. When his agent contacted the front office, he was told, "We need a big name for the picture. Paul Lukas is not box-office. You can't make a big picture without a big name."

But Spencer Tracy and Charles Boyer said no one could play Kurt Mueller as well as Paul Lukas. Shumlin and Lillian Hellman insisted that Paul play his original part. Paul played it.

Now, with the New York Movie Critics' Award plus Hollywood's Academy Award added to his laurels, Paul Lukas is, for the second time in his Hollywood career, a Big Name. He has a new contract with Warner Brothers and almost every studio in town is angling for him.

Lukas is probably the world's greatest ribber. "He would have made a wonderful straight man for a comedy team," says his best friend, Lloyd Corrigan. Since a lot of Hollywood folks take themselves seriously, and don't understand Hungarian humor anyway, Paul has made many enemies with his practical jokes. One of his favorites is to accuse a dinner guest of insulting his wife. The first time he pulled this, Daisy Lukas didn't know it was a joke, and was just about to brain her spouse with a candlestick. Now she plays straight to all his gags.

Once the Lukases were invited to the home of a well-known writer whose bride had been carefully brought up in a finishing school in the polite South.

"Please," said Paul, looking aggrieved when dinner had been served—"please, is this all you have? I am a hungry man."

"I've some—some—asparagus in—in the icebox," gasped the shocked girl.

"Well, get it, please," said Paul with a shrug.

She fled to her room in a deluge of tears and to this day has never spoken to that "rude foreigner" again.

"But I do not understand," says Paul. "I was only making a joke."

One of Paul's practical jokes almost had a tragic ending. Frank Morgan, having finished a picture at Metro, drove down to Palm Springs one hot afternoon in May. He had no sooner stretched himself out with a long cooling drink at the Racquet Club than he was informed by long-distance telephone that he had a retake to do at nine the next morning.

"Paul Lukas is flying to Hollywood late this afternoon. Why don't you get him to take you, and save yourself that long drive?" suggested Charlie Butterworth. The more Frank thought about that long hot drive, the prettier Paul's Stearman biplane looked to him. He agreed, and Butterworth immediately tipped Paul off that Morgan was going to ask for a lift.

Paul was all set with his rib when Morgan approached him. "Well, Frank," he said slowly, "I hate to take chances with a human life. My engine isn't working too well. But it's only a short flight. Besides, I can give you a parachute, and you can jump if it becomes necessary."

"But how will I know?" asked Morgan, turning pale.

"Please," said Paul sweetly, "don't worry. I will tap you on the shoulder when it's time to jump."

ONCE in the air, Paul forgot all about the rib. As they flew over March Field he saw hundreds of soldiers marching in perfect formation below. He leaned forward, tapped Morgan on the shoulder, and pointed downward. Morgan was halfway over the side of the plane before Paul could grab him. When he landed his plane at the Glendale airport, Lukas was still white and trembling. He swore off all practical jokes—for a week.

Lukas has never been publicity-conscious. He has been known to refuse to cross a studio lot for the taking of publicity stills. He thinks if he gives a good performance on the screen, that is enough. The tub thumpers in the studios where he has worked say that he is one of the most un-co-operative actors in Hollywood. "Please, what do they mean I don't co-operate!" Paul says indignantly. "I co-operated seventeen years ago. When I first came to Paramount, Arch Reeve asked me for something colorful about myself. There was nothing colorful, so I

For the role of Kurt Mueller in Watch on the Rhine Lukas got his Oscar.

Paul's acting acumen put him at the top of the Hollywood heap and brought him back again after the wise boys had counted him out.

told him I was born on a train pulling into Budapest, when all the time I was born in bed. Nuts to them. I co-operate."

Lukas (his real name is Lukacs Pal; in Hungary the family name is given first) was born in the Hungarian town of Kis Kun Dorozsma in 1895. His father, an advertising man, moved the family to Budapest when Paul was a small boy. When war broke out in 1914, Paul was serving his year of compulsory military training. He was mustered out of the Army with shell shock in 1915. As soon as he recovered sufficiently, he went to dramatic school against his father's wishes. Later he joined a repertory company, but in February, 1917, he had to return to the Army, this time as a Hungarian aviator.

In 1922, Mike Curtiz, Hollywood's most consistently good director, and also an Academy Award winner for 1943 (Casablanca), gave Paul his first movie break. "I was making a picture in Budapest," says the volatile Mike of his first meeting with Paul. "It was a picture like Pittsburgh, much mining. A wounded man comes out from a mine explosion to tell what has happened, then collapses. The bit actor I had signed was a lousy ham. I rehearsed him time and again and I said to him, 'By heaven, you stink!' Then one young man in the crowd of extras raised his hand and said, 'Please, Mr. Curtiz, would you be so kind as to let me try it?'

"'Go ahead,' I said. 'Dirty your face, tear your clothes, wound your forehead—you try it.'

"He did. And he was brilliant! I asked him his name. 'Paul Lukas,' he said. I gave him twenty kronen, which is about four dollars in American money. He was very happy.

"On the way home from location he managed to sit near me in the bus. 'You don't remember me, Mr. Curtiz,' he said, 'but I remember you well. My school was not far from the theater where you were an actor. I used to hang around the stage door a lot. You would send me to the general store for cigarettes. I told myself I would be an actor, too, some day.'

"In the next three or four years Lukas became a famous stage actor. When I was casting The Adventures of Casanova in Vienna, I sent for him to play the leading part. He played a young Casanova, dashing, brilliant, handsome—the Errol Flynn type. The women, they went mad for him."

Paul made his big-time Budapest debut on the stage as Liliom. Soon he was guest actor under Max Reinhardt in Vienna and Berlin.

In Uncertain Glory he nearly stole the picture from Glamour-Boy Errol Flynn.

In 1926 Paul was giving a guest performance of Lonsdale's Spring Cleaning in the small town of Gyor. (Paul calls it a small town; Daisy calls it a big city. This argument has been going on for seventeen years.) In a box next to the stage his roving eyes saw an extremely attractive young girl, who looked right through him as if he weren't there. Paul promptly did a little research work, and discovered that she was Gizella Benes, the daughter of a wealthy glass manufacturer.

The next night, Paul placed three red roses in her seat in the box. "When I left town," he says with a sheepish smile, "I left an order with the local florist to send her three red roses every day. I had to pay in advance; the son of a gun did not trust me."

Eight months later Paul saw her in the audience in a theater in Budapest, where he was the leading member of the repertory company. "I dug up some mutual friends to introduce us. From then on I was hooked."

In Hungary a civil wedding must precede the church wedding. Paul wanted to get married on his birthday, May 26, so on that day they had their civil wedding. But Daisy (Paul always calls her Daisy; he has trouble pronouncing Gizella) wanted to wear a bridal veil, and, furthermore, she insisted that she was not really married until the church wedding. Unfortunately, Daisy's father became ill, and she refused to have her church wedding without him. "Pity me," says Paul. "I was a legal husband in name only. Until papa got well, I had to take Daisy home every night, and then go alone to my apartment. This shows what a patient man I am." This year the Lukases celebrated seventeen years of married life.

In 1927, Adolph Zukor signed up Lukas and Pola Negri as a potential movie team, and that same year Paul made love to the luscious, fiery Pola in his first Hollywood picture, Loves of an Actress. His contract with Paramount called for $1,000 a week for forty weeks a year. Thirty-five per cent of that weekly salary went to his agents, for Paul is one of those actors who are constantly having agent trouble.

At the time, nobody cared whether Paul—handsome, debonair, and charming with his hand-kissing and heel-clicking—spoke English or not. But when sound arrived, Paramount hastily tried to buy off his contract. Paul asked for time to learn English and hired a University of Southern California boy to teach him. The college-boy flavor persists in the slang he constantly uses. Such words as "nuts" and "lousy" and "babe" and "son of a gun" are important in his vocabulary.

(Continued on page 72)

The NAVY'S NEW BOSS

BY EDWIN DIEHL

Jim Forrestal's progress from selling bonds to buying battleships is loaded with the kind of color which makes headlines, but he still retains a "passion for anonymity"

WHEN James V. Forrestal was nominated by President Roosevelt to succeed the late Frank Knox as Secretary of the Navy, newspapers made much of the fact that the new boss of the world's biggest Navy had enlisted in the last war as an ordinary bluejacket. Such is the American love for the Horatio Alger tradition that this wholly unimportant fact will probably haunt Jimmy Forrestal forever, and his truly great and important work may even be obscured by a sugar-coated tradition that he rose "from Sailorboy to Secretary."

Sure, Jim Forrestal enlisted in 1917 as a candidate for a Naval Reserve air pilot's commission. He was sent to Canada with a lot of other young men newly out of college to learn flying from the Royal Canadian Flying Corps, and he won his wings and an ensign's stripe, only to man a desk in Washington for the duration. When he climbed out of his uniform and went back to selling bonds, like hundreds of others, he had no idea of ever going back to the Navy in any capacity.

But Jimmy Forrestal did have another idea—one that grew slowly in his mind as he watched from the vantage point of Wall Street how the United States slipped into an inevitable postwar depression, recovered its balance more by luck than by design, and celebrated "normalcy" with the wildest financial debauch since old King Midas'. And then the deluge!

The idea that Jimmy had, and that grew into a conviction, was that more successful business men should go into government—should seek office, and give their country the benefit of their experience and talents. If they didn't like the way the government was being run, they shouldn't snipe from the side lines, but should get in there and do something about it.

He had a lot of ideas, too, about banking and finance, and the execution of them made him in a comparatively short time a commanding figure in the business world. Some of those ideas did not delight his plush-lined colleagues on the Street—for examples, his conviction that Wall Street should clean house, and that government regulation of the stock market was not only inescapable but a darned good thing. Anyhow, let the "Sailorboy to Secretary" sentimentality be hereby erased. In its place, let Forrestal be honored for practicing what he preached—the difficult doctrine that a business man owes some of his success to his country, and should discharge the obligation through public service.

In the summer of 1940, when Franklin D. Roosevelt invited Forrestal to come to Washington as one of his ten administrative assistants, the bond-and-share boys said it was a New Deal political plot—that F. D. R. didn't want Jimmy's help; he wanted the president of Dillon, Read & Co. hooked to the Third Term chariot to win conservative votes. The Tories and the radicals got together on that theme. The New Republic, trade paper of liberalism, denounced the appointment.

Forrestal was with the President's ten bright young men "with a passion for anonymity" only a couple of months before he was taken from his duties as White House counselor on Latin-American affairs to be made the Navy's first Under Secretary. The appointment of Frank Knox, 1936 Republican Vice-Presidential candidate, as Secretary of the Navy was still irritating the strict political partisans, and assignment of "a Wall Street banker" as Knox's chief deputy riled them the more. It was not easy for Forrestal to jump into his job under such a smoke screen of political bickering, and once he openly voiced his doubt that he had been correct in believing business men had a place in government.

He got a laugh out of it all, though, when Speaker Sam Rayburn of the House took the new Under Secretary aside for a word of friendly advice. Shrewd old veteran of many a political campaign, who had seen any number of bright young men come to Washington with scintillating ideas, Sam took Jim by the elbow and said, "Son, remember this—you can't be a statesman until you've been *elected* to office."

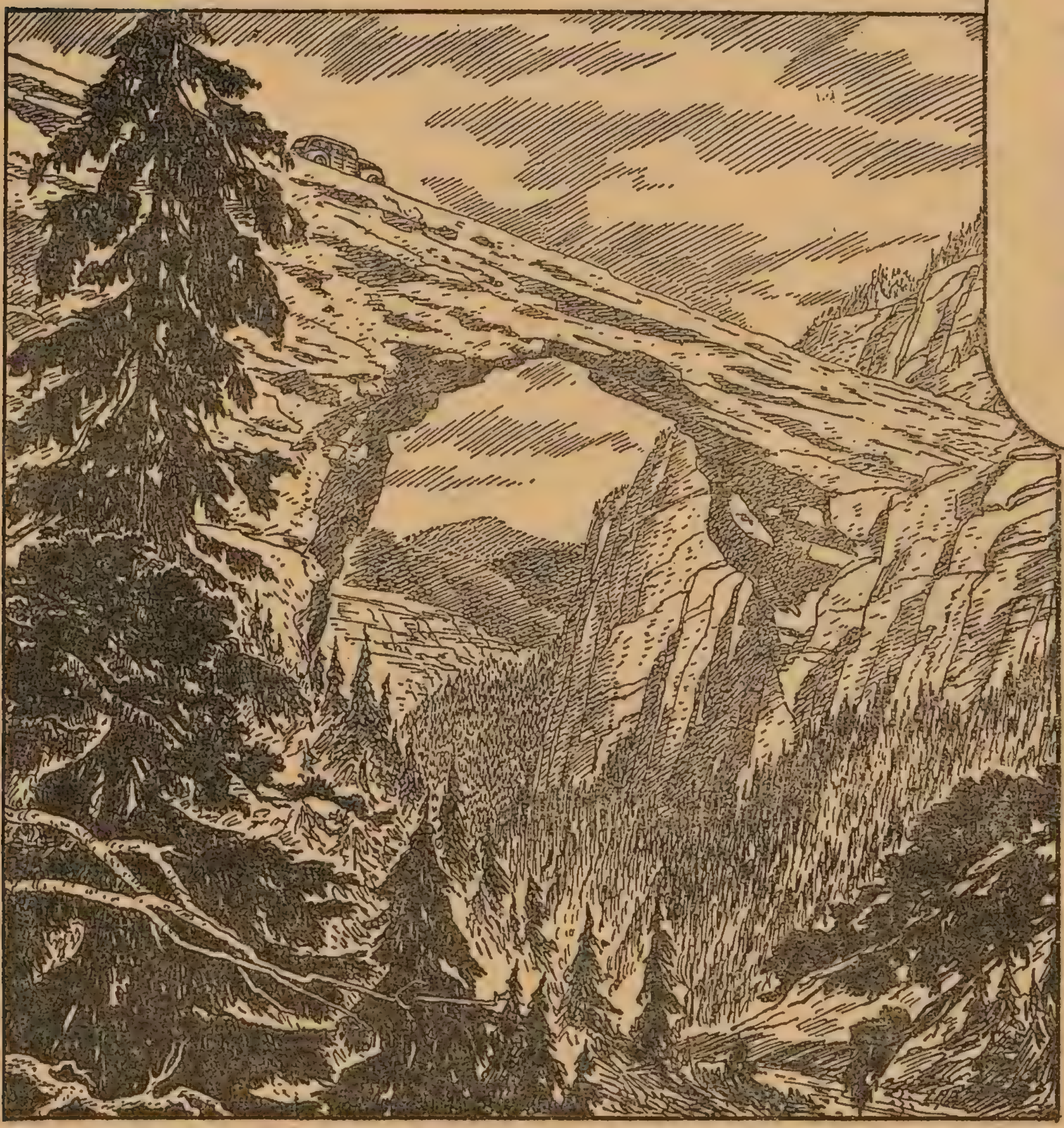
Forrestal had no ambition to be a statesman in any sense. The Navy was entering upon its first period of prewar expansion. It was about to become one of the biggest businesses in the United States. As Under Secretary, Forrestal's job was not with the fleet, but with production—with bases, shipyards, factories, mills and mines, and contracts. He jumped into the job so hard that he disappeared from public view, up to his ears in the work of building up the most powerful Navy in the world. Pearl Harbor doubled his job overnight, and the urgent needs of war quadrupled that. He frequently had to act as Secretary during Knox's visits to the several fronts.

(Continued on page 53)

THUNDER MOUNTAIN

By THEODORE PRATT

Alexander the Great — as his children called him — bought a mountain and built his own private world upon it. Gathering his family there, he challenged the powers of heaven and earth to budge him. But the crisis he had to meet came not from without but from the pent-up emotions of his own children.



A
Liberty
BOOK
CONDENSATION
READING TIME
ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY
LAWRENCE BUTCHER

ALWAYS I remember the comment of my father, Alexander Arrington, about the first scrape I got into as a boy. It was meant to teach me self-reliance, and it did, like this:

"Charles, you can go to hell as far as I care, but don't expect me to fetch you back."

I was twelve then.

Alexander was a man with a rich sense of living life. He fought in two wars for patriotic reasons, and a couple of revolutions for business reasons. He promoted things in a big way, anything, anywhere. He climbed mountains that hadn't been climbed before. He made a successful corner in the stock market when that was possible. He struck both oil and gold.

He stood well over six feet. He weighed in excess of two hundred pounds. He had a strong heavily carved face which in later years he hid partially behind a big broad black beard thickly streaked with gray. He wasn't annoyed when any of his five children called him, to his face, "Beaver." Such little things as we could not annoy Alexander. And to anyone who knew the Arringtons, this behavior would be taken for what it was—an expression of affection. To me, to my three half brothers, and my half sister, Alexander was also known as "Alexander the Great." We didn't mean that derisively.

At seventy, though he looked to be no more than sixty, he gave a substantial amount of money to each of us, saying he didn't want us to be waiting for him to die. With the best part of the million dollars he had left, he settled down on a comfortably small estate in upper Westchester. Once a year, in June, all of us went there for a family reunion.

I'm the son of Alexander's first wife. The other four—Basil, Mark, and the twins, Norman and Lynne—are the children of his second wife, Sylvia Duncan, the actress. It nearly drove Alexander insane when Sylvia was killed,

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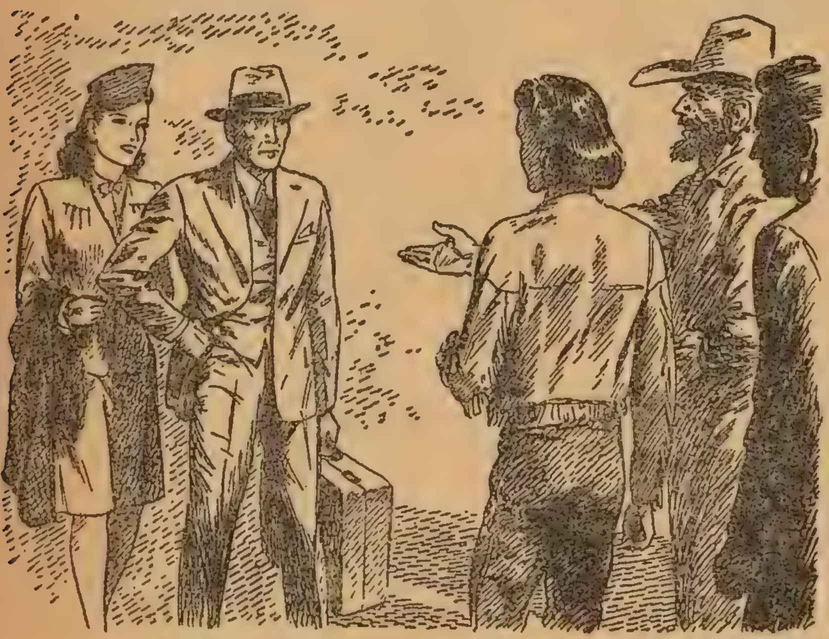
unreasonably, in an automobile accident three years ago. He was virtually out of his mind. Lynne, who lived permanently with him, was frightened almost out of her own mind. Alexander recovered, but it changed him. However, he had one more adventurous scheme up his sleeve. With Lynne's help he had been hatching it for some time.

In early spring of 1942 Julia and I received word that the place of reunion this year was to be Thunder Mountain in southwest Colorado. We knew that Alexander had been out there since last year. He had written that he was building a summer retreat on top of a mountain he had owned for many years.

Our home and farm are in Ohio. I do the administrative work and have a manager for the rest. Colorado meant a longer trip than New York for the reunion, but Julia, even though in the eighth month of her first pregnancy, didn't question going. That's the kind of person she is. Twenty-eight, calm, wholesome, and sensible. She had a very nice body. Women with ordinary faces but fine responsive bodies have been overlooked in our world. Though Julia didn't use cosmetics, not even lipstick, I liked her face a great deal more than any movie star's I've ever seen.



If you want to know what I look like, I'm fairly tall, not thin, not heavy-set. My hair isn't quite as black as most of the Arringtons' because I inherited it only from Alexander. My face is ordinary, too, and I don't use lipstick, either.

When we got to Triumph, the nearest rail point to Thunder Mountain, there on the platform was Alexander, huge in nondescript trousers tucked into riding boots, rough checked shirt, and ten-gallon hat. He enveloped Julia in his great embrace. He kissed her several times, smack full on the lips, burying her face in his beard. Holding her off at arm's length, he regarded her critically, then happily.

"Excellent!" he boomed. "Excellent!"

"If you don't stop sounding off like the town crier," Julia advised, "and lower that bellow you have for a voice, I'll deny you as a grandfather."

"Lynne came to meet you, too," Alexander boomed on. "She went off to get something for the horses." He picked up one of our bags and led the way to the station wagon. "Everyone else has arrived except Norman and his bride. They're due on a train from Los Angeles."

I saw Lynne coming toward us. She was clad in Levis, those skintight denim trousers of the horsy part of the West. Her hips were still hardly more than those of a boy. She swung along almost with arrogance. She wore high-heeled boots and a trick neat fringed jacket of light buckskin. Beneath this, breasts were barely evident. Her hair, the deep Arrington black, lay close against the sides of her pale thin face. Most men would find her striking-looking. For my choice she was too skinny.

She gave Julia a peck and pretended not to notice Julia's fond embrace in return. She turned to me and lifted a cheek. I kissed it. It was downright cold. "Still got ice water running in your veins," I observed.

Lynne gazed west down the high-walled valley. Her green eyes blazed. We knew she was referring to her twin, Norman, when she said, "They're coming in on the next train from the west. Ought to be here soon now. Imagine him getting married without letting any of us know. Without inviting us."

"You mean without inviting you," I informed her.

"Maybe I do." She stared with jealous anticipation of seeing her twin's wife.

I WON'T ever forget how Norman looked when he stepped off the train and saw us lined up there. He stood in front of his little bride, hiding her, and as if to protect her from us. He was Lynne all over again in male form, the thin pointed face, large deep-green eyes, and belligerent bantamlike gestures. He examined us aggressively, scowling, alert for the slightest sign of criticism.

Then he stepped aside. The girl he revealed was exquisite. She wore a vivid red dress fashioned to cling to her slender form. She was almost tiny. She was nineteen. Her parents were Spanish and Italian. She was the sexiest-looking thing I had ever seen—in a perfectly nice way, and she gave no evidence of being aware of it.

All I could think of was to wonder what on earth had ever attracted her to the hardly virile Norman. Even the draft had turned him down as being too puny to be a soldier. Perhaps she understood his music. He was a composer who hadn't composed much yet but had done a lot of trying.

With his quiet pride hiding a deeper, burning triumph, Norman announced, "This is my wife, Rosalind."

He didn't present us. One by one we made ourselves known to her. Lynne shook her hand, saying to Norman, "She's beautiful, but what else good is she?"

The intuitive understanding between the twins flashed. Norman seemed to have been waiting for some such remark. He burst out, "I didn't ask anybody to the wedding because I wouldn't have Mark there, making fun of me! Where is he? Is he here?"

"He's on the mountain," Lynne told him.

"Well," Norman went on petulantly, "if I had to leave out one of you, I wasn't going to have anybody." He turned to Rosalind. "I told you how they'd be. You mustn't be bothered by them."

Alexander regarded Rosalind steadily, almost hungrily, as fertile soil in which to plant the Arrington seed.

"You've done well," he approved. "Better than I ever expected you would."

Alexander shooed us into the station wagon like a schoolteacher worrying his charges. The baggage filled the space in the rear of the seats. Next he placed Julia and himself. He didn't want her to be crowded. Norman, Rosalind, and I occupied the seat in front of them. Lynne, who drove, was alone in the front seat.

Across the railroad tracks, we stopped before a small white cottage. Over the gate hung a shingle: Nelson C. Pope, M. D.

Lynne leaned on the horn button. Out of the cottage popped a tall fair-haired young man. He was rather nice-looking, with clean, clear, good skin. He came so precipitately that he forgot to close the door behind him, and had to return to do this. Then, somewhat sheepishly, and carrying his small black professional bag as well as a suitcase, Dr. Nelson C. Pope arrived at the station wagon. He was greeted by those he knew, introduced to those he didn't know, invited by Lynne to get in, got in, and we started off again.

"Is somebody sick?" Norman asked.

"Only composers," Alexander answered. "In the head."

Norman indicated Pope. "But he's coming with us."

I put in my own protest then: "We've never had outsiders at our reunions."

"This time we are," Alexander announced. "Never mind them, Nelson."

I could see the back of Pope's neck grow red.

Lynne told Norman, "Dr. Pope is Alexander's subtle little hint to me that I am suffering from being an old maid. Dr. Pope is my suggested cure-all. Isn't that right, Dr. Pope?"

Pope looked straight ahead. "I wouldn't put it exactly that way," he murmured.

"If she weren't driving," Alexander advised, "I would suggest you slap her face, Nelson. Or choke her."

Pope half turned to Lynne. From what I could see of his expression it was clear that he wouldn't care to slap her or choke her. He worshiped her. He didn't understand her, and that made his adoration the more acute. In fact, it made it possible.

I felt sorry for him and for Rosalind. You had to know how to give as well as take to be happy with our clan. Neither Pope nor Rosalind appeared to have this attribute.

AS we left the pavement and began to climb on a dirt road leading into the mountains, I asked Pope if Triumph was his home town. He turned in his seat as if glad to have a civil remark addressed to him. He explained that it wasn't, that he had merely come here six months ago, after his interneship in St. Louis. He had taken over the only medical practice in town, vacated by the death of the former aged incumbent. He was enlisted in the Naval Reserve and expected to be called very soon.

"I'm grateful for being asked to be with you," he said. "I haven't found many congenial people in the town. But I hope I'm not unwelcome."

"Not as much as they sound," Julia assured him. "It's just that it is something new for us."

"Don't think he's the only one," Lynne said. "Audrey's already here."

At the thought of Audrey Vernon, Lynne's college roommate, being at the reunion, I turned in my seat and faced Alexander. "What are you getting at?"

"I've got two more sons," Alexander answered, "who haven't sense enough to be married. I've provided a girl for them to fight over. That's all."

Something gave me the feeling that it wasn't all, but I didn't pursue it just then. The road became bouncy, and we had to hang on to our seats as we continued on up and up.

Soon we stopped going up, and merely penetrated deeper into the mountains. For over an hour Lynne maneuvered the car through some of the wildest country on the North American continent. And as beautiful and as awesome. Great ranges stepped one beyond the other as far as the eye could see. A number of peaks, each exceeding fourteen thousand feet, could be seen at intervals along the way. Even in June snow clung to their tops. Below, often down sheer cliffs and so far away as to appear to be miniature, were blue-green valleys. Occasionally a valley was purple against red rock canyon or mesa walls.

The last town we passed was named Desolation. After that the road wasn't much more than a wagon trail through the mountains. This part was a nerve-racking ride. In places the way adhered to drop-offs from which you automatically turned your eyes. In other places it went through dense spruce forest in which there appeared to be no road at all. It felt that way, too, from the jolting. I turned around to look at Julia. She nodded reassuringly.

I wondered about trucks getting up here. They must have been light. I saw several places where the road had been repaired by filling in holes with rock. Trees had also been felled to make more room. Lynne drove coolly. She seemed to enjoy it when several times Pope clutched his seat, holding on.

We came to a large wooden sign stating in big printed letters, and in Alexander's name, that this was a private road and trespassers over it would be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. It seemed meaningless here in the wilds.

Before we reached Thunder we passed three such signs. At the third there was a formidable log-and-barbed-wire barrier. There was no other way to pass except through its wide gate. On one side of the barrier were five hundred feet of rock straight up. On the other side was an equal or greater drop.

Here Pope offered to get out and open the gate. But Lynne refused. She went herself, took out a key, and released a massive padlock. The heavy gate swung easily under her touch. She drove the station wagon through, and then returned to close and lock the gate behind us. Rounding another bend of trees, she brought the car to an abrupt jerking stop.

"I want you to see Thunder from here," Alexander announced.

He opened the door of the station wagon and got out. We followed him. That is, all of us except Rosalind. "If you have to look over," she said, "I'll stay here."

We made our way a few yards to the beginning of the road leading into space from the edge of the canyon. A dizzy gorge was at our feet. A thousand feet below we could make out a thin stream which, during the ages, had eaten of the rock here, and still patiently devoured. The canyon was something over a hundred yards across. On the other side of it was an oval-shaped mountain, perhaps a mile wide. It rose with nearly straight walls from the floor of the world below to perhaps another thousand feet above us. On either side of it, beyond, there was open space reaching for many miles to a distant range of peaks.

Flung across the canyon, rising at a sharp angle, was a natural bridge. It did not reach to the top of the mountain, but arrived at a narrow ledge which supported a slanting road leading to the summit across the face of the immense rock. The bridge began in a great jutting promontory on the side where we stood. It narrowed as it grew out and up. In the middle it couldn't have been much more than fifteen feet wide. The road running across its top had no guardrail.

Thunder Mountain, from what we could see of it, was shaped like a huge retort, and the arm of the retort was this natural rock bridge. The arch was held firmly in place by reason of being part of the original formation of the earth. Looking at it, you knew that if it had been any nearer to civilization, or were easily accessible, it would have been one of the wonder sights of the country. You also expected it to collapse at any moment. But the great abutment on our side of the canyon acted as a buttress to hold the bridge in place. The same held true, but to a lesser extent, on the far side.

"How have you kept people away from here?" I wanted to know. "How have you kept it from being known?"

"By owning the road," Alexander replied.

He looked at his mountain in silence for a moment, then spoke again: "Only the thunder and the lightning have been here. Two or three times a week there is a rather violent thunderstorm. It has one of the highest incidences for them of any place in the country. It's caused by a peculiar arrangement of wind and pressure drafts along the shelf of mountain here and up around the top of the mesa."

NORMAN gazed uneasily across the bridge. Ever since his boyhood he had been deathly afraid of thunderstorms. He was not ashamed of it and made no effort to hide it.

Pope spoke in a voice filled with awe: "It's like a country of your own. Almost like a world of your own."

"Exactly," Alexander approved.

"Here we go," Lynne said when we were all back in the car. She put it in first gear. It was like going up that first awful high hump on a roller coaster, the same pulling, the same wonder about slipping back. In the middle of the bridge, where it was only a few feet wider than the width of the car, it seemed as though we were driving along through the sky, riding on air. I could feel the instinctive fear working in me. I watched Lynne's small hands on the wheel.

"A couple of truck drivers wouldn't do it," she said. "I drove their trucks for them. It was fun."

Rosalind sat with her eyes tightly closed. Even Alexander, though easier than the rest of us, showed a little white in his knuckles as he grasped the seat in front of him.

In the experience of crossing that bridge there was an element of leaving one planet for another.

At the end, a narrow road led to the top, two hundred feet above. The road was not much more than a ledge.

"Now," Norman told his wife.

Rosalind opened her eyes and let out a great sigh. She gave one quick frantic glance behind and over the edge of the road, then kept her eyes on the rock wall at the right.

Dr. Pope took out his handkerchief and dabbed at his forehead. I looked at Julia. She smiled reassuringly.

Lynne reached the top. She drove on a little way to still another top. This was a small knoll, over which the road led. It was the highest place on the mountain. At its peak she stopped for a third time. From here most of Thunder could be seen.

The top was shaped like an immense molar. It was about a mile wide and perhaps two miles long. It didn't have a flat surface on it large enough to land even a small plane. There were many knobs, small hills, rock formations, and shallow irregularities. Several washes that must be kept at least continually damp—if the growth of junipers and shrubby cinquefoil following them was a sign—led to a tiny pond in the center of the mesa.

From where we had stopped nothing could be seen of any habitation. The road—two tracks worn in the thick green grass—led to a great clump of assorted high trees a quarter of a mile away. Growing thickly there were feathery firs, piñon trees, and blue spruce. At the side of the pond was a grove of quaking aspens; the glittering motion of their fluttering leaves could be seen from here. Both ponderosa pine and Douglas fir appeared in profusion. Between the dark stands of them were to be glimpsed miniature patches of mountain meadow. With my farmer's eye, I saw these to be good grazing spots.

Where we stood on the highest knoll, the few trees almost all showed signs of having been fired. Several of them were only blackened stumps. I was about to speak of this, to ask about it, when Alexander announced, as though revealing a life's work:

"There it is. The house is straight ahead." He pointed to the great clump of trees. Presumably he meant the house was hidden there.

As if to corroborate what Alexander said, the sound of pounding horse's hoofs was heard from the trees. Out of them there suddenly burst a figure on horseback.

It was Mark, coming to meet us.

Lynne, instead of starting the car and driving toward him, jumped out, stood in the road with her legs apart, and glared at her brother.

Mark was twenty-five. He was a fighter pilot, recently made a captain, in the Army Air Forces. He had always flown since the day at eighteen he bought a secondhand plane, took it into the air without any lessons, and cracked it and himself up. Right now he had come from his training center in Arizona. He looked forward to being shipped to a combat zone at any moment. He was a handsome figure as he rode up.

"Hello, ma," he greeted Julia, and kissed her resoundingly. He shook hands with me, exclaiming, "Why, you damn slacker!" His comment was to show he knew I had tried to join the services but had been asked to keep running my farm.

"Still grandstanding around in a fancy costume," I told him. That was my way of congratulating him on his promotion.

Mark punched Norman between the shoulders, saying, "I hear you got married, Beethoven."

ALEXANDER introduced Mark and Rosalind. When their glances met, something passed between them that was more definite than words. Sometimes when two people first lay eyes on each other they experience an acute chemical reaction that is like the sudden pull of a magnet. It was like that with them. It was so strong that no one could help noticing it. It was a dangerous thing.

I knew how dangerous it was when Mark didn't touch the girl. Ordinarily he would have kissed her exuberantly and perhaps teased Norman by kissing her a second time. His banter was not altogether successful when he asked her, "How did you ever marry him?"

Rosalind smiled uncertainly. Norman scowled.

Mark got behind the wheel.

"Who are you?" he asked Pope. "Oh, yes, the medico. You're supposed to thaw out the Icicle. I'll tell you something," he confided. "I don't think she's a woman at all. Some day we'll get her clothes off and have a look."

Pope gaped. He was speechless.

Lynne had disappeared ahead of us into the trees, and she wasn't to be seen when we arrived in front of a long low log building. It was built ranch style, with posts supporting the roof over an open earth-flat porch. It was big, solidly constructed. It was attractive. It was expensive. It looked like an awful lot more than the summer retreat Alexander had mentioned.

Over the porch roof was a freshly painted sign stating: "Arrington Barracks."

As we piled out, Alexander pointed a huge accusing finger at Mark and announced, "This half-wit is responsible for the name."

THE living room of the Arrington Barracks extended all across the front of the building, sixty feet wide. It was half that deep. At one end a huge boulder fireplace occupied all the wall except for a generous window on either side of it. In front of this was the grandfather of all divans. It could seat all ten of us. Near this outrageous piece of furniture was a delicately made grand piano. I stared when I recognized it as Sylvia's. On it she had played and rehearsed her songs for the stage.

Norman was shocked. He had never touched this instrument following his mother's death. It was a holy thing to him. He asked Alexander accusingly, "You brought—you have it here?"

"Well, it's for you," Alexander told him gruffly. "I don't know what you're kicking about."

Norman went slowly to the piano. He hesitated. Then, still standing, he touched the keys lightly, lovingly. He didn't play anything. He hit no chord. He looked about, and in his expression there was mixed adoration, wonder, and bewilderment.

A glance told me that Alexander had moved his extensive library from Westchester. To it had been added hundreds of new volumes. I could see from their fresh jackets that most of them were as yet unread. This transfer, with the presence of more of the family furniture disturbed me anew. It made Thunder Mountain more permanent than I had thought of it, much more so than it had any right to be.

The other end of the room held a long thick board dining table with stout benches instead of chairs all around. In back of the head of this was the swinging door to the kitchen. In the same wall, at the middle, was a broad open hallway leading down the building to the nine bedchambers.

Norman and Rosalind were together in the chamber which had a door opening on the living room as well as on the hall; Norman was within a few feet of the piano. Julia and I were next to them. Basil was next to us, with Mark between him and Alexander. Pope was across the hall, next to Audrey Vernon, who had Lynne on the other side of her.

In the midst of the confusion of settling in, Basil and Audrey had returned from a horseback ride. Audrey, Lynne's age, was attractive, cheerful, wholesome, blonde. She, too, was clad in Levis. But she had some female curves, just right ones. I don't think there is any garment more provocative than those skintight pants on a woman.

Basil was twenty-seven, the eldest of Sylvia's brood; one of the scientists of the war. He had had something to do with the development of radar. Most women would have found him quite desirable—except for one thing. He had had so little to do with women that he didn't have much idea of how to treat them.

We all knew Audrey was gone on Mark. She continued it in the face of no reciprocation from him. Now, as the greetings and the introductions went about, Audrey saw Mark looking at Rosalind. He sat off by himself. He tried to keep his eyes from the girl, but could not. Once Rosalind looked back at him, and then again came that quick stare between them.

Alexander now took us all out to see the man-made part of Thunder. He had established a small but complete and compact farm. Inside the barn, the wife of his farmer was milking. Alexander had explained that she also did the laundry and tended to the fowls and pigs. She looked unhappy.

Built into the far side of the barn there were stables and a saddle-and-harness room. An oval corral stood outside. In it milled the prettiest bunch of horses I have ever seen. There were fifteen of them. Each was a perfect Palomino. They ranged from two mares with colts whose stud was Lynne's stallion, to mares without colts and skittish yearlings. In another corner of the barn, entered from the outside, was a workshop equipped with power tools and a smithy. Packing cases held what Alexander said were spare parts for everything mechanical on the mountain.

Standing outside the shop, he pointed to the little lake several hundred yards away. A tiny pump house stood out a little way into the water. At the far side of the pond fifty head of Shorthorns grazed comfortably. Above the barn, where now he led us, was a square building with an iron tower on top of it holding up the water tank. This building housed the heating and power plants.

"Beneath our feet," Alexander revealed, "is stored enough fuel oil to run the furnace in winter for two years. The furnace can also be converted to burning wood. For electric power, at three places on the edge of the mountain I have large windmills. There is even more wind than wood. The mills are set out over the cliff at an angle and face partially downward. The strong updrafts that play about Thunder keep these going perpetually."

"You sound as if you're going to hole up on this place," Norman said.

Alexander didn't answer. Now he led us to the most significant building of all. It was a small dispensary crammed with cabinets of medicines, drugs, and instruments. The doctor looked at his host and let out an involuntary whistle.

"This is better than I have in town," he said.

ALEXANDER was pleased as he took us to the other end of the building and there unlocked a heavy door. We stood partially below ground in the midst of what looked like the storeroom for a grocery chain, with a meat packing house thrown in for good measure. One corner looked like a small department store containing clothing, yardage, notions. By the door was an immense freezer, packed to the lid with meats.

We started out of the storage building just as the farmer came in. He was a tall, serious, rather sardonic-looking man. Alexander introduced me to him. His name was Jenk. He nodded briefly to me and then said at once to Alexander:

"Mr. Arrington, I've got to get my wife away for a few days. I want to go myself."

Alexander began harshly, "You came here with your eyes wide open. You agreed—"

"I know," Jenk interrupted. "I don't need it so much. But I've got to get my wife away now."

Alexander was about to answer in sharp refusal when I said, "Let them go. I can take care of things."

Alexander considered. Finally he told Jenk, "Be back here Monday morning early. And remember: What's here is my business."

"I know that," Jenk said. "Don't worry."

The Jenks rolled off Thunder in their jaloppy as we washed and some of us changed our clothes for dinner. The accent was on wool, bright-hued for color, heavy for warmth. As soon as the sun went down the thin dry air lost its heat immediately. The windows were closed against the evening mountain chill. A roaring fire crackled in the immense fireplace.

Alexander was generous with the cocktails. He appeared to want to make us mellow to receive whatever it was he meant to tell us. At the table, Julia was on his right. Then came Pope, Lynne, Audrey, and Mark. At Alexander's left were Rosalind, Basil, Norman and me. At the foot an empty place had been set. We knew at once that this was meant for Sylvia.

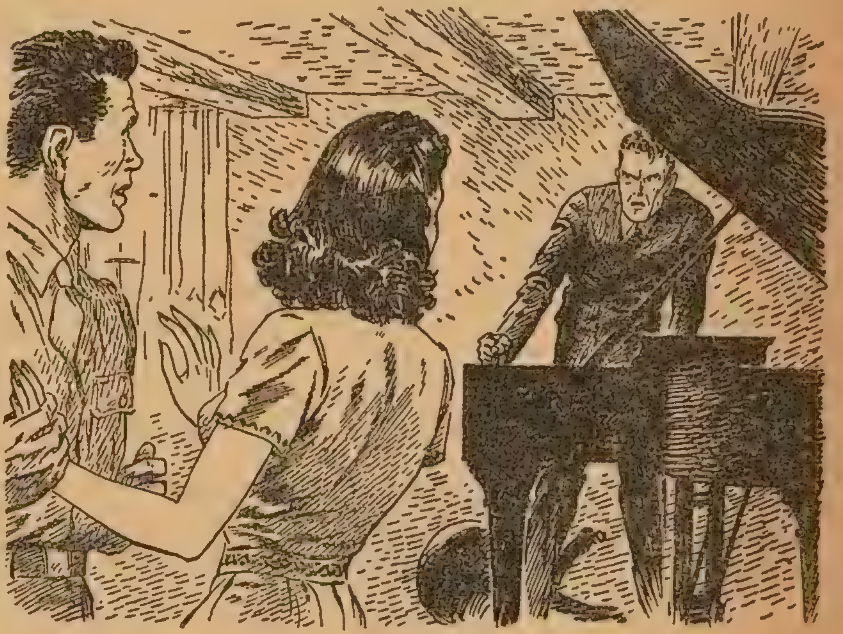
Zong, Alexander's ancient Chinese cook, bore high on a broad platter a steaming fat roast suckling pig, and placed it before Alexander. Zong was always happy to have the family gathered together. As we filled our bellies with rich food and drank good wine, Alexander launched into his apologia for the mountain:

"This war, no matter who wins it, can very well mean the end of our civilization. I'm preparing this place to withdraw to when the proper time comes. At that time, you are free and welcome to come here. I would like also to have a few others. That's why I asked you, Audrey, to our reunion, and you, Nelson. I want to see how you both would like the prospect, to determine if you would want to come. It is possible to be self-sufficient on the mountain for as long as we like."

Mark shouted angrily to Alexander, "You're a hell-fired isolationist! You and your kind kept us out of the war for more than a year when we should have been in it. Is this"—he waved an arm at Thunder Mountain—"how you express your creed now that you're licked?"

"Sure I'm an isolationist," Alexander admitted. "Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe I'm right. Certainly I won't have a chance to find out until we're cured of the hysteria necessary to make war. One thing I've got is the right to express my opinion, in any way I please, including having my mountain."

"Have you the right," Audrey wanted to know, "to take to yourself as much of the world's goods as you have at a time like this?"



Lynne answered, "Of course he has! It's his. He has the money, the power, whatever you want to call it, to buy it."

Rosalind was staring about in wide-eyed wonder. She glanced at Norman as a low growl of thunder came. At a real clap he jumped.

"Aren't you being selfish, Alexander?" Julia asked.

"And what about the war?" Mark asked. "What are you doing for the war up here?"

Alexander replied patiently, "You squirts know I'm as patriotic as the next one. I fought in two wars that didn't accomplish enough to be worth the death of a single man who died in them. All war does is destroy what I'm trying to preserve on my little rock."

Arguing hotly, we left the table as the storm outside broke. Norman, as if the instrument contained sanctuary for him, nearly ran to Sylvia's piano. He began pounding out loud music. We sat on the gigantic divan before the fire while Zong served us coffee and liqueurs and the discussion continued.

Presently Mark left the divan and went to the piano, asking Norman, "How about some jive? Or can't you play anything with life in it?"

Norman looked at his brother. He seemed to sneer at the sight of the uniform. It was really in jealousy of the handsome figure Mark cut in it. He began to play a lively jitterbug tune.

Mark tapped his feet on the floor. He began to move them. He glanced at Rosalind. She wasn't looking at him, but the next I noticed them they were dancing together. Mark was flinging her lithe body from him and then snatching her back. Her red dress whirled, revealing her neat thighs.

The music ended with a crash. Norman, standing at the piano, cried to Mark, "Leave her alone! Do you hear? Leave her alone!"

Mark had come to rest with Rosalind when the music stopped. He still held her hand. Now he dropped it as if it were hot and burned him. Without a word he strode off down the hallway to his room.

Rosalind and Norman stared at each other for a moment. Then she turned and started slowly toward one side of the room. I could see that she was crying. Norman stood irresolute. A crash of thunder sat him down again on the piano bench as though he had been activated by it. Once more he began his loud improvisation.

NEXT morning early I went to the barn to milk. I had one Guernsey stripped when Mark came in.

"I'm leaving tomorrow, Chuck," he told me.

I knew it was because of Rosalind. "Have you told Alexander?" I asked.

"Last night," he said. "He hit the ceiling."

From the front porch of the Barracks came the sound of a triangle being beaten to signal breakfast. We hurried in.

Norman's eyes were bloodshot and he looked tired, harried. Rosalind was pale. She sat down by Alexander, shrunken, no larger than a child, and picked at her food.

"Rosalind and I," Norman announced, "are leaving today."

Alexander choked on the food he was swallowing. Norman went on, "Rosalind can't stand the height. I don't like the thunder and lightning."

Alexander glared at him. "Nonsense! There'll probably be only one more storm all week, maybe none at all," he said. He turned to Rosalind. "You aren't bothered by the height if you don't see it, are you? You can keep away from the edge of the mountain. Come. What do you say?" He turned on the good will, and told Norman, as if it were man to man, "I can't have so many of you leaving. Mark heard over the radio this morning that he's being called back. He must leave tomorrow."

Heads at the table turned to look at Mark. Some of them didn't bother, knowing the truth of it quickly. One who bothered was Audrey. She looked stricken at the prospect of Mark's departure, for whatever cause. Pope was uncomfortable; he was no fool; he knew what was going on. Norman's mouth twitched. He seemed to appreciate the offer of Mark to leave. He was bitter about it, but he played up to it.

"That's too bad," he muttered.

"You'll stay," Alexander said, "with Rosalind."

Norman threw it back at him then. "That hasn't anything to do with us," he asserted. "We aren't happy here. I don't care about myself so much, but I care about Rosalind. We want to leave right away. After breakfast."

Alexander shook his head. "You can't expect any of us to drive you down today, and then go again with Mark tomorrow too."

"Maybe he'll hear that he doesn't have to go," Norman said. He turned burning eyes on his brother. Then to Alexander again, he asserted, "I tell you we want to leave. Now."

"Tomorrow." Alexander was conciliatory.

Norman began, "Damn it, I'll—"

Rosalind spoke surprisingly, almost sharply. "Norman," she told him, "it's all right. Tomorrow will do."

After breakfast the pair went canoeing on the lake. The rest of us, except Julia, decided to ride to the top of Thunder. Alexander had a favorite broad-backed mare. Lynne had her stallion. She picked out or suggested horses for the rest of us.

We rode south to the cliff. The horses all were accustomed to it, going to the very edge without a tremor. I saw Pope flinch a little when the gelding Lynne had taunted him into taking walked of its own accord to within inches of the brink. I didn't blame him when I looked over. We could feel the strong updraft of wind whirling and eddying. It blew well back from the cliff and across the mesa, making fierce crosscurrents and fighting billowings of wind that were probably not equaled by any other known place.

"Thunder has never been climbed," Alexander said, "both because of the winds and the sheerness of its walls. Twice men have been killed trying it. It won't ever be climbed. There isn't enough to hold on to."

We circled Thunder, came out on the east end, and saw the bridge and the stream again in the canyon below.

"What would you do, Alexander," Basil wanted to know, "if the bridge ever did go out?"

"I'd live here," Alexander answered simply. "I can do it now. I'm ready." He gazed at the bridge, two hundred feet below, where it started its gravity-defying journey across and below to the world. "It won't go out," he promised.

Lynne began the business of racing to the house. I'm convinced she did it to find out if Pope would stay on the gelding at any kind of pace. She found out.

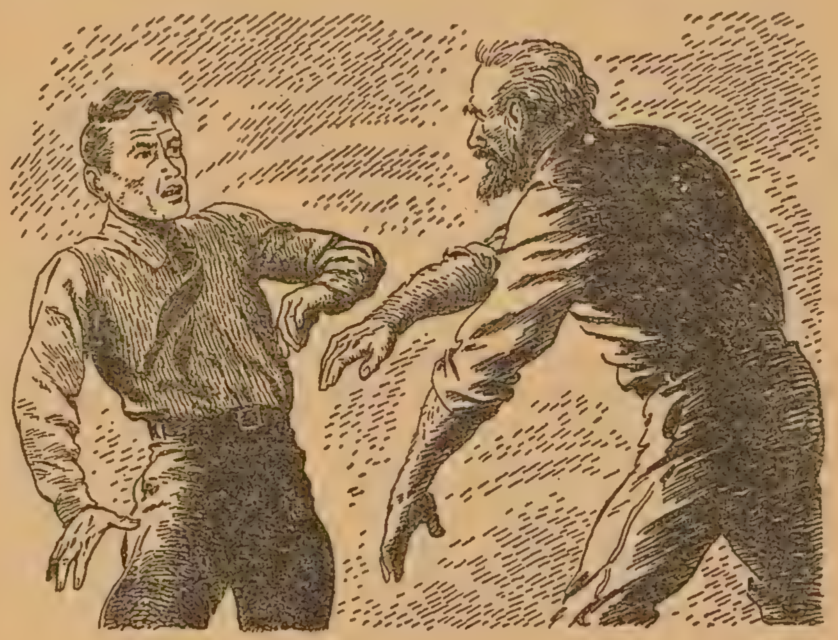
We hadn't gone a hundred yards before Pope went off in splendid fashion. Luckily he hit grass instead of rock. He rolled over several times and then lay there. I will say Lynne was the quickest to be concerned. After she pulled her tricks, she was always sorry. She turned the stallion on a dime and rode back, well ahead of us, as we followed suit. The gelding had stopped, properly, when its split reins dropped to the ground. Pope was now picking himself up.

"Are you hurt?" Lynne asked.

Pope regarded her. He was aroused enough to say, "I always tell my patients that if they try to do more than they can, they are fools. I rather think that is good advice for myself. I'll ride that saddle and that horse back, but after this I'll pick my own."

Alexander showed the only real animation he had on the ride. "That's the way to talk, Nelson."

It was the last spark from him for the day. During the evening he brooded about tomorrow's departures. It was as stiff and awful an evening as the Arringtons ever spent together.



Next morning, just before dawn, one of the storms Norman hated came. Several times we heard what must have been bolts striking the Barracks. They were carried safely into the ground by Alexander's plentiful installation of lightning rods. Then, with a soul-stirring explosion which must have been straight from nature's central powerhouse, the whole house swayed. Alarmed, I sat up in bed. From far off came a deep rumble.

"Did you feel that?" I asked Julia.

"I think it was an earthquake, Charles."

"We'd better get out of the house before it falls on us."

"I'll take the house on me," Julia answered, "rather than go out in that."

It was barely dawn when I heard a low, persistent knock on our door. I got up and was pulling on my dressing gown when the door opened. Mark, Basil, and Lynne entered, clad in wet raincoats.

After the Barracks swayed and shook, each of them had risen and gone out into the hall. Suspecting what had occurred, they drove the station wagon to the cliff above the bridge. We hadn't heard the car because of the noise of the storm.

The bridge had broken off close to the mountain and was gone all the way across. It had simply disappeared.

"There's no way off here," Mark said.

I saw Julia shivering. I went to our closet and got her bed jacket just as another knock came on the door. Mark opened it and Audrey and Pope came in.

"We heard voices," Pope said.

"What's the matter?" Audrey asked.

They were told. Audrey whistled. But she took it well. After a moment she said, "I always knew something real would happen to me if I hung around the Arringtons long enough. I guess this is it." She was more concerned for her parents in Minneapolis than she was for herself.

Pope came over to the bed and sat on it as if he had to sit down somewhere or he would fall down. His voice was steady when he told Julia, "If we have to stay here that long, I will deliver you safely. Everything needed in any circumstance is contained in the dispensary."

Julia regarded him gratefully. "Thank you," she said. "I believe you."

We heard Alexander's voice. He was rousing Zong and ordering him to prepare strong coffee, lots of it. Then he came in. He was soaked from head to foot. He wore no raincoat. He was muddy. There were grass stains on him where he had slipped and fallen. His eyes were bloodshot.

"You were out there?" Lynne asked. "You walked?"

Alexander nodded. "I saw you. I didn't want to talk to you. I didn't want to talk to anybody." He stared at each one of us in turn to see how we were taking it. He said, "There is no way down for us, and there is no way up to us."

Pope suggested, "A plane—"

"There isn't flat surface enough here," Mark told him harshly, "for anything to land."

Norman and Rosalind appeared just then. Norman was still shaking and trembling from the effects of his uncontrollable fear of the storm. The girl's eyes were round with fright at this sunrise conference and what it might mean. And having been told, Rosalind's gaze went to where I was certain it would go—to Mark.

"You did it!" Norman cried at Alexander. "You planned it all along! You got us here and you mean to keep us here! That's why you wouldn't let us leave yesterday! Damn you! Why, damn you—"

With no anger evident in his gesture Alexander slapped Norman sharply across the face with his open palm. Norman's mouth was opening and closing like a breathing fish as Alexander strode past him and out the door.

AFTER Zong had served us steaming hot cups of coffee in the living room, we all went down to the bridge—that is, to where the bridge had been. No one spoke a word when we stood at the edge of the cliff taking it in.

Rosalind, who was so afraid of height, walked slowly to the very lip of the precipice. The toes of her little shoes actually stuck out over the depths. She stood there like a statue. We watched her, fascinated, none of us able to move until Norman jumped to her. Her face was drained white. She walked like a somnambulist as he led her back to the house. The rest of us kept looking over for some time.

"Look! Down there!" Audrey cried suddenly.

Below us, their jaloppy stopped a little way back from the edge of where they stood, were the Jenks. Lynne strode to the car. She came back with a pair of binoculars. She looked through them at the Jenks, and then we took turns.

Pope called to them. It was at once evident that there was no possibility of his voice reaching to them. It was too far and the updrafts of the mountain carried the sound swiftly away into the sky.

I had an idea. "We might be able to throw them a message wrapped around a stone."

Mark and I tried throwing stones the size of a baseball. They all started out nicely. But when they hit the funneling air from below they lost speed and fell almost straight down into the canyon.

Julia kept watching through the glasses. "Now they're going away," she said.

We kept our eyes on their rattletrap car until it disappeared. I think each of us felt a sinking sensation then. None of us spoke as we started back to the Barracks. Halfway there I had a brainstorm.

"Hey!" I cried. "We've overlooked the most obvious thing there is for getting us down. Mark, it's in your bailiwick. An autogiro. It doesn't need much space to land."

Mark said caustically, "That was the first thing I threw away. I once had some experience with them. They're too tricky to fly easily. It's silly to think of one getting through the winds whipping around this rock. The few men capable of making the attempt are in the war, flying overseas. Three have already been killed.

"In just the same way," he concluded, "nothing lighter than air can be worked. Such as a blimp. It would be far too bumpy coming in here. And there's nothing to moor to if it could get here. We wouldn't be enough ground crew to hold it in Thunder's cross winds."

None of us liked how positive he sounded. We didn't like it because we sensed that he knew what he was talking about. We were sure of this when we realized how hard he must be trying to figure out a method by which to get away.

WHEN we got back to the house Alexander assembled us all around the dining table.

"We've got to make a plan for living here, and follow it," he announced. "Somebody must run things, and I propose to be that one. Now: This is essentially a farm. Perhaps we're lucky in having a farmer with us." He looked at me. "Of course, Charles is pretty much of a gentleman farmer. He works on the books. I don't know how much dirt he's ever had under his fingernails."

"I've had enough to run this place," I told him.

"Julia," he went on, "you will oversee the running of the household and husband our raw food materials. Is that too much for you?"

"It isn't enough," she answered.

"It's all you get," he told her.

Alexander went on allocating the duties. Basil would keep all the mechanical things in operation. Mark would be general handy man.

Mark smiled. "It cost the government about twenty-five thousand bucks to make a pilot out of me—so I can be a handy man."

"Nelson's work is obvious," Alexander continued. He turned to the doctor. "What you tell us to do about health will be done by us all, and that includes me. You'll probably have enough to do with the animals alone to keep busy."

"You should have invited a veterinarian," Lynne remarked.

"I really don't think there is much difference between a horse for a patient and a human being," Pope said. "They're both animals. One can talk back, of course."

Lynne glanced at him as though she couldn't believe her ears.

"Seriously," Pope told us, "living here should affect no one in any deleterious physical way. Though until we are acclimated, the altitude may affect some of us mentally a bit. We'll be apt to fly into rages with little provocation."

"Watch your tempers," Alexander advised us. To Pope he said, "What you need most right now is an assistant. Especially with the horses." He looked at Lynne. "I guess there's only one answer to that."

"Why don't you," Lynne asked Alexander, "pick him up and throw him in my face? I won't be anybody's assistant. I don't like the sight of blood."

"Then you'd better get used to the sight of your own," Alexander told her, "if you don't follow my orders."

Rosalind was appointed seamstress, and Audrey laundress with Norman to help her. He and Audrey were to help me with the milking and butter-making.

Alexander didn't object when, after luncheon, Norman announced that he and Rosalind wanted to move into the cottage. The transfer made things more comfortable in the Barracks. There wasn't the tension that always arose from their presence.

On the afternoon of our third day of isolation, while we sat in the living room before dinner, an announcer on one of the Denver stations addressed us: "Calling

Thunder Mountain. This is Henry, your friend. Please listen to this station every weekday at five forty-five. I hope soon to have news for you that a plane will fly over to study steps for your rescue."

Henry then introduced Mrs. Jenk. She described Thunder Mountain, and listed the people on it.

"I don't think they want to be rescued. I think they want to stay there," she said. "At least, most of them. When we went back that morning and found the bridge gone, they were standing up on the mountain. They threw rocks at us as if they wanted us to go away."

Mr. Jenk took his turn. He differed with his wife about the rocks. It was his belief that we had been trying to throw a message to them. He cleared up a point about Zong. Some Triumph people had spread the word that Zong was a Jap, that the mountain was being used for subversive purposes. Jenk said this wasn't true, that Zong was a good Chink.

"I think," Jenk said, "that Arrington meant to keep us there. He wanted to make a place away from the world that could sustain itself in case everything went to pieces. He needed farmers to do it."

Henry inquired if Jenk would like to explain what he meant by saying Alexander meant to keep him there.

"That's all I care to say," Jenk announced stubbornly.

"Perhaps," Henry asked, "at a later date you may add to it?"

"Maybe," Jenk said.

Late every afternoon we listened faithfully for Henry. The fourth day he announced that an Army plane would fly to Thunder in the morning to examine the situation.

"If you are listening," Henry advised us, "display a sheet laid flat on the ground in front of the barn. That will tell us if in the future you will be hearing my broadcasts. I have several messages for you now. One is for Mr. and Mrs. Charles Arrington. It is from the manager of their Ohio farm, Tom Connors. It reads, I quote: 'Everything going well here. Don't worry. I'm doing that about you.' Unquote."

Henry had messages from the families of both Audrey and Pope. Each expressed perturbation at what had occurred but hoped that everything would be all right. Pope's people were in St. Louis. He told us his mother and father were quite old. There was nothing for Rosalind from her family. She felt this keenly. She was not only disappointed but ashamed. She turned her face away as though hiding it. Basil told her, "Have faith in Henry. He'll see to it that you hear from them."

The next morning we spread a sheet in front of the barn and all of us waited for the plane. Mark heard it on the wind, from the east, before any of the rest of us.

"It's a trainer," he said.

IT was a small plane with the Army insignia on it and two men in its tandem cockpits. Over the canyon it suddenly was swept almost vertically in the air. It heeled over sickeningly as it went up, half sideways. It looked to be out of control. It sideslipped, rolled, and finally, now flying away from the mountain, straightened out. The plane circled and came back, keeping away from the canyon. Fighting the controls, it was again shot high in the air. But it stayed on an even keel and kept on flying over Thunder. We waved, and the observer waved back.

It came over a number of times. On one trip a white object came out of the observer's cockpit and plunked down not far from the sheet, narrowly missing Zong. Mark picked up the message, wrapped around and tied to a small metal bar. "Never saw such air! If any of the suggestions listed on the back of this paper will work, take in your sheet and we'll drop questions to be answered with same. Regards to Captain Arrington."

On the back, typewritten, was a list of plans for getting us down from the mountain. They were much like all of the things we ourselves had thought of and discarded. Our sheet stayed out.

The plane came over twice more. On its first run, after it left the mesa and had gone through the wall of uprushing air, it hit, on the opposite side, a down draft that sank it from sight as if it had been snatched by some powerful unseen hand. There was violently swirling air there, like a miniature hurricane tipped on end.

Mark sweated for the flyers until they appeared again, far away. The last time they flew over us it was cautiously, and when they left, waving down to us, we fancied that their gesture was one of relief.

That afternoon Henry reported the flyers' opinion that nothing could be done for us by air. Then he said he had looked up the members of the Denver construction firm which had done work on the mountain. Henry wanted them to tell their story, but so far they had refused. They said it was a confidential matter. Henry still hoped to persuade them to speak. He himself referred to it as if there might be some dread secret in the story the construction men could tell. He looked forward to presenting this.

"That idiot had better mind his own business! And they'd better keep to their agreement!" Alexander roared.

"What are you hiding from us?" Audrey asked him.

"I'm not hiding anything," he answered. "But when I pay somebody to keep his mouth shut, I want him to keep it shut!"

MARK believed there was some possibility of leaving Thunder by parachute. He made dozens of toy ones, attaching weights of rocks or pieces of iron to match in proportion the weight of a man. He worked alone, making it known he didn't want anybody watching him. When he said this, he became for an instant a little like the Mark of old. "I don't want anybody looking at me," he announced, "because it probably won't work and I can't stand anybody seeing me fail. I'm strictly a grandstand player."

Riding one afternoon, Audrey came across him working at the southwest corner of the mountain. He had walked here carrying a dozen of his small parachutes. He had just thrown the last one.

"Any luck?" she asked.

"No," he replied shortly.

Audrey dropped from her horse, leaving it to graze. Mark strode a few yards to a grassy spot and flung himself down. Audrey sat down at his side. She reached and took the cigarette from his lips. He didn't protest, but lighted another. They smoked in silence for a moment.

"If even one of my chutes had dropped right," he said, "I think I would have tried it as soon as I could make a man-size one myself."

She followed his example of lying on her back. "You want to get away that much."

"There's a war on. I'm ready to fight in it."

"And there's the other reason, too," she said.

"What reason?"

"You know what I'm talking about, Mark."

He didn't answer.

She spoke resolutely, as if she had carefully prepared what she had to say.

"I'd almost be willing to give myself to you if it would stop you from the other."

"Audrey!"

"I mean for the sake of us all."

"You don't know what you're talking about."

"I do," she said.

"That's under control," he asserted.

"Right now, perhaps," she said. "Later on—"

"I tell you it's under control."

"It wouldn't work anyhow," she said. "Because you don't want me. You've never wanted me." She turned her head and looked at him. "You've never even made a pass at me."

"It isn't because you aren't a good-looking piece," he told her. "You are. A lot better than some I—" He stopped. "It's just that some people want each other and some people don't." He turned back to stare moodily at the sky.

"Look, Audrey, I'm no good for you. In fact, I'm no good."

She answered, "Some woman could change you. I thought I might be that woman."

He was tender when he told her, "If anybody could, it would be you."

"I don't understand it, Mark. Must it be—?" she stopped.

"Say it!" he ordered.

"A new one all the time?"

He lashed out his words as though whipping her with them. "Yes. I'm not interested in anything else."

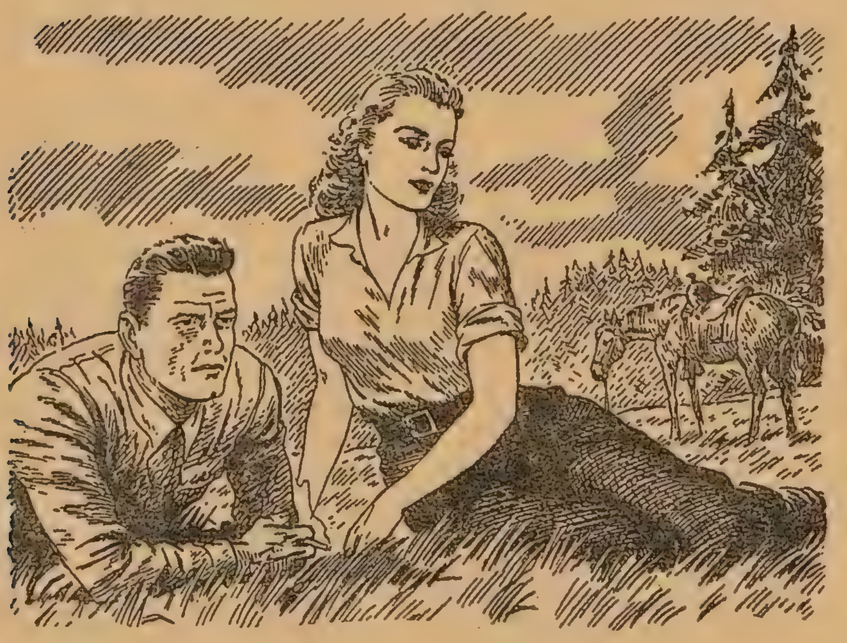
Audrey sat up. She stared at Mark as though not seeing the person she knew a few minutes ago, but another.

"Now you know what I'm like," he said.

Footsteps approached along the edge of the cliff. It was Basil, examining the wall of the mountain, leaning over to stare at it. He straightened, turned, discovered them. He grinned disarmingly. "Oh," he said, "I didn't mean to—"

Mark got to his feet. "You aren't interrupting anything. Even if you'd come earlier, you wouldn't have interrupted anything. Not a thing." He looked down at Audrey. "It's finished."

He caught Audrey's horse, sprang on, and galloped off.



DURING the next three weeks Henry on the radio addressed us. He gave Rosalind, finally, a message from her mother and father, which pleased and relieved her. From him, and from others, we had news of the world. Sevastopol fell, the Japs were repulsed at Midway, and eight German saboteurs landed on our shores.

Mark raved. One night he got roaring drunk. Norman and Rosalind retired to their cottage, but he didn't bother them. He threw books in the living room. He raged about, going outdoors, coming in, and going out again. Once when he was out I tried to find his service automatic in his room, thinking he might take it into his head to shoot that off to express himself. He passed out cold while amusing himself banging at the triangle on the front porch. Basil and I put him to bed. The automatic didn't emerge from his clothes with him.

Pope didn't know where he stood with the Navy; he was sure he had by now been ordered to report for duty. Basil jokingly said that his absence from the laboratory was setting back our winning of the war, and there might have been some truth in this.

I had worried about how my sugar-beet crop was getting along until I had a message, via Henry, from Tom that it was doing well. Julia, watched carefully by Pope, grew her unparalleled crop still without trouble. The climatic change, and even the shock of our isolation, fortunately did not affect her.

Lynne began to teach Rosalind to ride. Norman, suspicious of the project, went along on the first few rides, seeing to it that Rosalind was given the most docile of the mares. He left her in his sister's hands with the admonition, "You remember what I told you before . . . if anything happens to her, I'll kill you."

"Stop talking that way," Lynne told him. "It would be an accident."

After she got over her first uneasiness, Rosalind was an apt pupil. Lynne gave her a more spirited horse. Finally, one afternoon, she proposed that Rosalind try the gelding. Pope, who was riding with them that day, questioned the wisdom of this.

"She's got to ride something sometimes besides those steamboats she's used to," Lynne pointed out.

Rosalind looked at the gelding in his separate corral. "I think he likes me," she said. "I've rubbed his nose. I'll ride him."

They started along the north side of the mountain and came to a path that branched, one fork leading toward the cliff a hundred and fifty yards distant. Here they stopped to enjoy the sight. The gelding faced the cliff. Pope had his back turned to the girls. Lynne was behind Rosalind. Suddenly, with a snakelike movement, Lynne lifted her quirt. It sliced through the air with a slight hiss. It came down stingingly on the rump of the gelding. The horse gave a leap that threw Rosalind back, jerking her head and then snapping it forward again. She gave a cry. She hung on as the gelding started toward the cliff.

Pope wheeled his mare and started after her. At once hoofs pounded behind him. Lynne on the stallion passed him and came abreast of the gelding. She reached for the bridle, missed, snatched again, caught it. She dragged the gelding to a stop hardly ten yards from the edge of the cliff. It bit at the stallion, bit at her. Lynne ordered Rosalind, as Pope rode up, "Get off."

Rosalind fell rather than got off. Pope dropped from his own horse and went to her. She was white and shaken. She turned her back on the cliff, too frightened to speak.

"Can you ride this thing back?" Lynne asked Pope.

"Yes," he answered, "but you've got to wait a few minutes before Rosalind can ride the mare."

No one spoke on the way to the barn. There Rosalind slid off her horse and stood waiting while Pope and Lynne unsaddled and turned the horses into their corrals.

When they came back to her she spoke to Lynne: "You tried to kill me. You hate me. And I think I know why."

"I suppose," Lynne said, "you're going to tell Norman this ridiculous idea of yours?"

"No," the girl answered. "It wouldn't do any good."

"Are you going to ride any more?"

"No. I'll just say I don't like it, after all. And I don't like you, Lynne. I haven't liked you since the first minute I saw you. But I don't hate you. I feel sorry for you."

The first spatter of rain began to fall as Rosalind turned on her heel and ran to the cottage.

Pope was staring at Lynne. The rain came down harder. There was a flash of lightning and quick thunder.

"I don't know why you saved her," he said. "I can only think of your doing such a thing in the first place."

Lynne moved back under the roof before the stalls. She seemed to want to get away from Pope as much as to get out of the rain. He followed her.

"I adored you and worshiped the ground you walked on," he said. "And now I've seen what a fool I was. I can see that you're just exactly the opposite of everything I thought."

Lynne stood taking this with her gaze upon the rain.

That was how I found them, when I came around the corner of the barn to take shelter. I stopped. They did not notice me.

Lynne's voice was shaken, almost broken, when she said, "I don't know what makes me do such things. I get it from Alexander. No, I don't. That's just an excuse. I get it from myself."

"I'm glad you see that much," Pope informed her.

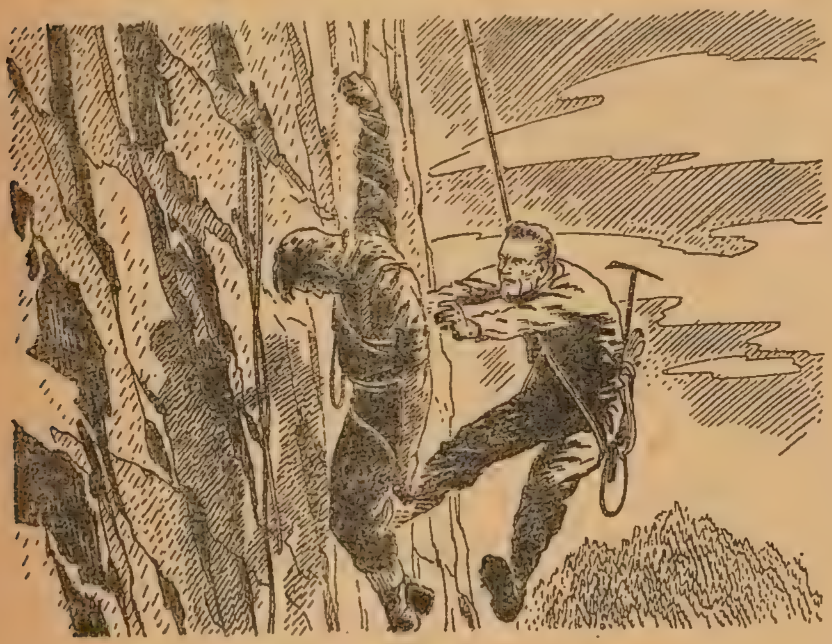
"I go sort of wild. Crazy. I don't know what I'm doing, exactly. Maybe I do. But I do it anyway. Every time, right away, I wish I hadn't. I try to stop it then, to undo it. I'd kill myself to stop it. It was that way today. I'm always afraid I'll do something I won't be able to stop. You must hate me."

"No, I don't hate you," he told her coldly. "I pity you."

BASIL, our scientist, had from the first refused to accept the fact that no one had ever climbed up the face of Thunder as proof that we could not climb down it. Both he and Mark argued about it with Alexander. They did not convince him, but he was willing to give them the benefit of all his knowledge when they insisted on trying.

He went over books on mountain climbing with them. He drew diagrams. He acted out techniques. He screwed some wood hooks into the side of the barn and illustrated the kind of rope tension climbing they would have to do. He showed them how to keep their bodies at right angles to the side of the precipice they climbed. He offered to do the climbing, but Basil said, "Nothing doing."

All of us except Rosalind turned out to witness the first attempt at the real thing. Julia and I walked, and the others rode to the westernmost end of Thunder, a mile from the Barracks. Alexander agreed with Basil that this was the most promising location. The rock here had cracked to a greater extent than elsewhere. At the same time, Alexander warned, there was more dead, or scaled-off, rock. This was a danger.



A heavy crowbar was driven at an angle into the ground a few yards from the lip of the cliff. It penetrated the four feet of hard topsoil and touched the rock below. This would act as a belaying point for the first of the length of knotted ropes to be let over and tied to the face of the mountain wall. It had been planned to let over great lengths of this, but when it was tried it was found that the wind thrashed it about so violently it couldn't be controlled. Thirty-foot lengths, to be fastened together, would have to be employed.

One of these was now tied to the crowbar. Basil had refused to let Norman take the risk of planting the initial pitons, though he clamored for the job. We watched Basil step into the rappel belt. His legs went into loops of webbing fitting around each upper thigh. Another loop went about the back of his neck. From the place near his waist where all the loops came together, a length of double webbing went out to end in a strong snap ring. Mark, Pope, and Norman pulled up slack in the rope. Above the first knot Basil snapped himself on. He was ready.

"Be careful," Audrey pleaded.

He glanced at her. He flushed, pleased and embarrassed by her solicitude.

He hung the piton hammer around his neck as he had been instructed by Alexander. His pockets were filled with pitons. Under his belt were slung short lengths of light rope. He stepped to the edge of the precipice. His three belayers paid out the rope. He didn't look down before he turned his back on the edge of the cliff.

"All right," he said. "Here I go."

He squatted and let his legs over. The rope to which he was fastened and which he grasped let him down slowly until it ran along the ground from the stake. Mark, Pope, and Norman still clung to it for safety's sake and because the procedure was new.

The rest of us peered over.

Five feet below, Basil hung suspended on the rope. Beneath him the twenty more feet of it jerked and whipped in the updraft. Basil swayed only a little.

"Get vertical!" Alexander ordered. "Complete your tension."

Basil put his feet against the cliff. He pushed himself out. This held him steady. He waited a moment. He took up his hammer, took out a piton. He studied the rock. He chose a crack and inserted the wedge. He began to hit it with his hammer and it went in gradually.

He tried its strength with both hands. It seemed satisfactory. From his belt he pulled one of the short lengths of rope. With this he tied the heavy rope to the eye of the piton.

He grasped the heavy rope with his left hand. With his right he unsnapped himself. Hand over hand, his rubber-soled feet holding him against the rock, he let himself down another five feet and went to work again.

Looking over, none of us had spoken. I could see the sweat break out on Basil's face. When he laboriously pulled himself up, he had placed five pitons, conquered twenty-five feet of the two thousand of Thunder.

"That's the easy part," Alexander scoffed. "Every foot more now gets harder than the one before. How are you going to keep pulling yourself up?"

Basil explained that in a day or so they would rig a block and tackle to fasten to the stake. The climber would carry a line attached to this and would be pulled up while he clung to the rope attached to the pitons.

Every afternoon, now, the work went on. In a week they had gone only twice as far as Basil went the first day. Mark did some of the piton work, but Norman turned out to be the best of all at it. He was catlike and fearless. The only horror he had was being caught in the midst of the climbing while a storm rose. It took a long time to climb back now, almost as long as it took to find a satisfactory crack for a piton in the lessening opportunities for them farther down. The others watched the weather for him, and warned him.

Norman and Mark worked together feverishly. It was never spoken, but Norman labored to keep Mark from his wife, and Mark hurried to keep himself from her.

ONE hundred and sixty-five feet from the top of the mesa, they reached basalt as smooth as the top of an uncovered billiard table. They didn't know how far they would have to go before the cracks for the pitons began again. But Basil forbade going farther in that spot. They moved their equipment to the place of second choice, on the south wall, beyond the pond.

It was agreed that they should now take Sunday off to lessen the tension on all of us. On the second of those Sundays, Basil asked Audrey to go canoeing on the pond. He got into a tweed suit and was at the canoe on the shore when Audrey came.

At his stare she said, "Basil, it's only powder and lipstick and nail polish and curls, a little perfume and a green linen dress."

He began to paddle, slowly. "It's you, too."

He headed toward the grove of aspens which hid part of the water from the buildings. He let the canoe drift against the shore, into the shadow of the trees. Audrey looked up, listening to the gentle talk of the quivering leaves. She smiled at him. She moved to one side of the canoe and patted the seat beside her. He jumped up, then caught the gunwale, squatting, balancing to hold the canoe from capsizing.

"When you're accepting an invitation like that," Audrey advised, "don't leap at a girl. Creep up on her."

Basil crept.

"That day by the cliff, when I came upon you and Mark, I didn't know what he meant when he said it was finished. I've watched you since then. He meant it was finished between the two of you, didn't he?"

"Yes," she said. "Though it never started on his part, and I realize now it wasn't anything real on mine. It was an infatuation."

He looked away, swallowed, and said, "Do you care for me at all, Audrey?"

"Well," she said judiciously, "I've always wanted to run my hands through that stubble on your head. The way you do."

Automatically he practiced his most frequent gesture. "Why don't you?"

She gave a little laugh as she did it.

"It tickles when you do it," he said.

She retrieved her hand. "You're supposed to try to kiss me now."

He didn't do anything. Finally he burst out, "Audrey—I've never even kissed a girl!"

"I don't believe it."

"I haven't. I always had my nose in a book or a laboratory."

"I'll show you," she said, "part way."

She put one arm about his neck, lifted her face, and closed her eyes. She whispered, "You've got to do the rest."

When finally they drew apart, he cried, "I wish I'd known what I've been missing! I'll climb down the mountain now!" he vowed. "I'll climb down and bring back a minister! I'll—or maybe I'm getting ahead of things. That is, unless you'd consider it?"

"I'll be glad," Audrey whispered, "to consider it."

FOR some time Henry, our radio friend, had been complaining that he couldn't get the men who had constructed Thunder Mountain to tell their story. The engineers and their men would not talk. Their refusal had something to do with a visit paid to Denver by Alexander's lawyers. It was clear that Alexander's gold was purchasing the exact article he ordered.

Then one afternoon Henry got Jenk back on his program for another interview. In the Barracks all of us listened except Norman and Rosalind. They had a small radio in their cottage. Zong served us the usual afternoon tea—Alexander's was whisky—while the tail end of a storm blew itself away.

Jenk read his story:

"One day, about a week before my wife and I so luckily left Thunder Mountain, I walked over to a spot on the top of the cliff that overlooked the road going down to the bridge. I happened to walk through some bushes. My foot caught on something. I thought it was a vine. But it was an electric wire; in fact, two wires. They ran into the bushes one way, and I followed them a few yards. There, hidden and protected by a piece of heavy canvas, I came upon a detonator."

"A detonator?" Henry asked. "What is that?"

Jenk explained that it was an oblong boxlike affair with a plunger arrangement which, when operated, generated enough electric current to fire the blasting cap that set off a dynamite charge.

"I see," Henry told him. "Now, Mr. Jenk, to where did the wires lead in the other direction?"

In a voice of doom, Jenk revealed, "They led down over the cliff and to the bridge as far as I could see or follow them."

Henry asked him what he had done upon making this discovery.

"I took it up with Arrington," Jenk said. "He told me the detonator and wire had been left behind by the construction company. He said they didn't mean anything. I told him I would pick them up. He said not to bother, but to keep on with my work, and he would do it. I looked for them a couple of days later, but they were gone. Of course, they could have been laid in a different place and hidden better. I couldn't find them around the shop or the barn."

"You were disturbed at your discovery?"

"Yes. Mrs. Jenk more than I was. She wanted to leave right away. But I couldn't accept it then that Arrington meant to blow the bridge."

"You do now?"

"Well, I don't know what else there is to think."

Mark reached and turned off the radio. There was the longest silence among a group of people I have ever heard in my life.

Alexander sat quietly, looking straight in front of him. A very small smile sneaked out of his beard to his mouth and then darted back again.

The silence was so long that it gave Norman and Rosalind time to run from their cottage to the Barracks. As they came in, Norman demanded excitedly, "Did you hear it? Did you hear what he said?" He confronted Alexander. "Why don't you say something?"

Alexander showed no reaction to Norman's questions. He kept gulping at his whisky. When he had tossed off the final amount he needed to be able to speak as he wished, he began:

"What I have to say is very simple: I was wrong in what I did. I should not have done it."

We could agree with that.

"I regret it. I am sorry I did it. I apologize to you for doing it," he went on. "I do not ask your forgiveness, for that would be presumptuous. I do not believe you should give it; it is not owed to me. I don't even ask for your understanding, for that perhaps is also too much to expect."

"It's all very well to bust a bridge out from under us," Mark said, "and then say you're sorry. If there was another way back, I'd say, 'O. K., bud. We all make mistakes.' But this is a giant-size blockbuster of a mistake. You put us in quite a spot, Beaver, quite a spot."

We all knew what he meant. He and Norman suffered more than most of us. But not the most of all. Rosalind, who filled this bill, sat as though in a trance, staring at Alexander; he might have been some strange fascinating monster she didn't believe could exist.

The rest of us were prone to be more charitable.

Julia spoke with her usual good sense. "It's done. We may not think that Alexander has done right, but we must make the best of things."

Now Pope, for the first time before all of us, asserted himself. He adopted the Arrington fashion of being frank. The young doctor told Alexander, "What you did was pure megalomania. You have put yourself up above other people for so long, you believe that you can ride roughshod over them to such an extent, that—"

"Wait a minute," Alexander interrupted.

"You wait a minute," Pope informed him, "until I'm through. Your whole action is a simple lesson in psychiatry. Your mountain is a monument to your wife, Sylvia. You're taking out the hurt of the loss of her in what you built here. You believe the world wrongfully took her away from you. You're trying to get your revenge upon the world. That's why you believe our civilization is so lacking."

"Rubbish!" Alexander exclaimed.

"You lost your wife," Pope went on. "You were afraid you would lose more. That's why you scorn the world, why you cut us off from it. That's where your isolationism comes from—fear. Fear of facing the world of reality—"

"That's enough, Nelson!" Alexander shouted.

"It isn't enough! It—"

"Shut up!" Alexander roared. "Shut up!"

POPE controlled himself. He stared at Alexander angrily, yet studying him.

"I'm sorry to have to speak to you this way," Alexander told him. "I'm everything you say, Nelson. I'm probably more." He turned to all of us. "I have been wrong. I have told you so. But we must not quarrel among ourselves. That would be fatal. Whatever there is for us here, it must be together and not against each other. Whatever you may think of me must not interfere with that."

"We agree," Julia said. None of us resented her speaking for us.

"We have to agree," Mark commented.

"There are two things for us," Alexander went on. "We can continue to live here without struggling. We can continue fighting to get down. You know which I prefer. I know which you want. I will take yours. I will even stop trying to convince you that my choice is right."

Zong stood before us in all his white expanse of apron and jaundiced chins.

"Dinner," he announced.

None of us moved. The last thing we were thinking of was to eat. Then, suddenly, we knew that we were hungry. In silence, we followed Alexander to the table. There, while he carved the huge savory roast of beef Zong placed before him, we all got back to treating him normally.

A few mornings later, while he and I were busy at the barn, there came the pound of a horse's hoofs. Norman rode around the corner of the barn, pulling his horse to a savage stop.

"Basil!" he choked frantically. "Basil! He's fallen."

"Gone?" Alexander spoke quietly.

"No," said Norman. "He's hanging there. But he—"

"Get down!" Alexander ordered.

Norman slid from the horse. Alexander mounted and was riding away before he was firmly seated. Norman and I decided that it would be quicker to go on foot than to stop and saddle horses to cover a half mile. He told me what had occurred as we ran. His words came fast and jerkily.

"He was about sixty feet down. That's the start of our third section of rope. Where it was tied on. Something was wrong there. It wasn't tied right. Or had slipped. Or was used too much. Anyway—we heard him cry out. Pope was watching. Audrey was too, and I guess Lynne. The top of the third section pulled out where it was tied. Basil grabbed it. He went down. The fall pulled out the piton below it, and two more below that—"

He stopped telling it as we ran faster. We passed the pond. I saw Rosalind come out of the aspen grove. She often went there in the afternoon. She saw us but didn't call. I thought she followed us, then I forgot about her.

"Go on," I said to Norman.

"When I looked over, he was hanging there. He's caught by one arm in a kind of tangle of rope."

"Is he all right? Is he—"

"He's out. Or—anyway, he didn't talk."

"Was he using the block-and-tackle rope?"

"Had it with him," Norman panted. "Wasn't using it. It was fastened just above him."

WE ARRIVED, gasping for breath, at the cliff. Audrey lay prone, leaning as far out over the edge as she could. Lynne sat, her back to the precipice, holding Audrey. Julia, tensely anxious, sat near them. She looked over. Alexander, Pope, and Mark worked frantically at the block and tackle.

I looked over. Seventy-five feet below I saw the top of Basil's cropped head. A tangle of ropes was about his right shoulder. His left arm was doubled up behind him in an odd, awry position. His whole body moved slightly in the wind. The snap fastener of his rappel belt dangled loosely. The fall had evidently occurred between times of having that attached.

"We'll get you!" I yelled down.

"Can't." He spoke in a mumble, carried to us on the updraft. "Don't try it. Don't try it," he kept saying. Then, "I'm finished anyway. All I want . . . talk to Audrey."

"Yes, Basil? Yes?" Audrey tried to keep the tears from her voice.

"Audrey!" he called. We could hear the effort that went into that.

"I'm here, Basil!" she cried.

I turned to look at the block-and-tackle preparations. It would be a few minutes more.

His whisper came up on the wings of the wind. "Audrey, I don't think there's much time."

"Hang on down there!" I yelled. "Are you hanging on, or are you caught?"

"I'm caught. But I can work loose."

"Don't!" I ordered. "We can get you!"

"No use," there came back. "No use two getting killed to save one." His voice came up faintly. "Audrey, I—" Even in that moment he remained shy.

"Yes, Basil, yes?" she encouraged him.

"Audrey, I—I love you."

Audrey nearly broke down. "I love you, too!"

I turned. The block-and-tackle was almost ready.

"I'm going," Mark said.

"I am!" Norman announced fiercely.

Alexander nodded at Mark. "You go," he decided.

As they made the final preparations, I turned back to Audrey and Basil. She was saying, "Hang on, Basil! Hang on! For me. For us!"

Then I saw him working his arm out of that tangle of rope holding him to the mountain. He got it out to the wrist. I couldn't stand looking at it any more. Still yelling at him, I turned away.

"Don't! Basil! Please! Don't!" Audrey implored.

Then a shriek came from her. From Julia came a gasp. Audrey buried her face in her hands, sobbing convulsively, and Lynne pulled her in from the edge.

Alexander dropped the block and tackle. None of us went to the edge of the cliff. Alexander turned. He moved so gradually that he might have been a figure in a slow-motion picture. He walked away from us, toward the house.

At first, I didn't realize that Rosalind stood about twenty yards from the brink. She had been here all this time. Alexander passed so close to her that his sleeve brushed against her. But he didn't see her. She didn't touch him. She didn't speak to him. She remained where she was, looking at us.

We didn't hear Julia when she first spoke. She was still at the edge. She spoke again: "He's still there. He's caught. By the wrist."

We rushed to the lip. Basil had fainted. He now hung by one hand. His body kept turning and twisting in the wind.

There was no time to call Alexander back. He wouldn't have been helpful in any case. I took command. "Quick!" I cried. "Before he comes to again."

The block and tackle was prepared. When we took it up, Norman once more clamored to be the one to go. I kept to Alexander's decision. Mark stepped into the sling that had been tied at the end of the rope. He took up several short lengths of rope and shoved them inside his uniform shirt. He didn't wait a second before going to the edge.

We paid out rope through the block and tackle. Mark hung onto the pitons and the rope attached to them as he went down.

Pope, as he worked with Norman and me, ordered Lynne to ride back to the house for a hypodermic wrapped in a sterile bandage, and the stretcher from the dispensary. Julia, standing at the lip of the cliff, listened to Mark calling to her. "He says to lower fast. Until I signal he's reached Basil."

When she flung up her arm, we eased the rope to a stop. I left Pope and Norman on the block and tackle while I went to see.

Mark was down by the side of Basil. I could see him fighting the wind. He took the snap fastener of the rappel belt about Basil and attached it to his own rope. He released Basil's wrist from the tangle that held it. He got Basil over his shoulder, took out the short sections of rope he carried, and began to tie Basil to him. He rested. He finished the job. He looked up, signaling for us to raise them.

I went back to Pope and Norman. We began the job of bringing them up. Julia continued to act as our guide.

"He's safe," she breathed finally. "They're both safe. Mark kept Basil's head from hitting— Now he says to come up slowly."

WHEN the two of them appeared at the lip we tied down the block-and-tackle rope so that it couldn't slip, and rushed to them. We pulled them to safety.

Mark was scratched and torn. We untied Basil from him and under Pope's direction laid him out carefully. Pope was going over him with his hands, feeling of bones, when Lynne rode back.

"His arm is broken," Pope reported, "and I don't know how many ribs. The wrist is only sprained. I can't tell about the rest, about the back, or anything internally."

Basil's eyelids fluttered but didn't open. Pope took out his vial and gave him a few whiffs. Then Basil looked at us dully.

"Basil," Audrey said. "Basil."

His lips tried to smile. "You got me," he whispered. "After all."

Pope turned to Lynne. "Hypo," he said.

We got Basil onto the stretcher and Norman and Pope carried it, with Audrey walking alongside carrying the doctor's bag. When they passed Rosalind, she turned and followed after them. Lynne mounted the mare and rode off ahead, calling back that she would get Basil's bed ready.

Julia asked Mark, "Are you all right?"

Mark turned and looked at the cliff. "I don't get killed by things like that," he said.

On the way back to the Barracks we didn't speak much. Once Julia said something about Alexander, about being afraid of what Basil's fall had done to him. Mark and I didn't comment. Halfway to the house, Julia stopped suddenly. The excitement was now doing something to her. I held her. Mark was the first to speak.

"Well, ma, I guess this is where ma comes in."

Julia said, "I guess it is."

We helped her home and got Pope. He gave Julia and me a few moments alone together and then he called me.

He was in the hall, telling Lynne in a low voice, "You'll have to look after her while I start to fix up Basil. Call me only if there are the definite signs I've explained to you."

Lynne whispered, "I'm scared."

Pope regarded her sternly. "So that's what Arringtons are made of."

She stared at him. Her chin quivered and then became still. "What do I do first?"

"See that the sterilizer is in working order."

I went into the living room. Alexander, Mark, Norman, and Rosalind were there. I looked about for Audrey, then realized she would be helping Pope with Basil. I had a fright about Julia being left to Lynne's devices alone, but I told myself Pope knew what he was about, that he would be there to attend her in plenty of time.

NO ONE in the room was saying anything. Alexander looked older than he did an hour ago, grayer, and not as formidable. I was sure we shouldn't let him stay the way he was, but make some attempt to rouse him. Right then Norman went over to him. Alexander kept staring straight at Norman. It was doubtful if he saw him.

"You," Norman accused, "and your mountain. I was right from the first. You kept us here. And now you're going to kill us, one by one. Who's next? Me? Do you want me?"

Alexander rose from his chair. His face showed no rage, no feeling at all for Norman. He went down the hall to his room.

Norman stood for a moment looking after him. There was an expression of satisfaction on his face. Then he sat wearily on one of the couches. He had no real satisfaction. There was none to feel.

Zong came in with tea. His broad face was grave. The Chinese know tragedy.

When Mark finished his tea, he rose and strode to the sideboard where the liquor was kept. He yanked out a bottle, splashed from it into a glass, and gulped.

Rosalind whispered to me, "No. He mustn't."

I went over to Mark. He was getting ready to fill his glass again. I stayed his hand. "Let's go see Alexander," I suggested.

He let me lead him down the hall and to Alexander's room. We went right in. Alexander sat in a chair in front of the window. He stared at us with the glazed-eye look of seeing nothing. His mouth hung open slackly, his lower lip loose.

"Alexander!" I called.

His eyes didn't flicker.

"This is worse than after Sylvia," Mark said.

"Alexander!" I yelled this time. "Basil didn't fall! We brought him up! He's still alive!"

I might have been addressing a blank wall.

Mark bent down to him. "Beaver! Basil's all right!"

We both called some more. We stopped when Mark waved a hand a few inches in front of Alexander's eyes. His lids didn't blink.

"Maybe Pope can do something for him," I suggested.

"The last time," Mark pointed out, "better doctors than Pope couldn't."

I told Mark I had some work for both of us to do outside the house. As we passed Julia's door I tried not to listen.

Off to one side of the Barracks we saw Rosalind by the rock pile there. In front of her scampered a cony, to which she was throwing bits of hay. She didn't look up, though she must have been aware of our presence. Mark stopped stock-still. He stared at her. I could feel his tenseness.

"Come on," I said, and he came readily, as if escaping.

I found some jobs for us both as far from the house as possible. In the middle of the afternoon I was currying the horses when Zong waddled around the corner of the barn. "Misty Warles!" he piped at me. "You papa!"

"Boy?" I demanded.

"Misty Warles, you papa."

"Tell me!"

"Misty Warles, you papa!"

I raced to the house. I burst into my room. Both Pope and Lynne were there. Lynne was holding something in her arms. I wasn't interested in this.

"Go in and see her," Pope told me.

I went in quietly. She was deathly pale, but she smiled at me. I leaned back against the door and I couldn't move.

"Was it as bad as that?" Julia asked softly.

"Worse," I croaked. "I don't ever want another."

I went over to the bed. I leaned down and kissed her. After we had said the very special things we had to say to each other, Julia wanted to know about Alexander. I had to tell her.

She shifted her head on the pillow to look at me directly. "Charles," she said, "he needs something now. Something we can give him. The name of our child. I know how we planned to have it Charles if it was a boy. . . ."

I didn't say anything.

"He needs it so much," she pleaded.

"All right," I had to say at last.

Julia's eyes were misty. "If I had a son," she said, "I'd want to see him."

That was the way she sent me out into the other room. Lynne was holding the baby. She exhibited him as if he were her own. When she spoke she seemed to have been saving her words for my presence. There was no shame, no embarrassment in them.

"I never knew what I wanted before," she said. "Now I do. I never knew what living was before. Now I do."

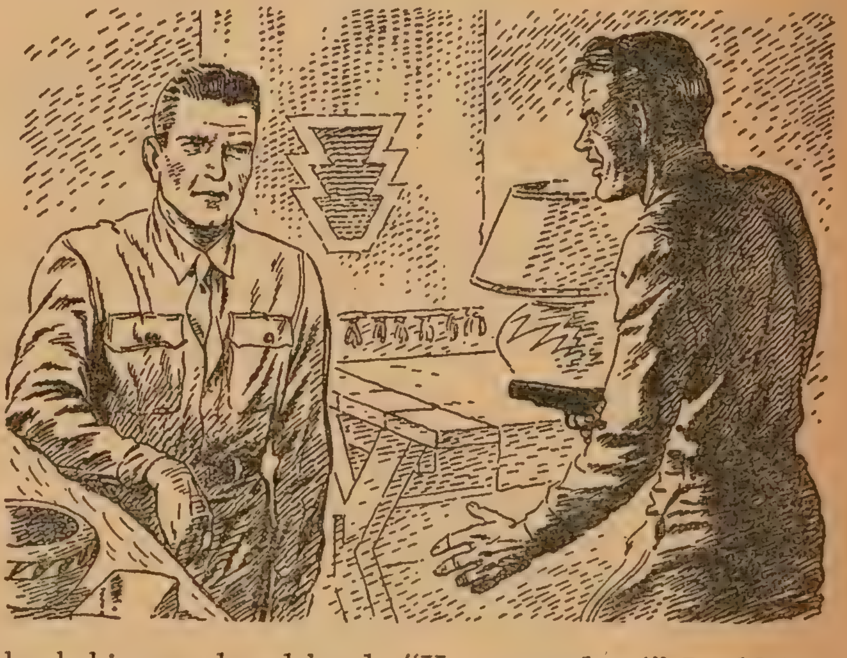
She looked up at Pope. "You taught me," she acknowledged.

Pope mumbled when he replied, "You were of great help. You would make a good nurse."

Lynne's eyes shone with reward. Then, carrying the baby, she went with me to Alexander's room. He was still in the chair.

"This is your grandson," I said.

He did not move. I reached down and shook him. I shook him good and hard. "Your grandson!" I told him in a louder voice.



His eyes began to focus, taking in the child.

"Your grandson. He's named for you."

He got it then, all of it. Finally he asked in a quavering voice, "Can I hold him?"

Lynne glanced up at me. She didn't like the way Alexander sounded and acted. But I nodded. Holding the baby carefully, he rose and marched out of the room. We followed him to Julia's bedside.

"Do you like him?" she asked.

"You don't have to do this," he said.

"But we want to," she told him.

"It isn't coming to me," he said.

"Don't you want it?" Julia asked.

That was the closest to breaking down I ever saw Alexander.

"Alexander Arrington," Alexander Arrington said, after a moment. "Alexander Arrington." He sounded like his old self. "With this, and Basil alive," he proposed, "we must celebrate."

And we did, in vintage champagne.

During the next weeks it grew obvious that Lynne and Pope were in love, a surprising, fulfilling, exalting love. But the rest of us began to show signs of desperation. Some, particularly Mark and Rosalind, took to sitting off by themselves. Rosalind, I knew, went to the aspen grove. Mark knew this too, and sedulously avoided it. Norman buried most of his restlessness in his music. Basil was finally able to be up and to get about, leaning on Audrey.

As winter approached, we made our preparations to subsist on Thunder. At teatime we always met around the radio in the living room. At last, one day it brought us tremendous news. The Army had decided to use us in an experiment with the newly perfected helicopter. One would be flown to Triumph, and on the afternoon of September twelfth, three days from now, the attempt would be made to fly it to Thunder. We were told that if the flight was successful we could be removed two at a time.

ON THE morning of that day Rosalind went to visit the aspen grove for the last time. She lay down and looked up at the glinting whispering leaves. Their quivering was like that emotion in her she had not been able to still when she saw Mark or was close to him. In a few short hours all that was to be over. She would be free from it.

But almost as the thought formed, she heard a movement near her. She looked up. Mark stood there. Then Rosalind knew that she had been sure he would come here. She had awaited him. But she didn't want to await him. Inexorably they met. Relentlessly their arms went about each other. Uncontrollably their lips came together.

When they parted, she gasped, "We're mad."

"Yes."

"I can't help it!" she cried.

"Don't try."

"I can't, I can't!"

"Don't think about it."

"Oh, I can't."

"Don't think about anything."

Fiercely their mouths met once more. Then, slowly, without parting in any way, they sank to the ground. The withered leaves received them gladly, crying their dead song. Above, the bright rustling of the live leaves quickened. They fluttered faster and faster, louder and louder, until they made such a rhythmic roaring that they drowned out everything else.

Finally he left her. She rose to her feet. She moved slowly, crying. When she saw the cliff actually approaching she wasn't surprised that she had not been walking toward the house. It was as if she had known all along that she was going toward the cliff. It was where she wanted to go. She didn't stop at the edge.

As she went over, as the winds received her, catching her and holding her and cradling her, she thought she heard a voice calling. It was Zong crying, "Missy! Missy Oosalan! Missy Oosalan! Missy! Missy!"

Zong reached the edge of the cliff. He panted with his great exertion. She hadn't heard him. He was too late. He looked down. She was there. On the gray talus, the rock debris of the mountain. She looked like a tiny doll someone had thrown away.

I saw Zong coming back, making his way through the trees to the Barracks. I was with the others, including Alexander II in his baby carriage, down in the open space in front of the barn. We were looking, prematurely but expectantly, for the helicopter to appear. We were worried at the sight of a thunderhead bearing down on the mountain.

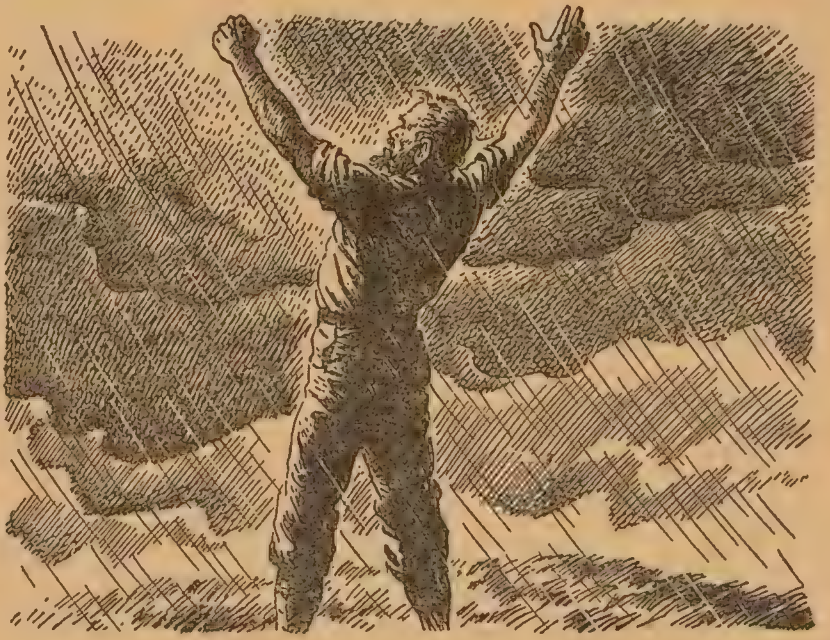
Zong went straight to Alexander's room. He entered without ceremony and closed the door behind him. When he left, Alexander didn't move for a moment. His face was the mask it had become when Sylvia died, again when Basil fell. Finally he went toward the connecting door to Mark's room. He had heard Mark come in a short time ago. He flung open the door, walked into his son's room, and shut the door behind him.

Mark was packing his suitcase. He had shaved and put on the best of the uniforms he had left. He looked up as his father came in.

"Getting ready to make a speech, Beaver? What's it going to be? You staying here or leaving?"

"You were with her," Alexander accused.

Mark glanced at him sharply. He stopped his packing. He looked away without answering. Alexander told him what had happened to Rosalind. Mark stared at Alexander. Then he looked at the floor. From between tightly pressed lips he murmured, "Oh, my God!"



Alexander went over to him. He hit Mark with his fist. Mark went backward, stumbling onto the bed. He lay there without trying to get up. He wasn't knocked out. After a moment he said, "The mountain really got one this time." Then he got up and stood facing Alexander. "Who's next?" he asked. "Who—"

Alexander hit him again, and again Mark made no attempt to fight back. He ran his tongue between his lower lip and teeth where the inside of his mouth was cut. He came back once more to his feet to ask Alexander:

"How do you like your mountain now? How do you like your isolation? Isn't it wonderful? Isn't it right? Isn't it splendid? Isn't it—"

A third time Alexander hit him. This time Mark crashed into the bed, but didn't land on it. He slid to the floor. Blood dripped down the front of his uniform. He sat on the floor, propping himself against the bedstead.

THE lightning cracked and the thunder rolled. Both might have been speaking to Alexander, taunting him. He answered them, roaring:

"I tell you the mountain is right! I'm right. Civilization is coming to an end. Man has pulled himself down too far this time. His ideas and ways of life are now far beyond his capacities to set them right. To go on with them is to go toward destruction."

"Yeh, yeh," Mark said from the floor. "You don't know what you're saying. You're trying to decide whether to stay here or leave. And you can't. You can't decide because you don't know if you're right or wrong."

Alexander glowered out at the storm. "If I'm wrong, let the lightning take me," he said. "If it takes me, I deserve it."

"You're going out there?" Mark asked.

Alexander spoke with utter, unexcited reason in his voice, "I'm going out there. Into the high places, where the bolts can reach. I'll touch the storm. I'll beat it. I've been waiting to show it who is master here."

"You're crazy," Mark told him.

If Alexander raised his voice, it was only to make himself heard above the noise of the storm. "I want to show you," he said, "who's right and who's wrong. I'll show you that things can still go on here. That the girl dying doesn't matter. That the plane coming means nothing.

That Thunder must be left alone, as it will leave me alone."

Mark gazed at him stolidly.

"You're the witness," Alexander warned. "Witness well."

He glanced once at Mark sitting there on the floor. In his face, during that brief look, while the storm cracked and banged, was everything Alexander had been all his life. He stood to every inch of his height and, for the instant, above everything else, beyond the moment of his being here and his going.

He turned on his heel and strode out.

Mark didn't call after him. He didn't try to stop him. He made no gesture to do either. He sat for a long time without moving. He touched his hand to his mouth. No new blood came. He struggled to his feet. He lurched to a chair and sat in it.

THE rest of us had sought shelter from the storm in the barn. We felt depressed about the plane. We talked about it. Julia and the baby, Lynne and Pope and Audrey and Basil were there. We wondered what would happen if the helicopter was on the way and was struck. We weren't sure that another would ever be sent.

I wandered to the open doorway of the barn just in time to see Norman running from the south toward the Barracks. He was the last person I ever expected to see out in these elements. It made me think something must be wrong. None of the others had seen him, and I didn't tell them.

I decided that when the storm let up a little, I would get to the Barracks myself.

Norman went directly to Mark's room. Mark was sitting in the chair.

"I saw her," Norman said. "I found her. I wondered where she was. I knew she'd gone to the aspens. I saw you coming from that way. I waited for her to come out. I waited a long time. She didn't come. When I went in she wasn't there. I could see to the west and the east. She hadn't gone there. I tried the south. I was right. By that time I was sure about what you'd done."

Mark didn't say anything.

"I saw her all right. You can see her dress. It's her red dress. You can pick it right out. You—you—you—

"I was there by the cliff when the storm came. I stayed there a while. I didn't mind the storm. I let it come. I wasn't afraid of it any more. I didn't care. Do you hear? I wasn't afraid of the thunder. Not even of the lightning. I came right through them. Nothing touched me. Nothing could ever touch me. Nothing could until I got to you."

Still Mark didn't speak. Norman looked about. He seemed to be searching for something in the room. He didn't see it. He said:

"I can't kill you with my hands. I'm not strong enough."

He went to the bureau, leaving a wet trail where he walked. He pulled open a drawer. He pulled open a second one. It came out too far and crashed to the floor.

"Where is it?" he demanded.

"What?" Mark asked.

"The gun. You've got one."

Mark kept his eyes steadily on his brother when he said, "It's in my suitcase. On the bottom."

Norman pawed it out. Mark didn't move as Norman leveled it. Norman stood no more than three feet away. The muzzle of the automatic was held to point straight at Mark's chest.

"Go ahead," Mark said. He kept his eyes boring into Norman. He meant what he said. He wasn't trying to stop him.

Norman held the gun up. He met Mark's gaze. His own dropped lower on Mark's face. He seemed to see Mark's cut lips for the first time. His glance dropped still lower. It took in the bloody front of Mark's uniform.

Then the gun dangled from Norman's limp arm. "I can't do it," he murmured. "I can't do it." He hung his head. "You aren't the one. You couldn't help it. Not any more than she could."

There was a long silence between them.

Norman's head came up. He grasped the automatic tighter. "Alexander's the one. He did this. He's the one. Where is he?"

Mark nodded toward the window, to indicate outside. The storm was lessening now, the thunder rolling away.

Norman glanced outside. He looked back at Mark. He didn't understand.

That's the way I found them. When I saw the gun in Norman's hand, I jumped for him. He let go without protest. I put it in my pocket.

"What are you doing?" I asked them. "What happened?"

They told me, first one, then the other speaking. Mark spoke calmly but coldly, in a dead voice. Norman spoke in little staccato jerks.

When I knew everything that had occurred, I knew, too, that Alexander was dead. I was even sure of where we could find him. Mark came with me. We walked along the trail leading to the knoll, toward where the bridge had been. Alexander would have gone to the highest point on Thunder. We plodded to it.

On the very top the tall lush grass of the mesa cradled him. He lay on his back. One arm was thrust up over his head, as if he had been pointing to the sky, reaching out for the lightning. He had touched it. But it was he who had been mastered. The hand and all down the arm were burned deeply. Along them millions of volts of electricity had found their way.

As we stood there looking down on him, I heard a peculiar whirring noise. I glanced up. Over the canyon, high above the mountain, the helicopter had appeared in the air. Triumphantly it flew over Thunder, over us. We could make out the single figure in the enclosed cabin. Evidently he now saw us. For the helicopter stopped, dead still, in the air. It began to descend straight down. When it was several hundred feet above us, Mark waved his arms. He indicated that the flyer should not come down here, but go on. He pointed in the direction of the trees.

The helicopter came to a dead halt in mid-air. The flyer stared at us, and at the body of Alexander. After a moment he waved agreement to Mark. With a lurch, the helicopter put its nose down at a still sharper angle and flew on.

We watched it. It hovered, studying the ground. Then it began to sink in back of the trees. It was making its landing.

I FORGOT Alexander for a moment and breathed a little easier. Julia, our son, and I could actually leave the mountain. Basil and Audrey would probably stay. Basil was able now to take care of things.

I went back to thinking about Alexander again. And Rosalind. I realized with a start that most of the others did not yet know even about her.

I resolved to speak particularly to Lynne when telling them. She would feel it about Alexander the most. She had been closer to him than any of us. The signs of decay in him she had noticed with greater horror than the rest. The new Lynne would be affected even more than the old. But the new, unlike the old, would have tears for Rosalind as well as for Alexander. And the new Lynne had someone to comfort her.

I thought of Zong. He would be the next one most affected. Julia and I would take him back with us to Ohio. We could use him, and we had always liked his cooking. His supreme delight in the baby was our own.

Mark spoke. "I'll leave first. I'm long overdue at that war. I want to get to it. I mean to see that I don't come back."

"You—?"

"I'll do some fighting first. It will be good fighting," he said. "Once I thought I wanted to see what it would be like to kill other men. I'm still a little curious, but not as much as I was. And with the way I'll go about it, not caring what happens, maybe I'll do something to make them give me a medal. Want to grandstand to the last."

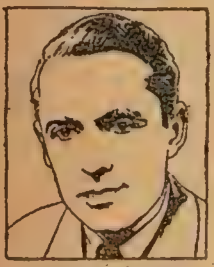
We walked on. We had said everything we had to say to each other. Probably we said good-by when later he stepped into the helicopter and it lifted from the mountain. I don't remember that.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

ADD to the memorable novels of American boyhood, **The Cabin**, by **Marquis W. Childs.** While his hero does not have the engagingly naïve qualities of Penrod, nor the adventurous ones of Tom Sawyer or Huck Finn, he has the winning qualities that began to distinguish modern American boyhood in the early 1900s and that persist today.



Marquis W. Childs

Rob Dennett is the self-reliant, thoughtful, aware young man of Mr. Childs' piece. In his thirteenth summer at the country cabin of his grandfather in Iowa he learns how to begin to plan his own life; how to cope with influences which endanger it; how adults, often thoughtlessly, exercise tyranny over others.

Rob has gone to the cabin this summer with his brother, his cousin, Grandpa, Grandma, and Aunt Stella. Grandpa and Grandma owned the farms thereabouts. They were tenanted now, but the tenants must be watched to be sure repairs were made, buildings kept up.

Grandma was an invalid, but no work was too much for her to plan for Grandpa and Aunt Stella. Rob helped until the time came for him to go away on a boat trip with Hal, whose folks were richer than the Dennetts.

When Hal came to see him, to spend a day at the Cabin before the trip, he had big stories to tell Rob, of what the men in town had done to a girl after they tied her up, of what they would do themselves when they got on the river, of the town they would stop at and the house they would visit, where the girls did whatever you wanted them to without being tied.

But at Hal's gesture of eroticism Rob recoiled. And when he had a chance to work on a tenant's farm instead of taking the trip, he chose work, freedom from Hal, and the beginning of independence.

The sorry climax of the summer came with Aunt Stella's illness, but even that was part of growing up, of understanding, of knowing the adult world. Rob came of age by summer's end—and the reader who follows him will find that he has lived through one of the best books of boyhood since The Yearling.

Published by Harper & Bros., N. Y. Price, $2.50.

TEN **Years in Japan,** by former Ambassador **Joseph C. Grew,** emphasizes the inevitability of our quarrel with Japan. For ten years Mr. Grew carried on a tireless, intelligent, uphill fight to preserve peace. But Japan had committed herself to war irretrievably. Only our willingness to cede to her absolute sovereignty in the entire Orient could have prevented Pearl Harbor—and even that would probably have led to an eventual attack on a base nearer home.

Joseph C. Grew

By allowing us now to read excerpts from his diary, his correspondence, and some of his official dispatches to the State Department, Mr. Grew performs an additional service. Now his countrymen can better understand the motivation as well as the nature of their enemy. And the necessity of inflicting upon the militarist mind of that enemy a crushing, absolute defeat.

When that is done, there is hope for future better relations with the Japanese. Mr. Grew points out that there were (and one assumes still are) two Japans. At the time of the Panay incident, for instance, many Japanese were outraged by their Navy's action.

This is the best insight yet into the Japanese people, their way of life, their political and military thinking.

Published by Simon & Schuster, N. Y. Price, $3.75.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 Could you call a talkative Wave a this?
4 A circuit rider's a what?
12 Aqueous humor is found in the what?
13 James Clerk Maxwell pointed the way to what?
14 Shelley wrote what to the West Wind?
15 A cowfeteria would be a what?
17 What kind of star was known as a "wanderer"?
19 Red horses are called whats?
21 Rub the wrong way
22 Name a snappy outfit used for quick impressions
24 Dummy cannons are called whats?
28 Sate is an anagram for what?
29 A quick kick's a what?
30 What's Johnny's word of assent?
31 And what's 'Arry's 'eadgear called?
32 Stockings are technically whats?
35 What's the famed upside-down beast of X-words?
36 What's the famed strike of nursery rhymes?
38 Airy prefix
39 Salt is an anagram for what?
41 What's another word for cuddle?
43 What word begins a well known adage?
44 The French Briard is a what?
45 What's a synonym for an angle?
47 Name a baseball term
50 Rug-net is an anagram for what?
53 Ancient dough
54 Ancient magistrate
56 What sound do we hope to hear full-strength again in the fall?
57 Salts of what element are used in fertilizer and gunpowder?
58 Name Napoleon's negative assistant

VERTICAL

1 Besides being a college, Columbia is also a what?
2 In what form has eternity become old-fashioned?
3 Dundrearies, tie-hiders and jaw-hedges would refer to whats?
4 Folks don't pass away in Brooklyn; they do what?
5 The first tennis courts were built on the what?
6 Man's nickname
7 What's the worst kind of tide?
8 What heavyweight was defeated by a lightweight?
9 The Jap may have made one of himself, but what won't he make of us?
10 What humorist recently died?
11 Birds, butterflies, and crabs like to avoid a what?
16 Name a popular diet of mares.
18 What state name contains a vessel?
20 To the Philadelphian, streets are whats?
22 Who wrote On First Looking into Chapman's Homer?
23 What kind of reed produces a food?
25 Preposition
26 The first cooked meat eaten by man was probably a what?
27 What is the most barbed type of fence?
29 Name the famed hero of the hounds-and-hare song.
33 Bargains
34 What language is often very colorful?
37 What human goes about attired in a bareskin?
40 The direction opposite to a ship's course is called what?
42 Spangler is associated with what abbreviation?
43 In what type of domicile would uneven-sized twin beds probably be found?
46 What gal's name has become slang for something amazing?
47 What's a synonym for resole?
48 How can you change ore into a car?
49 Abbreviated newsmen are whats?
51 Give the Scotch negative
52 Pronoun
55 What's the cube root of 1331?

S	P	E	E	C	H	L	E	S	S	■	Z	E	K	E
T	I	A	R	A	■	E	M	I	L	■	E	R	I	N
A	E	S	O	P	■	F	I	R	E	■	R	I	N	D
B	R	E	S	T	■	T	R	E	E	T	O	A	D	■
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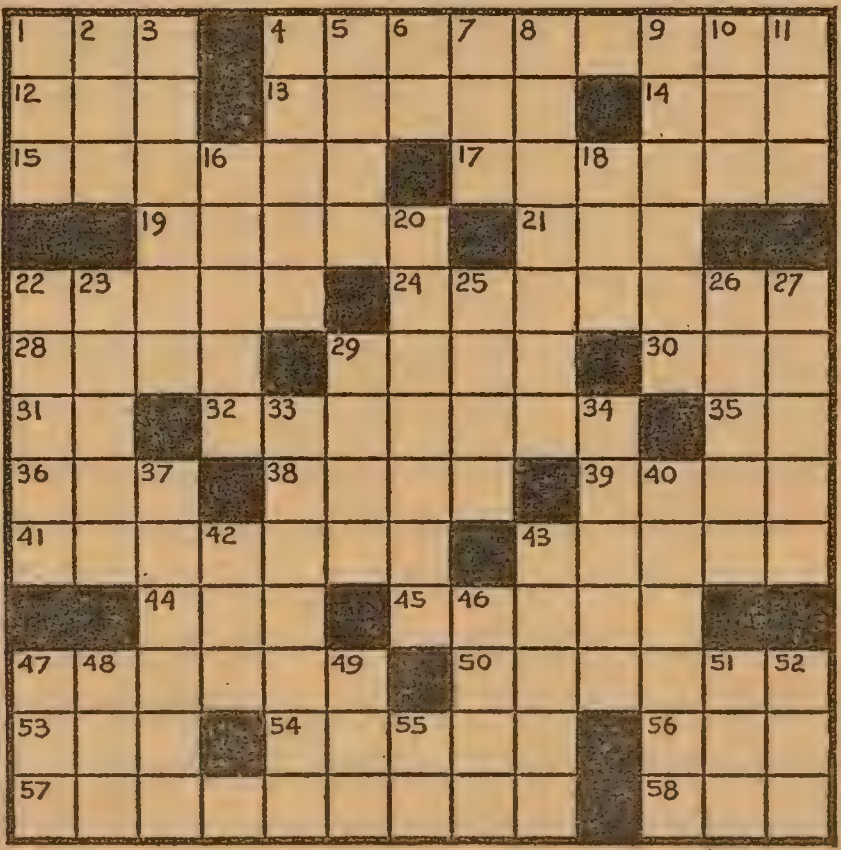
Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Identical!

"Mother! I can't find my sweater."
"Well, wear one of Jean's, dear."
"Mother! My shoe sole is loose."
"Well, wear a pair of Joan's shoes, then."

That's how it goes when you have twins in the family.

In industry, this idea is called "interchangeability of parts." And it's been a General Motors keynote since the earliest days.

Long ago, General Motors men saw that this simple, early-American principle must be applied intensively if they were ever going to make more and better things for more people.

For such interchangeability is the key to mass production. It is the only way to make large volumes of good things at low cost.

And today, under the vast destruction of war, "mass interchangeability" of parts is literally a life saver. It enables us to mass-produce planes, tanks, guns, heavy and light war material without end. And that means working with tolerances so close that airplane engines of the same type can be repaired from each other's parts or spare parts. Each will fit with jewel-like precision. And the same is true of other complicated ordnance.

Think of that when you see a newsreel of ground crews working frantically to replace parts and repair planes under fire. Precious minutes are saved for our side because every part fits.

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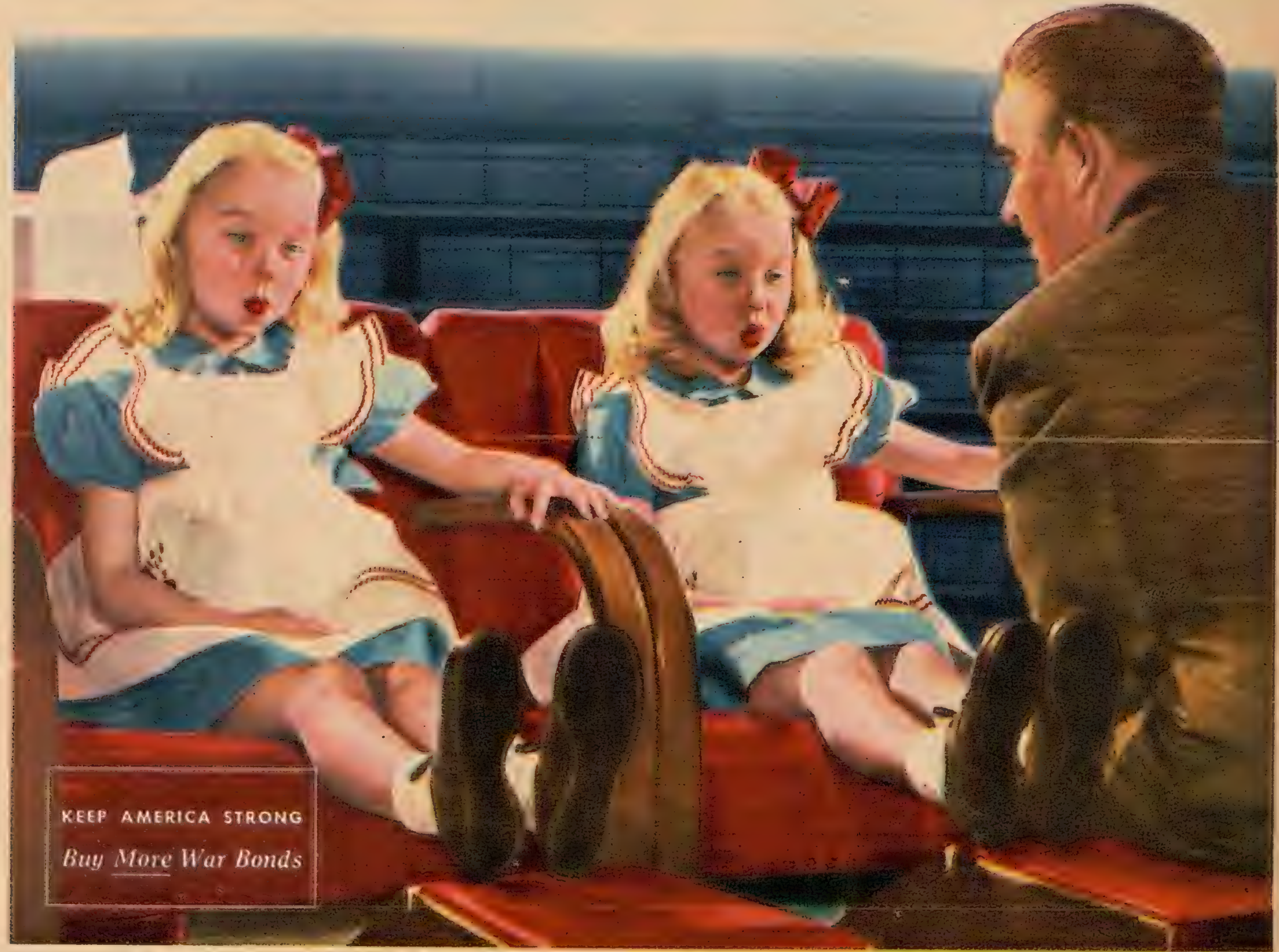

LEFT OUT! (because your hair is gray?)

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IT TAKES A DAME TO FIGURE A DAME

Continued from Page 25

I grab a cake of soap out of the bathroom, and write on the mirror over the dresser. I figure nobody could wipe off soap writing without reading it first.

"Phil's furlough canceled," I write. "He leaves at 10 P. M. tonight, Track 12, Union Station."

Then I go in the bathroom and add a P. S. on the medicine cabinet mirror: "You're losing a great guy."

I amble downstairs, humming. Dorothy asks me if everything's O. K., and I tell her, "I found one short circuit, but I think I got it fixed."

"I could call an electrician," she says.

"No," I says. "That's not necessary."

I phone the sarge, and tell him I've got the message through and to meet me at the cigar counter in Union Station at a quarter to ten.

"And be sure to carry your barracks bag," I says.

"But I don't leave till Friday," he says.

"Sergeant," I says, "that's an order."

"KATE," I says after dinner, "I'm taking Herbert to the Tivoli."

"Don't stay out late," she says.

Herbert slips me a wink, and after I and the kid help Kate get the crockery washed, we drive into town. We kill an hour at a newsreel theater, then head for the depot. There's the sarge pacing a path in the floor in front of the cigar counter. He's got his barracks bag against the side of the counter.

"What's the angle?" he says.

"Your leave," I says, "has just been canceled. You're taking the ten-o'clock train to Chicago. Track Twelve."

The sergeant doesn't tumble at first, then he busts into a grin, and starts mashing my hand in his clothes-wringer paw.

The sarge hoists his barracks bag on his back, lumbers across to Track Twelve, and Herbert and I establish an observation post behind the magazine stand. Sure enough, the little chick is waiting at the gate. Twice we see her push back her coat sleeve to check her watch, and her tiny black pump taps the floor. She spots the sarge, and she tries to put on a surprised and haughty act, but then she sees that barracks bag, and the act falls to pieces. She runs up to him and throws her arms around him. He drops the barracks bag, and right away he's got the situation in hand—and in both arms.

They're both trying to talk at once, and the girl's crying and pointing to the big station clock, which now says four minutes to ten.

"I don't get it," Herbert says. "This morning she won't talk to the guy, and now she's hanging onto him like he'd just won the war all by himself."

"Herbert," I says, "it takes animal cunning to figure the workings of the female mind."

With that, I stroll out from back of the magazine stand, clap the sarge on the back, and announce, "I've got my car. Maybe I could drop the two of you off at some little place where they have good hot pastrami."

"But Phil's train leaves in a couple of minutes," the girl says, clutching him like he was the last pair of nylons on the bargain counter.

I give her a sly grin. Suddenly she backs away from the sarge.

"Phil," she says, "do you mean to tell me you're *not* leaving tonight?"

"Darling," he says, "we've got two whole days to be together."

"A trick," she snaps, and her eyes shoot sparks. "A cheap trick."

She wheels around and stalks away. Phil runs after her and tries to stop her, but she wriggles free and stomps on out to the cab stand. She hops in a cab and slams the door in Phil's face.

"Rocky," Herbert says, scratching his carrot-colored cowlick, "a guy just can't treat dames like people."

"Herbert," I says, "you are now getting a postgraduate course in female psychology."

Phil comes limping back, his chin dragging on the depot floor.

"Now I'm in deeper than ever," he says.

We take the sarge home with us, and Kate fixes sandwiches with chocolate milk for Herbert, and cold beer for the sarge and me. We sit around shooting the breeze, and about midnight the sarge goes on back to his hotel.

"Rocky," Kate says, "I like Phil."

"Great kid," I says.

"But something's wrong," Kate says. "I think he's worried about something."

I break down and spill the whole story to Kate. When I get through, Kate says, "Poor boy. We've got to straighten this thing out for him."

"But, Kate," I says, "I've used all my ingenuity."

"Ingenuity," Kate snorts. "You go at things like you were mending a Spode cup in your work gloves."

I crawl into bed and I'm just dreaming about how I break a big spy-ring story and the President calls me down to Washington, when Kate gives me a lightning jab in the ribs.

"Rocky," Kate says, "you invite him to dinner tomorrow night."

"Roosevelt?" I says.

"No," she snaps. "The sergeant."

I PICK the sarge up at his hotel next evening. The kid's bluer than Bob Crosby's sax section.

"Buck up," I tell him. "My aide-de-camp is working on the case."

He doesn't look too optimistic. But then, he doesn't know Kate.

We saunter on into our little suburban barracks, and I stop dead in my tracks. There's Edgar Sprockett parked in my easy chair, beaming at Kate's philodendron. He drools amiability.

"Ford, old man," Edgar greets me, oozing neighborliness, "delighted to see you."

The sarge blinks at Edgar, and when I introduce them, it's the same as if I was saying, "Phil, you know Erwin Rommel. Lives down the street."

Edgar sticks out his right mitt and treats the sarge like he was his next of kin. Herbert slips me the Prairie Patrol sign that everything's O. K. I've seen a lot of unbelievable things, but I never thought I'd find Edgar Sprockett doing a Dale Carnegie, especially in my own parlor.

"Sergeant," Edgar says, "do you find that the boys in the service take much interest in flowers?"

The sarge gulps, stares at Edgar like he's not sure if the old boy's pulling his leg.

"Hobby of mine, you know," Edgar explains—"flowers."

I duck out to the kitchen and close the door. Kate's got to clear this up for me.

"Quite simple," Kate says, basting the chickens. "Every year the Meadow Park Garden Club gives a prize for the best-kept lawn. Mr. Sprockett's finished second the last two years. He wants to take first prize this year."

"I suppose you'll bribe the judges."

"I'm chairman of the judges' committee," Kate says.

I stare at the little helpmeet. "Kate," I tell her, "at times you sure scare me."

(Continued on page 51)

Tough BUT OH SO GENTLE

Want a new car? Well, you can't get one. So you'd better take good care of the one you already have.

Wear-wise car owners watch the engine. They know that oil-pumping is a sign of worn-out piston rings—that neglect can lead to serious trouble.

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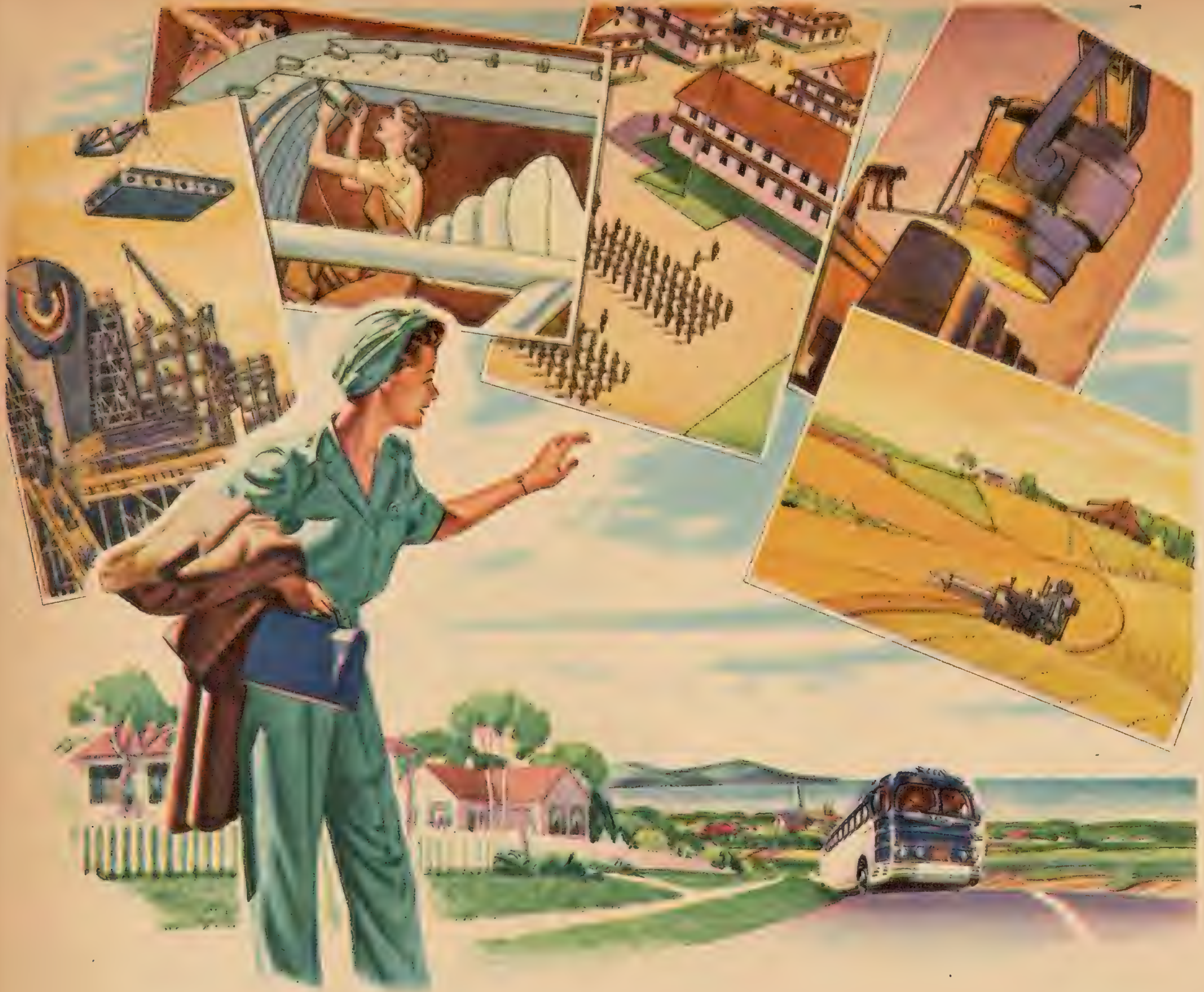


Trips by Greyhound *this* Summer?

Yes, millions of them . . . to places like these

There will be more trips by Greyhound this Summer than ever in history—but the postcards home will read something like this:

"I helped build this ship!". . ."How do you like me as Rosie the Riveter?". . ."That's me, third from right in the front rank". . ."I'm helping pour hot steel". . ."You should see me handle this tractor."

It's also true that thousands will take Greyhound trips this Summer for much-needed rest and relaxation to fit them for tough jobs ahead—but the big majority of Greyhound passengers today are in war work, or in fighters' uniforms, or in civvies (headed for induction centers), or on business trips that will affect the wind-up of the war.

If you expect to travel in July or August please take these tips: *choose the mid-week days* (week-ends will be especially crowded and many men in uniform can travel only at that time) *—avoid holidays. Take less baggage than usual—put an address tag on your bag.* By all means *call the Greyhound agent for information* about the best days, best schedules. If your trip can conveniently wait, postpone it until Fall.

GREYHOUND

(Continued from page 49)

"Rocky," Kate says, "ask the sergeant if he'd mind helping me a minute."

I put the sarge on K. P. with Kate, and Edgar and Herbert and I settle down to a cozy little chat. Edgar is telling us about his new tulip bulbs. Luckily his seed-catalogue spiel is interrupted by the doorbell. Herbert and I race to answer it.

"Good evening," Dorothy says.

She is a mite cool to Herbert and me, but when Kate bustles in, wiping her hands on her apron, Dorothy thaws out. I see now why Kate wanted the sarge in the kitchen. Kate takes Dorothy upstairs, and they come down chattering away like sorority sisters. Suddenly Dorothy freezes solid. There's the sarge.

"Oh," Dorothy says.

"Dinner's just ready," Kate says.

Table talk is limited pretty much to Sprockett's lawn problems. He keeps asking Kate's advice on seeds and fertilizer. The old boy's really buttering up the chairman of the judges' committee. A couple of times the sarge pops a question at Dorothy, but the chick confines her conversation to passing the marmalade and the buttered biscuits. In the lulls, Herbert asks the sarge for the lowdown on carbines and mortars and the best way to pink a guy with a bayonet. Me, I don't say a word. It's like picnicking on a heavily mined beach.

After dinner Dorothy helps Kate with the crockery while we men retire to the living room. The sergeant eases over and whispers, "I can't get a word out of her."

"Just leave it to Kate," I says.

THE sarge gets down on the floor and shows Herbert how to handle his wooden submachine gun. I leave Sprockett and sneak out to the kitchen. Kate and Dorothy are crying their eyes out.

"Just wanted to get a drink of water," I says.

Kate wipes her eyes with the back of her hand. Dorothy, sobbing, hands me a glass she's just finishing drying. I gulp the water and nearly choke. I retire. Quickly.

"You poor thing," I hear Dorothy saying. (I'm not eavesdropping; I just happen to linger for a moment outside the kitchen door.)

"I was only eighteen," Kate says. "I didn't know what I was doing."

"And to think you've—you've—" Dorothy breaks down again, then she manages to sob, "stood it all these years."

"It's the price I've had to pay."

I hear them both blowing their noses; then I tiptoe on back to the parlor.

"Sarge," I says, "there is some kitchen maneuvering going on to which the titular head of the house ain't hep."

"Maybe," Herbert says, "I oughta go reconnoiter."

"No," I says, "this is psychological warfare. They don't teach it in the field manuals, but it can sure break down enemy resistance."

When Kate and Dorothy finally come out of the kitchen, they're arm in arm. Their eyes are red and puffy as fried shrimp. They're both smiling happily, as though they'd just been to a matinee of East Lynne and enjoyed a good long cry.

"The young people are going dancing," Kate says, and the way she emphasizes *young* makes me feel I am a hundred.

"I'll slip up and get my things," Dorothy says, beaming at Phil.

"I guess it's about time for us old fogies to get to bed," says Edgar.

Sprockett gushes over Kate's cooking, shakes her hand, then trots on out, stopping in the hall long enough to tousle Herbert's hair and tell him to be sure and study his lessons. Herbert, I can see, has a couple of nitric-acid remarks on the tip of his tongue, but for the good of the cause he holds himself back.

"Why don't you and Rocky come with us, Mrs. Ford?" the sergeant says, when Dorothy comes down looking like a million in a saucy new bonnet.

"Goodness," Kate says, "we haven't been dancing for nearly twenty years!"

And only last week we were jitterbugging at the Press Club Ball, burning up the floor with the Rocky Ford Stomp!

Dorothy and the sarge thank Kate for the fine spread she's put out, but the way they both shake hands with her, you can see they're thankful for more than chicken and homemade biscuits. Dorothy's eyes begin to get misty when she looks at Kate. Suddenly she throws her arms around Kate and gives her a big hug.

"You poor darling," Dorothy says. "You just have to be brave."

We watch the two kids walk down the street, so close together they look like they were trying to walk into the same phone booth. I pack Herbert upstairs with his homework, and then I turn on Kate.

"What kind of sob act were you putting on in that kitchen melodrama?" I says.

"I was simply telling her about my tragic love affair in the last war."

"Your what!"

"How Cecil and I were engaged, and just before his boat sailed we had a quarrel, and then Cecil married a French girl."

"You were only nine years old in the last war."

"When you're Dorothy's age," Kate says, you don't know the difference between thirty-five and sixty-five. As far as she's concerned, we're the same age as Edgar Sprockett."

Kate locks the front door, turns out the lights downstairs, and starts shooing me up to bed.

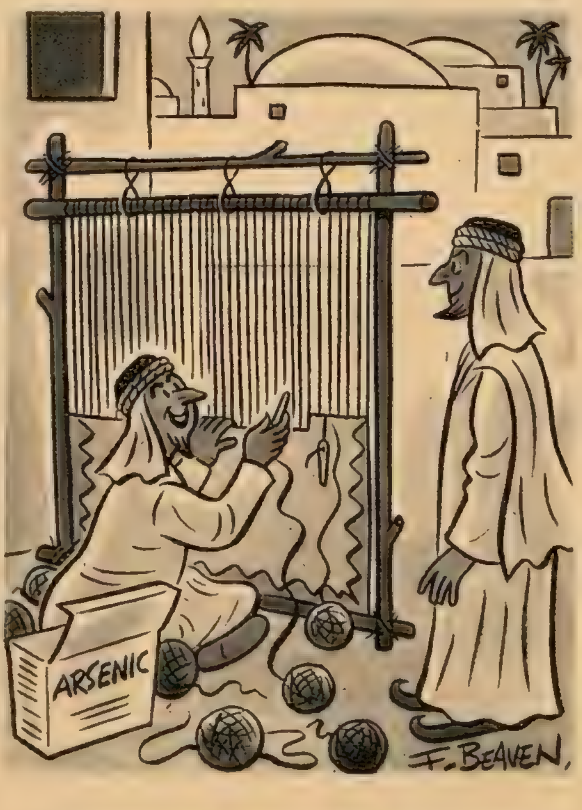
"Oh," Kate remembers when we get halfway upstairs. "I forgot to tell you—I'm afraid I may have given Dorothy the impression Herbert was Cecil's child. We adopted him after Cecil and his wife were killed in the London blitz."

I almost stumble over something in the darkness. It's Herbert, perched on the landing. I switch on the upstairs light. Herbert just sits there, twirling his cowlick, like when he's stuck on arithmetic.

"Rocky," the kid says, "it takes a dame to figure a dame."

"Herbert," I says, "go to bed. You've done your homework for tonight."

THE END



"Got an order for a rug from Hitler?"

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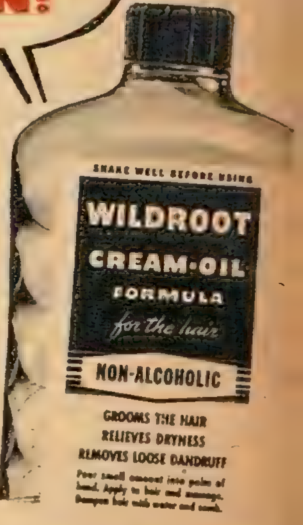

SPECIAL NOTE TO BARBERS...

Use Wildroot Cream-Oil sparingly. Pour into the palm of your hand just enough to cover a spot the size of a 25¢ piece. Rub hands together, apply to hair and massage scalp with finger tips. Hair may be dampened if desired before combing.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

PENICILLIN FOR EVERYBODY

Continued from Page 15

medical branches of our armed forces which in May of 1943 began a carefully controlled study of the drug. This study, which continues, started of necessity on a small scale and grew larger with increasing supplies of penicillin until it extended to all the theaters of war as well as military hospitals in the United States.

The benefit of this great military experience now comes to civilians. In addition, physicians and surgeons now in uniform have learned much about penicillin's uses, and most of them will be returning to civilian life to care for old and new patients as the armed forces' need for them decreases. With penicillin, they will be better armed to fight disease than medical men have ever been.

ONE of the most amazing things these doctors have learned is that this curative chemical, unlike the sulfas, is almost if not completely free of poison. They have been able to give enormous doses repeatedly and to continue giving them for long periods of time. There has been no stopping, just before a cure was effected, because the drug itself was harming the patient. Penicillin is death to the progress of germs—not to people.

It has proved nothing short of miraculous in its conquest of gonorrhea, small amounts of it effecting cures in only twelve hours. But this has been misleading, too, for in all other infections treatment for several days at the very least, and much more of the drug, have been necessary. Practically all of the worst cases of gonorrhea, however, surrender meekly to small dosage. Of 298 cases at Lovell General Hospital which could not be cured by sulfa drugs, Major Charles A. Arneson, penicillin officer, reports that 99 per cent were cured by the twelve-hour penicillin treatment.

What this means to an army at war can best be appreciated when it is recalled that, not many years ago, the average time lost from duty and spent in hospital by a soldier who contracted gonorrhea was fifty days. Under ideal conditions today that time is cut to one day. Nor is this boon confined to gonorrhea alone. In all other types of cases where penicillin has proved effective, the soldier's time in the hospital has been reduced, and more men have been returned sooner to their outfits, thus keeping up the efficiency of trained units.

The action of penicillin has been most dramatic in curing acute streptococcus or staphylococcus infections, in most cases of which it has proved extremely effective. Even patients who were actually at the point of death usually recovered when the drug was administered.

There was the twenty-three-year-old soldier patient at Lovell General last January. The feared killer, hemolytic *Staphylococcus aureus*, had given him pneumonia and painful boils and filled his chest with its golden pus. He had been sick for five days, with a temperature of 105 degrees. He had been given sulfadiazine for two days, but it had done him no good. There seemed to be nothing that could save his life. Then the doctors decided to try penicillin. At the end of fourteen days he was completely cured!

A twenty-four-year-old soldier was stricken with pneumonia, and then on top of it came streptococcus empyema (pus in the pleural cavity), a complication which develops in about 5 per cent of pneumonia cases. His temperature was 104.8 degrees; he was a very sick G. I. Joe. He was given sulfa drugs, but his condition continued to get worse. Under old methods of treatment, it would have been necessary to open him up and cut out a section of rib to permit insertion of a drain—a painful and slow treatment.

Instead, surgeons tried penicillin. They injected it into his system and also directly into the pleural cavity. In three days the empyema disappeared; in ten days he walked out of the hospital!

Such seemingly miraculous cures as these contributed to the myth that penicillin was going to put many doctors out of work. But physicians and surgeons have learned by experience that the drug, wonderful aid though it is to medicine, is not a cure-all. It has shown certain apparent limitations. It is a valuable aid to good surgical procedures, but it is by no means a substitute for surgery. Surgical drainage of pus—except when an infection is caught in its early stage—and removal of all foreign matter and dead flesh and bone are still essential. Penicillin just makes the surgeon's job easier, guards against bad results, and promotes speedy recovery.

This is particularly true in treating cases of osteomyelitis, the painful and persistent bone disease. Patients showed such rapid apparent improvement after receiving penicillin that surgeons were inclined to let well enough alone. But the disease again became active as soon as the doses were discontinued. The only way to cure it was to drain off pus and cut out all dead tissue. Then penicillin could get in its best work of preventing recurrence.

Army policy in the past was to leave wounds open for some time because of the potential danger of blood poisoning if they were sewed up too soon. Now, where full and continuous penicillin treatment can be given, wounds may be closed early without fear of dangerous spread of infection to the blood stream.

Sulfa drugs have helped in preventing infection of wounds, but Army doctors have found that penicillin is more effective. The British have reported sewing up 171 pus-generating wounds only three to twelve days old, under penicillin treatment, with only seven giving trouble—and these occurred before British technique had been fully worked out. The British also report that the use of penicillin reduces the healing time of flesh wounds from twelve to three weeks.

The Army recommends its use in treating meningitis caused by staphylococcus, streptococcus, pneumococcus, and meningicoccus. It seems to be a cure for early syphilis, and there is reason to believe it may be effective against late syphilis, although doctors are cautious in their claims as yet. Also, eye, ear, and nose-and-throat specialists in the armed forces are enthusiastic over results they have obtained with it. It has dried up ears that had drained pus for years, and has promoted unusually rapid recovery after mastoid operations.

With increased supplies of penicillin, experience has indicated that large early doses should be maintained until a patient improves sufficiently to warrant smaller doses. In most cases, injection into the muscular tissues has proved the best method, and treatment periods of eight to twenty days adequate.

A DISADVANTAGE is the speed with which the drug passes out of a patient's system. Injected into veins, 90 per cent of it disappears from the blood stream in an hour; injected into muscles, it remains three to four hours. To be effective intravenously, it must be given by the continuous drip method or injected at least every two hours.

Actually, the continuous drip method permits the smallest amount of penicillin to be used to the greatest advantage, and is preferred for extremely severe and life-endangering infections during early treatment. It is usually followed by a period of intramuscular injections. Penicillin solutions must also be injected every twelve to twenty-four hours into the pleural, joint, and other body cavities in the localized region of disease, or chief site of a generalized disease.

Use of the drug in wet dressings on wounds or for injection into sinuses has been of great value, but, as a rule, should be done in conjunction with injections of penicillin into the system. And in cases of meningitis, injection of penicillin every twelve to twenty-four hours under the membrane of the brain or spinal cord, in addition to systemic use, is often necessary.

Pure penicillin is as yet unknown commercially, and ampoules have contained 70 to 90 per cent impurities in the past. The drug still can be obtained only from cultures of growth of the mold *Penicillium notatum*, which makes the presence of many impurities understandable. To these impurities have been attributed all unfavorable reactions that have accompanied use of the drug. Urticaria (an inflamma-

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

MUSTSTACHE: When an actor has to wear one.

OINKWELL: To dip a pig pen in.

TRAVELOURS: Velvet salesmen.

ESCOTCHEON: Shield for a Highlander.

SPANE: Window glass in Madrid.

BUYCYCLE: But not until after the war.

THIRSTDAY: Any day for an alcoholic.

HOBEAU: Her fella's a tramp.

FURVOR: Enthusiasm for a mink coat.

WIDOUGH: Her husband left money.

tory disease of the skin), rises in fever, blood clots in the veins near the site of injection, transient granular casts, pain at the place of injection, an unpleasant taste in the mouth, and mild dermatitis of the hands have been reactions attributed to the impurities in the penicillin product.

But production methods have been improved and newer penicillin supplies contain less of the impurities, including that of the pigment which gives the solution its yellow color. Some newer products are almost colorless. With this improvement, too, has come a definite decrease in the nuisance reactions.

Despite the handicap of methods of production and the inability to make it synthetically, the twenty-one penicillin plants in the United States produced last March one hundred times as much penicillin as had been made in the months of January through May of last year.

The March production figure was 40,000,000,000 Oxford units of penicillin, an average of 1.7 pounds a day, enough to treat 47,000 serious cases a month. (An Oxford unit is that amount of the drug which will completely inhibit growth of a test strain of *Staphylococcus aureus*. This measure is used because different batches of penicillin have varying potency.)

The ultimate and soon-to-be-attained penicillin production level set for the twenty-one plants, under present methods of manufacture, is 200,000,000,000 units a month, about nine pounds a day, enough to treat 250,000 serious cases a month. And lower prices are predicted. The average price is now $6 per 100,000 units, but is expected to be reduced to $1.50 in a few months.

Last year's price was $20.

UNTIL this month, penicillin for treatment of civilians was available only through Dr. Chester S. Keefer of Boston, chairman of the National Research Council's Committee on Chemotherapeutics. During the period—now happily over—of "panic cases," as Dr. Keefer calls them, he received an average of 500 requests a week from both sick persons and physicians seeking penicillin for treatment of about every imaginable disease. But there was pitifully little penicillin for him to pass out during the greater part of the time that his was the final word, and that little could only go to save life or to increase knowledge of the drug and its capabilities.

Now, with tremendously increased production, the War Production Board has established an Office of Civilian Penicillin Distribution at its Chicago regional office, and Dr. John N. McDonnell, director of the new setup, has announced that there will be no more shortage of penicillin for civilians. One thousand depot hospitals throughout the country have been selected and stocked with the drug, and they are to furnish it on request to other hospitals and outlying communities until distribution channels are broadened.

But the day is not far off when you'll be able to buy penicillin at your neighborhood druggist's.

What now lies ahead for the scrappy little drug? That question can best be answered by the man who discovered penicillin, Dr. Alexander Fleming, who says:

"What now remains is the synthesis of penicillin, and this has a much wider significance than just an increase in production. The chemists will fasten on the molecule and modify it, as they have done with the sulfanilamide molecule, so that derivatives of penicillin will appear, more powerful or with wider applications, and diseases now untouched will be conquered."

THE END

THE NAVY'S NEW BOSS

Continued from Page 30

There has never been a Secretary of the Navy, or a head of any of the federal departments, who knew more about the job and the people in it from the moment he sat down at the desk than James V. Forrestal. His apprenticeship was long and arduous.

And never has there been a man placed in a government position of comparable importance who was less known, himself. Let's take a look at Jimmy Forrestal.

He was born in New York State, in the President's home county, Dutchess, fifty-two years ago, of a middle-class Irish-American strain. He went through the public schools without attracting undue attention or leaving a string of anecdotes behind. Jimmy wasn't a strong boy, and he was not one fired with ambition, particularly. He thought he wanted to be a reporter, and worked for three or four newspapers in his home town and neighboring towns, the largest being Poughkeepsie. He entered Dartmouth in 1911, didn't like it, and transferred to Princeton. There he helped earn his board and tuition, and although he won the editorship of the Daily Princetonian and a place in the student government, he was never a "campus figure." He was voted by the class of '15 the man most likely to succeed, largely because he had succeeded in college without achieving prominence.

After graduation Forrestal tried a few desultory jobs before trying bond selling. The war was on in Europe, munition plants were booming, and it seemed that every young man walked from his graduation exercises directly to a job as bond salesman. Jimmy found out he could sell securities better than most. He was a slight, studious, taciturn chap who had to *sell* 'em—who couldn't trade on a reputation in athletics or society. He was doing right well for himself by the time the United States entered the war.

Jimmy had to go, of course. And to go in just one capacity, as an aviator, because he was an aviation enthusiast, however earthbound. So he learned to fly, and then sat most of the war out in the Office of Naval Operations, Washington. The "temporary" lath-and-plaster barn thrown up to house the Navy Department in 1917 is still the Navy's headquarters. Its shaky structure is the only thing familiar to Forrestal in his new affiliation with the Navy in his second wartime.

He is somewhat chunkier than he was then, but his belly is flat from vigorous exercise. So is his nose. An enthusiastic boxer, Jimmy stopped one with his nose many years ago, and the flattened proboscis under a pair of unwinking steely eyes gives him an air of pugnacity which he hasn't wasted. He has not put on the gloves for the past two or three years, but keeps in trim by playing a hard game of tennis—singles preferred. He plays, as he works, with a minimum of partners and of confab.

The man who first went to Washington in 1940 with boos ringing in his ears was given more cheers when he became Secretary of the Navy than he expected. But the actual physical performance of taking over the new task was as simple and undemonstrative as putting on a new hat. Forrestal, dressed in gray, walked into his new office, dumped a load of vital Navy documents on the broad desk, sat down and loaded his ever-present pipe, and went on where he had left off in his own

Advertisement

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office a few minutes before. He went into a huddle with Assistant Secretaries Ralph A. Bard and Artemus L. Gates on administrative details, thereby inaugurating a routine of daily conferences with the civilian directors of the Navy to match his daily meetings with the admirals.

He gets along with the admirals. He gets along with them not by the placid process of permitting them to run the Navy, but by giving them all the respect due their specialized training, while receiving from them in equal measure the respect due a man who knows his business superlatively well, too. Forrestal has nothing to do with tactics and strategy. The fighting is the job of the admirals, under the able direction of austere Admiral Ernest J. King, commander in chief of the United States Fleet.

KING and Forrestal are much alike in character, utterly unlike in looks. King appears more like a banker; tough-visaged Forrestal is nearer the artist's conception of a fighting seadog. The only run-in on record between the two came when Admiral King ordered the Navy out of its summer khaki into gray uniforms two years ago. Then Acting Secretary, Forrestal listened to the plaint of the textile industry that it was stocked up with khaki which could not be dyed gray, so he countermanded Admiral King to the extent of making khaki optional wear for officers until their uniforms were worn out and the textile stock pile exhausted. Admiral King objected to being overridden. Acting Secretary Forrestal apologized. But he did not rescind his order. He would not invade Admiral King's undisputed prerogatives in battle plans, but decreeing uniforms was something else again. Anyhow, everybody is happy now except those whose esthetic sense is shocked by seeing officers of the Navy clad, some in white, some in dark blue, some in khaki, and others in varying tones of gray.

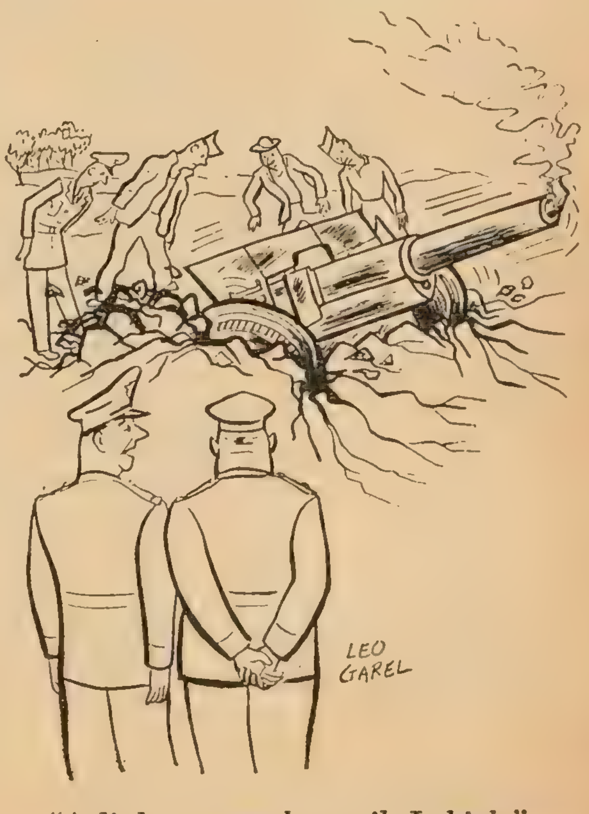
Another incident involved an admiral who brought to Forrestal's desk a batch of contracts to be signed. Forrestal picked up the top one.

"Is this a good deal for the Navy?" he asked.

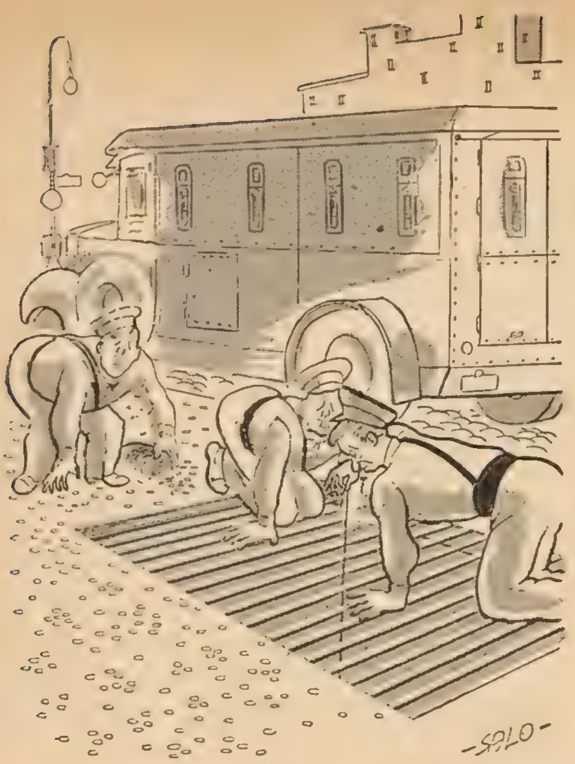
The admiral stared. "It is a perfectly legal contract, I assure you, sir," he said.

"Yes, but is it a good *deal?* Is it a good bargain for the Navy?"

"Why, I—I don't know, Mr. Secretary.



"A little too much recoil, I think."



It's all perfectly legal, and I have initialed the contracts to show my approval. You are perfectly safe in signing."

But Forrestal doesn't just play things safe. Certainly the contracts had to be legal, but they were not signed until they had been given expert study to make sure that the Navy—which means the government, which in Forrestal's logic means the taxpayers—got a good bargain, too.

For all that, he likes to get things done fast. Directness is one of his chief characteristics. He has been very successful in his dealings with industry and with the Congress, because he prefers to work with the top few men concerned. He would rather lunch with three or four shipyard or steel-mill executives in his small impromptu dining room close to his office, than write letters and hold conferences with groups containing supernumeraries. That doesn't mean he is a "fixer," one who prefers the smoke-filled back room to the public scrutiny. He is the salesman still, who works best in presenting clearly established facts to the persons who have the authority to say yes or no, or "Let's dicker."

IT was in selling that Forrestal made his career—from bond salesman to head of the bond department of Dillon, Read; to right-hand man of the president of the firm; and finally, in 1938, to boss man of one of the world's most influential banking houses.

Forrestal is candid. The Wall Street boys thought he was altogether too candid in 1933 when he told the Senate Stock Market Investigating Committee how easy it was for a rich man to avoid paying income taxes under the existing laws. The laws have since been rewritten.

Prominence has come to Forrestal perforce, but he is never prominent in a personal way. Asked by a reporter what his hobby was, he answered tersely, "Obscurity," and that ended the interview. His real hobby is reading. He loves detective stories, and reads and rereads them in their present-day paper-covered editions. But he reads everything else that comes to hand; reads fast, with a camera eye and a mind like a blotter. Recently he decided that he had neglected the English classics, so he sent for complete sets of the collected writings of Dickens and Thackeray. Being a book-a-day reader, even though he works from 8.30 A. M. to 6.15 P. M., he has probably finished them by this time.

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

IN SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT

"Ah told you them Jeeps kin do tricks we'uns ain't learned yit!"

"PLUG-CHEK" HELPS JUMP GAS MILEAGE!

Faulty or improper plugs can make cars balky, hard to start . . . can waste vital gas. "Plug-Chek," Auto-Lite's inspection service, helps get top performance from plugs — may increase your gas mileage as much as 12%, according to tests conducted by the American Automobile Association. As simple an operation as cleaning and regapping your present spark plugs by your Auto-Lite dealer may be all that is necessary. But, if you need new plugs, insist on ignition engineered Auto-Lite's.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
TOLEDO, 1 • Merchandising Division • OHIO
BACK THE ATTACK—BUY WAR BONDS

Tune in AUTO-LITE'S GREAT RADIO SHOW
"EVERYTHING FOR THE BOYS"
Featuring men and women at the fighting fronts
Tuesday Night . . . NBC Network

You're telling Us, Mr. Bonaparte?

If Napoleon himself were to drop in and sit down at one of our tables we'd be all set for him if he pulled that one about an army traveling on its stomach.

That's mighty vivid *current* history to us now, because every day armies of men and women in uniform are traveling on Fred Harvey meals. Serving as we do America's continental travel routes, Fred Harvey restaurants, hotels and dining cars have drawn an important war assignment; cooking *tens of thousands* of meals daily, piping hot, for Private Pringle and all his buddies in the armed forces . . . serving them swiftly, on the dot, to men on the move.

At times, we can't serve these tens of thousands of *extra* meals and maintain quite the same Fred Harvey service you've been used to. Because of the shortage of skilled personnel, food rationing and the big increase in our civilian patronage we may not always live up to what you have come to expect of us. So if we should let you down—perhaps not even be able to serve you—remember our war job is helping move armies . . . on their stomachs.

We appreciate your good-natured acceptance of us in our wartime role. But when peace comes and we all return to the bountiful living typical of America, we want you to expect only the best of us . . . congenial, alert service . . . warm, inviting atmosphere . . . carefully prepared before-rationing meals.

* * *

AFTER THE WAR, with money you're saving in War Bonds, *travel* and see the America for which we are fighting. Visit the world-famous Fred Harvey Hotels at Grand Canyon National Park and in old Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Fred Harvey

RESTAURANTS • SHOPS • HOTELS • DINING CARS

3000 MILES OF HOSPITALITY—FROM CLEVELAND TO THE PACIFIC COAST

Copyright 1944, Fred Harvey, Chicago

He dislikes "society doings." In 1926 he married the socialite Mrs. Josephine Ogden, a staff writer on Vogue. Their entertaining is modest. Their two boys, Michael, fifteen, and Peter, thirteen, are carefully shielded from that goldfish-bowl existence which too often befalls the children of high officials in Washington.

To a man who helped arrange the then monumental deal by which Dillon, Read acquired the Dodge Brothers' automobile business in a $150,000,000 transaction, sums of money characterized by long strings of 0's have no terror. He has had the responsibility for spending most of the scores of billions of dollars the nation has invested in its Navy, and the signing of a half-billion contract doesn't bring sweat to his brow, though he is as careful in the transaction as if he were buying a new suit.

The trouble with our governmental system, as he sees it, is the complete turnover that occurs when a new administration takes the reins, with the consequent waste of time and money as new managers take on unaccustomed jobs. He thinks the profession of government should be made a career like medicine or the law, and advocates that the post of Under Secretary in the great government bureaus be made permanent and nonpolitical, so that there will always be continuation of administration whether Democrats, Republicans, New Dealers, or whirling dervishes win the elections.

FORRESTAL is likewise impatient at anything that tends to divert the Navy Department (or any other department) from the main business of winning this war as swiftly and decisively as possible. In this category he places the Congressional study of the proposed merger of the War and Navy Departments. The investigation, he feels, takes up the time of men who should be devoted to winning the war.

Labor has no quarrel with Forrestal. He has had some private quarrels with labor, over strikes particularly, but he has not made a public issue of them. He has a great respect for the other guy's point of view, and is sure to take a good look at the problem from it before declaring himself. He doesn't believe any job can be done right until it has been considered from all angles, and so he has taken himself off to the war fronts to see how the Navy's men eat, sleep, fight and die. In an unbuttoned khaki shirt he has stood on the deck of an American warship in action, and has been cussed out by junior-grade lieutenants who thought the chunky little guy in the emblem-less uniform was a petty officer loitering where he shouldn't be.

He does not pretend to be anything but a civilian administrator, and has proclaimed that he will follow closely the naval policies of his predecessor, Colonel Knox. The late Secretary's policies were largely framed with Forrestal's advice, anyhow. Like Knox, Forrestal thinks we should keep up the Navy after the war as part of an international police force—but as an American Navy first.

So there he is, a Big Business man in charge of one of the biggest pieces of business the world has ever seen—too big for most of us to appreciate. His job is to see that the Navy runs smoothly, from the smallest recruiting bureau in Kansas to the perimeter of Japan; to see that it will always have enough fighting equipment, from 20-millimeter cartridges to 45,000-ton battleships. The Navy has confidence in him. Judging from the acclaim accorded his appointment, politicians and business men and plain, average Americans think he is eminently the man for the job.

It is worth remarking that when Re-

(Continued on page 58)

"SHE'S BACK AMONG FRIENDS AGAIN"

THEY came smashing through the Jap lines and there it was — a 1941 Plymouth De Luxe Sedan in the heart of the New Guinea jungle!

On its side was painted the enemy's rising sun insignia. American bullets had drilled the machine so full of holes that the entire top had to be removed. But the motor, according to Staff Sgt. Kenneth B. Schooley, who described the incident, was "in excellent condition, despite having a few large-caliber bullets bounced off it."

After the usual rough jungle travel, he writes. "it's like riding on air."

At last report, the sedan was no longer "De Luxe" but it was doing a real job on New Guinea. The medical detachment requisitioned it, took out the back seat, put in a floor, and was using the Plymouth as an improvised ambulance to transport wounded troops from the front.

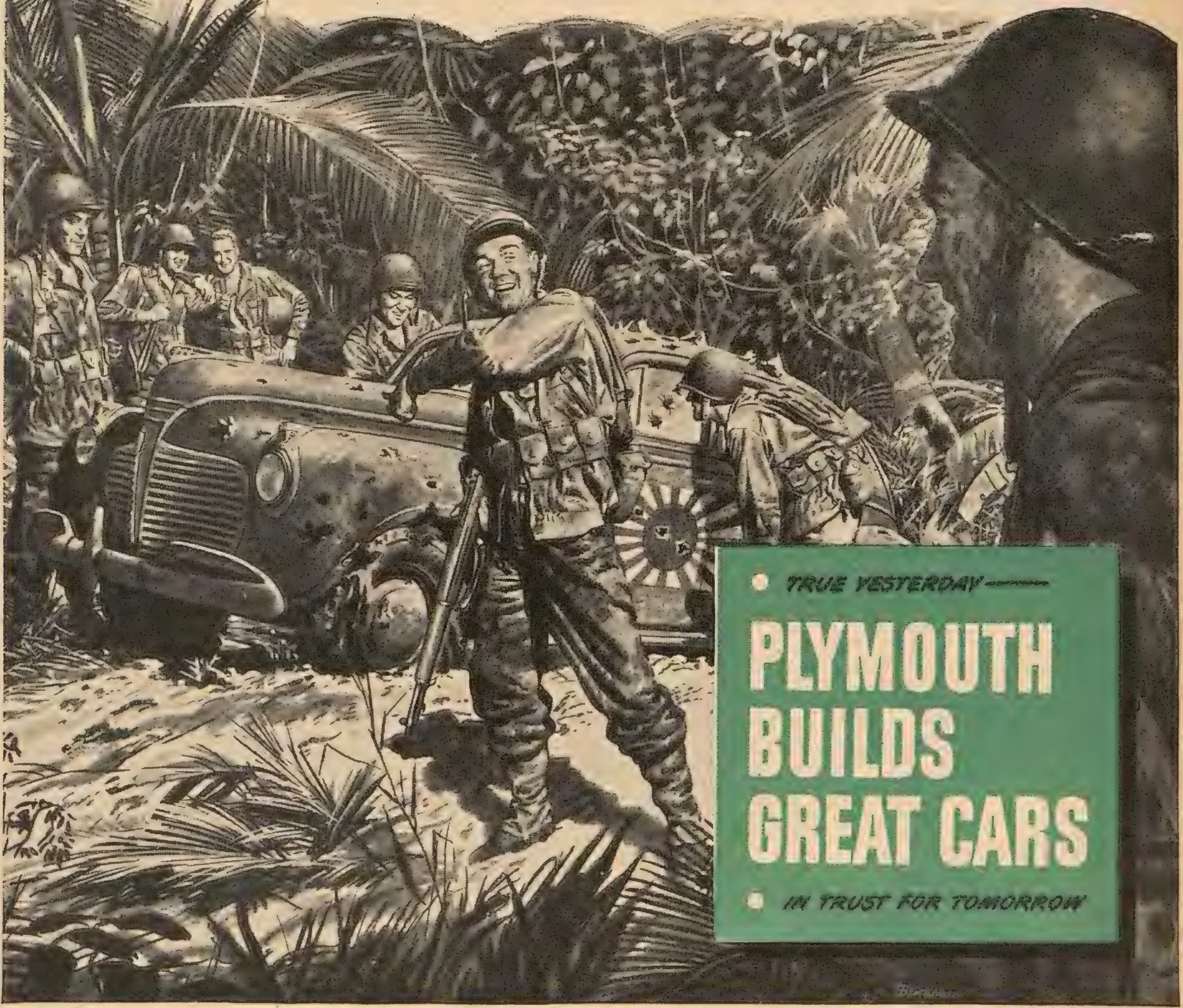
* * *

Plymouth records show that this historic car went from the factory to a dealer on Guam. Probably the Japs seized it there and took it with them to New Guinea. The full story won't be known until after the war—if then.

But there's no mystery about the reason why Plymouth is a great car on New Guinea or on Main Street. Plymouths were designed and manufactured to do their job under the worst conditions and the best. That quality is now going into Bofors anti-aircraft guns, assemblies for Helldivers, many other war needs. Meanwhile, three million Plymouths are proving their stamina on the roads. They may have to last a long time. They're built to do that when serviced by experienced Plymouth dealers. PLYMOUTH Division of Chrysler Corporation.

BUY WAR BONDS!... TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

YOU'LL ENJOY MAJOR BOWES THURSDAYS, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.



(*Continued from page 56*)

publicans in the Senate and anti-Administration newspapers praised Forrestal's elevation to the Secretaryship, nearly everybody forgot he is an avowed Democrat. He so describes himself in the extremely meager biographical data he supplied to Who's Who in America. Jimmy just isn't a politician. He echoes Colonel Knox in declaring that politics has no place in a war.

You won't hear much about James V. Forrestal. He will have to make speeches, of course, but he will make fewer than he will be asked for. He will not write for the public prints. He will not appear at many parties, and he will duck the camera when he does. But from 8.30 A. M. to 6.15 P. M. and after, Saturdays included, you or anybody else who has important business with the Navy will find him at his desk in the ramshackle hen coop from which the greatest Navy in history is managed.

If you do have business with him, waste no time on pleasantries. State your case fast and succinctly, and make way for the next fellow. There's a war on, says Jimmy, and neither your time nor his can be wasted on anything other than getting that war *over*. And when it is over, he says, let us do our best to see that there won't be another. If we can't escape another, let us be ready for it—with a big, tough, skilled Navy constantly kept up to date.

THE END

WHEN YOUR STOMACH IS UPSET

When your stomach talks back because you've overloaded it . . . or hastily gulped your food . . . don't add to its burdens with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics.

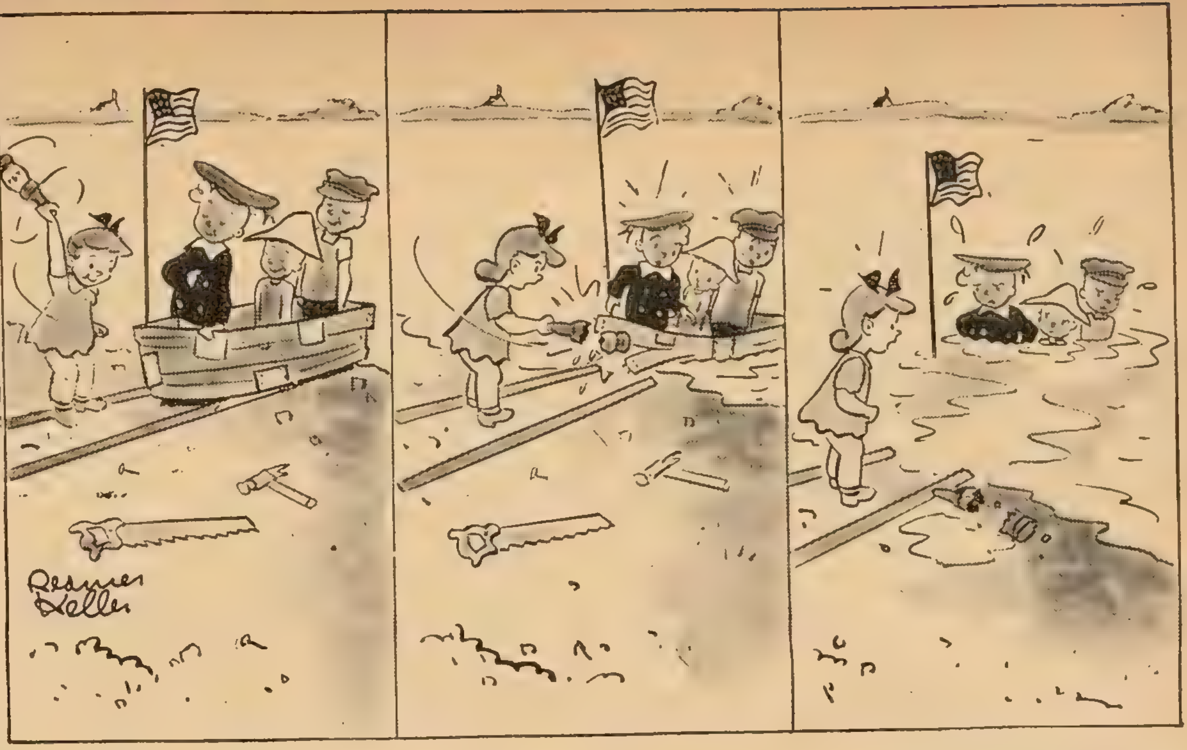
Take soothing Pepto-Bismol! This pleasant-tasting preparation spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . helps quiet and calm common digestive upsets. *At all drug stores.* If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Pepto-Bismol*

By the Makers of *Unguentine Norwich

*T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

HARDTACK



BULLETS FOR THE BRIDEGROOM

Continued from Page 27

Larson took time out during one of Whit's shifts with the glasses and crept back through the brush to unsaddle the horses and get the food. They took up the search again.

It was the sunshine that finally did it for them. As the sun dropped lower in the west, shadows moved and lengthened, and the light struck objects in the flat from ever-changing angles. Larson, whose turn it was with the glasses, caught a glint of something shiny that had not been shiny before. He grunted.

Whit said, "What is it?"

"The church. In the steeple, where they put the bell. Something shines."

Whit grabbed the glasses.

AFTER the hours of increasing disappointment it was a wonderful feeling to have his hunch pay off at last. At two hundred yards he could barely make out the single wire that ran vertically from the belfry down into the church below, but with the reflected sunlight to help him he could not mistake the glazed porcelain surface of an insulator fastened to the empty bell hanger, low enough so that it could not be seen from the flat or the far river bank, but visible to anyone looking down from the bluff when the light was just right. Whit held the glasses steady until the reflection died. When the insulator was once more only a dark spot in the belfry, he dropped the glasses and made an insulting gesture at Larson. Larson grinned and wagged his head admiringly. They inched their way backward through the brush.

The ripe smell that had been so noticeable during the climb was still there when the riders made the descent. The horses picked a different route going down, and a few yards below the shoulder of the hill the stench was overpowering. Whit was the first to notice spade marks on the lip of a small ravine which they were skirting, and he hauled back on the reins and pointed with his free hand.

Whoever had buried the body of the dead horse in the ravine had neglected to weight the dirt down with rocks, and coyotes had been at work. The rotting corpse lay fully exposed. It was still saddled and bridled.

Larson said, "I guess that accounts for Alex's bay mare." He took a penknife from his pocket and held his breath as he bent to saw at the stiff reddish hide. When he straightened up he held a piece of skin bearing Hotaling's AH brand.

"Might account for something else, too." Whit pointed at the horse's head. There was a bullet hole in the skull.

"I saw that. But even a rustler would shoot a horse with a broken leg."

"Maybe it had a broken leg and maybe it didn't," Whit said. "I'm not going to paw around in that mess to find out. But does a horse bleed in the seat of its saddle when it's shot in the head?"

Larson looked at the crusted stains on the saddle leather. "Maybe Alex caught up with his horse thief after all."

"I don't think so. Alex might kill a horse thief, but he wouldn't shoot his own horse. I think Alex is telling the truth—as far as he knows. Only he doesn't know the truth."

"What's your guess?"

"I'd say Alex's horse thief was a federal agent who once had Casey's job and who got the same idea that we did but didn't have our luck. And I think if we look around a little more we might find his body."

They searched the ravine and the surrounding territory for a hundred yards without finding a grave. The sun had dropped below the mountain peaks before they gave up. Whit was still sure that he had hit on the answer.

"Look at the dates, Swede. That mare has been gone about ten days, and the last report from the missing G-man went through ten days ago, when he said he had a hunch he knew where the transmitter had been moved. He must have rented the mare from Alex and come up here on the same hunt we made, only someone saw him up on the hill, shot him out of the saddle, and killed the horse so it wouldn't wander home."

"Well, we can find out if you're right, easy enough. Ask Alex what his horse thief looked like and ask Casey if the description fits the missing man."

Whit nodded. "We'll do that. I think Casey will be happier to see us tonight than he was last night."

The horses broke into a trot. They were on the home stretch at last.

WALTER GATES was at work in the small room where the chubby man with the bald spot had died ten days before. The packing cases which had cluttered the room then were now stacked in a corner, empty, and their contents had been assembled into a compact radio transmitter, a receiving set, and a recording apparatus, all of which covered a roughly built table standing against one wall. Gates sat at the table, methodically dismantling the receiving set.

Except for a carefully screened electric lamp which threw a fan of light on Gates' work, there was no illumination in the room. It had two windows, but they had been curtained with blankets, and underneath the blankets the openings were boarded over. When Gates reached a stopping point in his work, he switched off the lamp before he went to one of the windows and pulled the blanket away to peer through a crack. Afterward he turned on the light again and looked at his watch.

"You'd better get going." He spoke to Sammy Kohler, who slouched on a cot across the room.

Sammy grumbled, scratched his head, and got up.

Gates said, "We're leaving here right after three o'clock. I want you to take the truck and bring Jess and Lorenzo back here before the moon rises. They'll be watching for us in town, so hide the truck out on the highway before you get to Reno and thumb a ride in. You'll find Jess at the club. Tell him what I've said, and do what he tells you to. Make sure you're not followed before you come back."

Sammy said grumpily, "O. K. But I bet Pretty Boy Lorenzo won't come along just because I say so."

"Bring him anyway."

Sammy looked happier.

"I hope he wants to argue." He patted his coat pocket, put on his hat, and left the room.

The concealed door by which he went out opened into the dusty nave of the abandoned church. The clutter and cobwebs of the old building were undisturbed, and there was little to show that it was occupied by anything except pack rats and spiders. Sammy shuddered as he made his way through the darkness and down to the footbridge spanning the river. He hated spiders.

Back in the hidden room, Gates finished packing the dismantled receiving set and looked at his watch again. There was plenty of time to code and record his last message and dismantle the recording apparatus. That would leave only the transmitter to knock down. The generator would have to be left.

There was one small padlocked box which Sammy had never seen opened. Gates unlocked the box and took from it a loaded submachine gun, which he examined carefully before he stood it in the corner behind the stacked empty packing cases.

IT was ten o'clock before Whit and Larson turned up at the hotel. They found Kitty in her room, on the verge of having an attack of the screaming meemies.

She was really angry this time. She had seen that Whit's riding clothes were missing from the closet and had guessed that he and Larson were hunting for the transmitter up the river, but it hadn't done her peace of mind any good after fourteen hours without word from him. And she hadn't even been able to go to the police, because she didn't know—

"Honey, you're absolutely right," Whit said. "I don't blame you for being mad, but we haven't time to go into it now. We found the transmitter and we've got to get hold of Casey right away."

"You *found* it?"

"Yes. I'll tell you about it later. Have you heard from Casey or Pete?"

"I—yes, I telephoned Pete to ask him if he'd seen you. Oh, Whit, that's wonderful! Was it in the ghost town?"

"Uh-huh. Where's Pete now?"

"I don't know. He said he'd inquire around after you and call me back. I've been waiting to hear from him since eight o'clock."

"Then we'll just have to wait until he calls, because finding Casey now would be out of the question. Order a couple of dinners sent up here, will you, while Swede and I soak these saddle sores in hot water? We haven't eaten for hours."

"Or drunk," Larson said. "Order about six highballs, too, Miz Whitney."

"Make mine the same," Whit said, peeling off his shirt.

They were telling their experiences to Kitty between mouthfuls of steak when the phone rang at last. Whit answered it.

Pete's voice said, "Is Mrs. Whitney th— Whit, is that you?"

"Yes. Listen, Pete—"

"Damn you." Pete's anger made the receiver rattle. "Do you know that I've wasted half the night looking for you, when there's only four or five hours left to—"

"Hold it, Pete. We've found what you're looking for."

"What did you say?"

"Larson and I located it this afternoon. Do you want me to talk any more on the phone or shall I meet you some place?"

"Is this on the level?"

"Absolutely."

The line hummed quietly for a moment. Pete's voice said, "Be at John's restaurant in a quarter of an hour. I'll get Casey. And may the Lord help you if this is a joke, Whit."

"I'll be there. 'By."

LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh Eveready Batteries

BUY WAR BONDS
SID HIX

"When you said bring in a prisoner for questioning, sir, I thought I might as well get one who knew all the answers!"

"Keep your eye on the Infantry—the doughboy does it!" He's the one who finally has to slug it out man to man with the enemy. Watch him, and you'll see a war won!

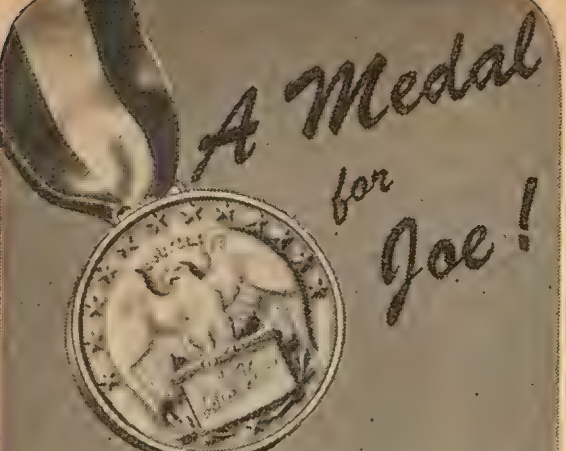
STOP AND THINK before blaming your dealer for being out of "Eveready" flashlight batteries. He hasn't got them because the Armed Forces have, and because essential war industries have. Nearly all we can make have been going to these two most important customers of ours.

DEC. 1944
EVEREADY
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY
NATIONAL CARBON CO. PRODUCT

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER . . . Look for the date line →

The registered trade-mark "Eveready" distinguishes products of National Carbon Company, Inc.

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK


A Medal for Joe!

Joe fought his way through hell for this medal. We'll bet he'd trade it any day — along with his khaki, gun and knapsack — for peace . . . and sightseeing trips with his camera, civvies and good-looking luggage.

YOU CAN GIVE HIM THE THINGS THAT MEAN MORE THAN MEDALS

Buy More War Bonds

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FOR MEN WHO *Really* KNOW PIPES

Royalton

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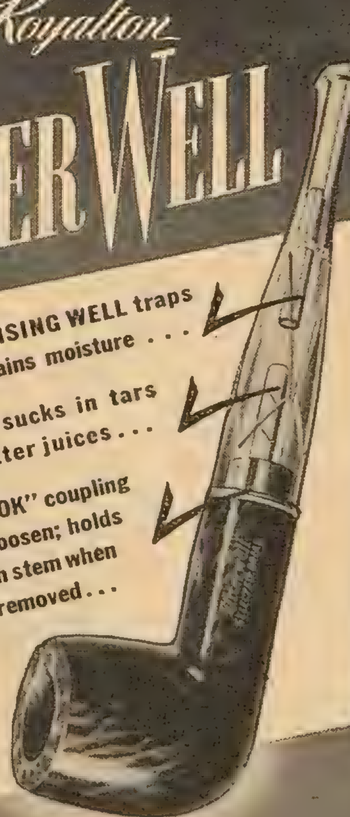


- CONDENSING WELL traps and retains moisture . . .
- FILTER sucks in tars and bitter juices . . .
- "SURELOK" coupling won't loosen; holds filter in stem when bit is removed . . .

$1
Selected Lightweight Briar

FILTERWELL combines exclusive pipe safeguards . . . the FILTER, easily replaced, absorbs NICO-TARS (tobacco sediment) . . . the WELL, built into the transparent bit, prevents back-flow of moisture into the mouth . . . Double assurance of a clean, ever-dry pipe and constant smoking contentment.

Henry Leonard & Thomas, Inc., Ozone Park, N. Y.

John's restaurant was dark when Whit, Kitty, and Larson got there fifteen minutes later, but they could see a dim light in the rear of the building. They knocked, and John himself came to let them in. He led them through the shadowy restaurant and back to his neat sleeping quarters. Casey and Pete were waiting there.

Without preliminaries, Casey said, "Spill it, Whit."

Whit looked at John. Casey said, "It's all right. He's one of us. Go ahead."

Whit gulped, but John the G-man was not such a surprise after Gladys the G-girl. He spilled it.

"I GOT a description from Alex Hotaling of his horse thief," he said, at the end of the story. "Middle-aged man, getting fat, bald on top—"

Casey and Pete both nodded. Casey said levelly, "That's our man, all right. They'll have to pay for him." He dug out his fine watch. "Eleven o'clock. How far is the place from here, Whit?"

"About twenty miles."

"How many men will it take to raid the town, allowing one man for each possible way out?"

"Larson's opinion is better than mine. You tell him, Swede."

"How many have you got?" Larson asked.

"Four. Pete, John, myself, and another man, Jackson. But we'll need one man to record Gates' last message, and we'll have to account for Lorenzo and Caldwell at the club at the same time we raid the ghost town."

"Then you've got to use Whit and me. It'll take at least four men for the raid, and you ought to have more. If it takes two men to tail Lorenzo and Caldwell you'll need seven at least. You've got six, counting us."

"I can't use you."

Whit said, "Why not?"

"You might get hurt." Casey turned to Pete. "Get on the phone to San Francisco and tell the Bureau that we need ten men here by two o'clock. We'll meet them at the airport."

Whit said, "Two o'clock will be too late. Any time after the next hour will be too late."

"What are you talking about?"

"The ghost town," Whit said. "You can't get around to block off the back door except by horseback. It's nearly a three-hour ride, and then only if you know the way. Larson and I were over the road this afternoon."

Kitty had not spoken for a long time. Now, as Casey hesitated, she had her say. Her voice was flat and controlled.

"I don't want Whit to go, Casey, and I don't want to tell you your business, either. But if you need him you ought to take him, whatever happens. And everyone else here, too."

Casey said slowly, "Thanks, Mrs. Whitney. I guess I need him and Larson and you too, and I'm proud to have your help. I wish there were more like you."

Pete said, "I can get the sheriff, Casey. He's reliable, and we shouldn't have to tell him too much."

"There's the old-timer up the river who runs the livery stable," Larson said. "He was nuts about that horse your man rode. He knows the country across the river, too."

Casey said, "I've got to use everybody I can get, because there's no other way out. You three"—he made a gesture which included Whit, Kitty, and Larson—"raise your right hands. I don't know how much authority I have, but I'll try to make it legal."

They raised their hands. Casey recited the oath:

"Do you solemnly swear that you will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that you will bear true and faithful allegiance to the same; that you take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that you will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office you are about to enter, so help you God?"

"I do." They spoke together.

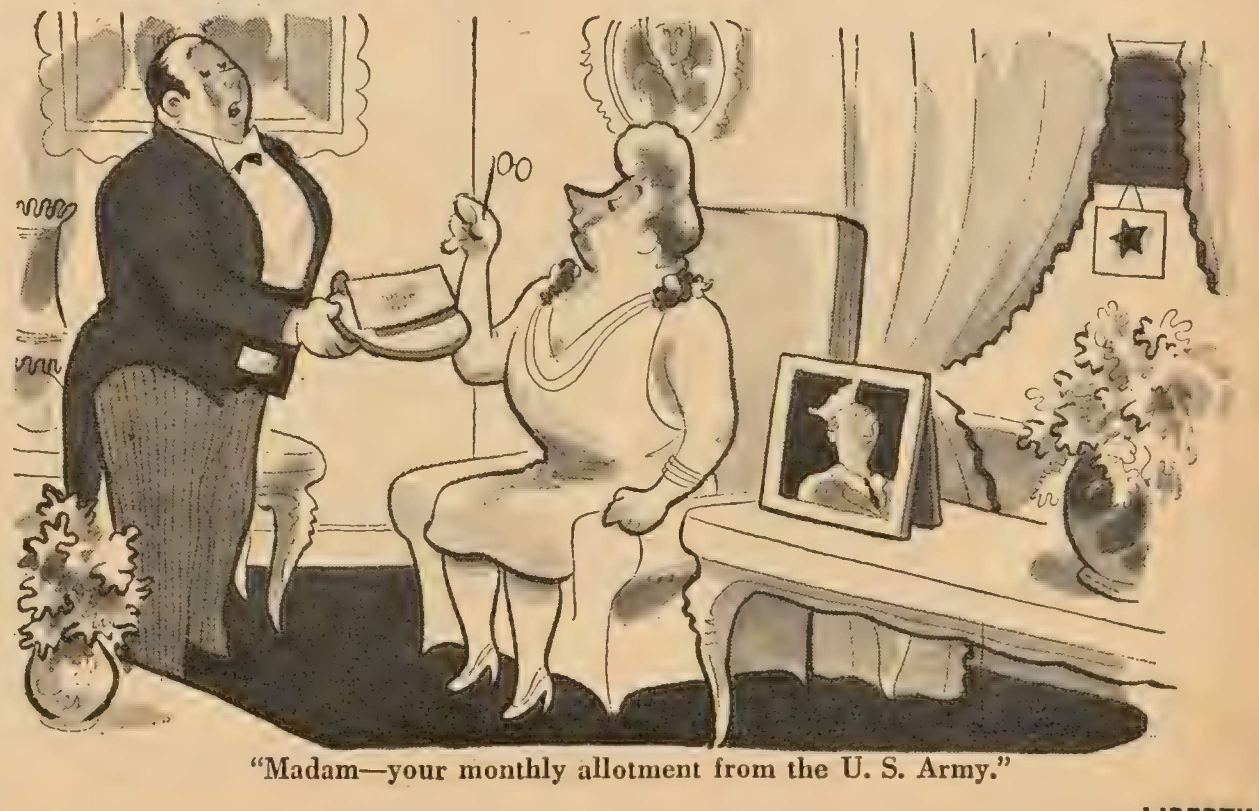
"Then you're working for the federal government from now on. We haven't any time to lose, so listen to what I want you to do. Whit, you're first."

THE dice were getting a heavy play at Lorenzo's Club when Whit, with Larson close behind as safety man, pushed his way through the crowd around the game that was being run by the slim blond man who had taken Whit's money on his first night in Reno.

The blond man was carrying on the mechanical patter that went free with the dice, and he paid no attention to the newcomers until Whit began to whistle softly. The tune was Casey Jones. The blond man

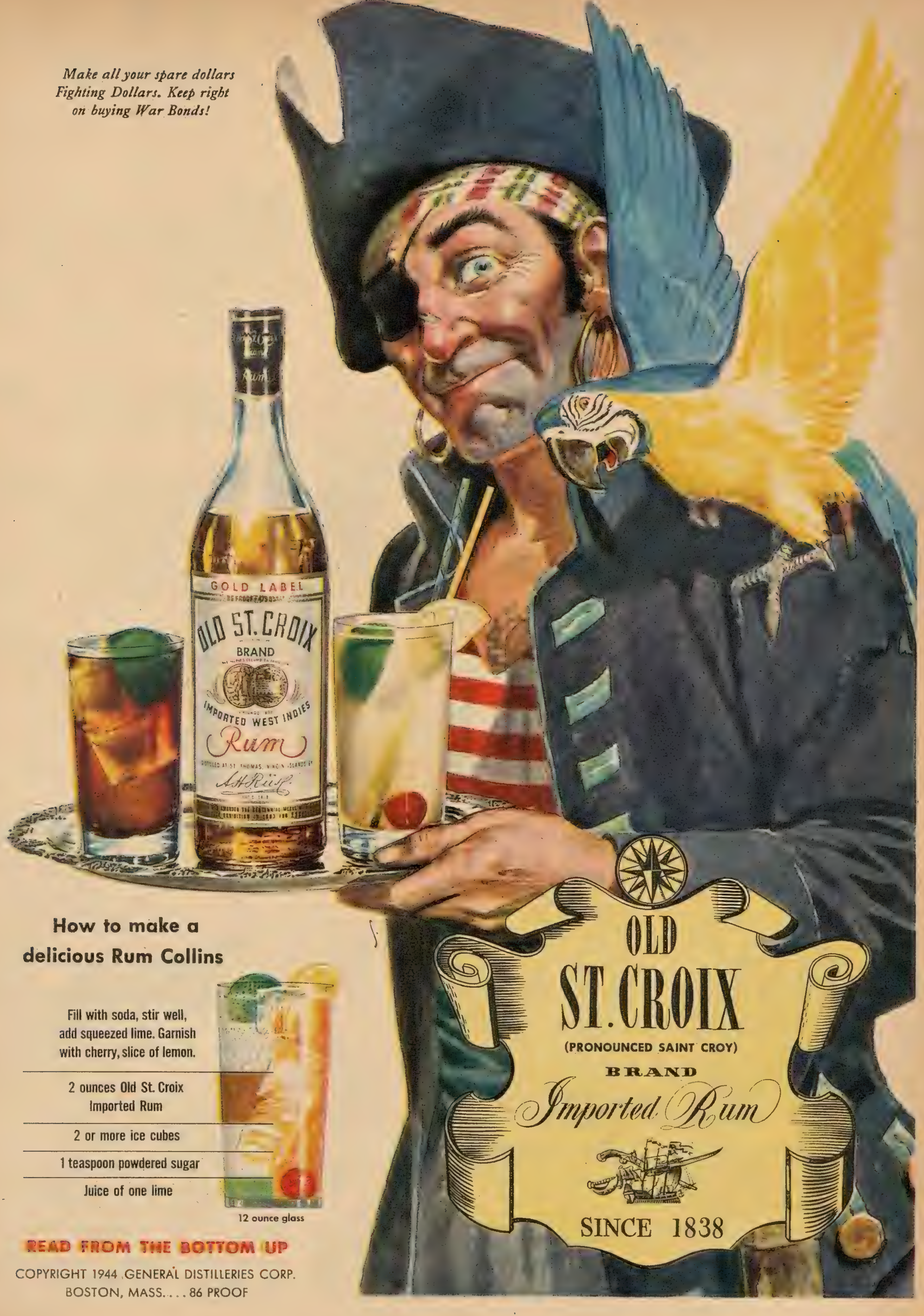
(Continued on page 62)

THE HOME FRONT



"Madam—your monthly allotment from the U. S. Army."

Make all your spare dollars Fighting Dollars. Keep right on buying War Bonds!


GOLD LABEL
OLD ST. CROIX
BRAND
IMPORTED WEST INDIES
Rum
OLD
ST. CROIX
(PRONOUNCED SAINT CROY)
BRAND
Imported Rum
SINCE 1838
12 ounce glass

How to make a delicious Rum Collins

Fill with soda, stir well, add squeezed lime. Garnish with cherry, slice of lemon.

2 ounces Old St. Croix Imported Rum

2 or more ice cubes

1 teaspoon powdered sugar

Juice of one lime

READ FROM THE BOTTOM UP

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BOSTON, MASS. . . . 86 PROOF

(*Continued from page 60*)

looked up, recognized Whit, and nodded a greeting. Whit went on whistling.

The dice finally came to him. He put a handful of small coins on the line and picked up the dice. "I'm shooting a dollar and twenty-seven cents."

The dice man shot a quick glance at him. "A dollar twenty-seven he shoots. A new passer, friends. Get your bets down, because he's co-o-o-ming out with—a natural! Fifty-two wins the glue. A dollar twenty-seven to the new passer. Why not let it ride, mister?"

The blond man paid off with a dollar and a half-dollar, the smallest coins in his rack. Whit picked up his winnings and rattled the dice once more. The dollar twenty-seven remained on the line.

He collected twice before he lost his bet and the dice, and then he left the crap table with Larson and wandered away, but not so far they couldn't watch the blond man, whose name was Jackson and whose identification number was 127.

FIVE minutes later Jackson motioned to a relief man to take his place. He left the crap game and walked in the direction of the gents' room. Larson, at a word from Whit, parked himself where he could keep a general watch on the casino. Whit followed Jackson. His hair bristled slightly as he passed the corner where Jess Caldwell had slugged him, but there was no repeat performance.

Jackson was washing his hands. No one else was around.

"Hello," Jackson said. "The dollar-twenty-seven man."

Whit said, "I got the one twenty-seven from Casey Jones."

Jackson's manner changed. "O. K. Who are you?"

"My name's Whitney. We've located the radio transmitter."

"We?"

"Me." Whit told enough to establish that he knew what he was talking about.

Jackson said, "You aren't from the Bureau."

"No. I'm giving you guys a hand."

"Why?"

"What difference does it make?"

"Don't get sniffy," Jackson said. "I'm just trying to find out what it's all about. What does Casey want me to do?"

"We're raiding the ghost town up the river at five minutes after three, and there are only seven men available. We may pick up another man on the way, but it'll take four at least to make the raid, and Casey wants Pete to catch the radio message at three o'clock. That means Pete will have to be somewhere near an electric-light plug with the receiver, so he's no good for anything else. You and the sheriff will have to cover Caldwell and Lorenzo. Pete will send the sheriff here to handle Caldwell, and your man is Lorenzo. At three five exactly, you take him. The sheriff will haul Caldwell in simultaneously, and we'll knock over Gates at the transmitter. Kohler will be with Gates."

"There's one hole in your plans," Jackson said. "Lorenzo and Caldwell aren't here."

"What happened? Casey said they were here when he left."

"Gladys saw them leave ten minutes ago with Kohler. She thought Casey was waiting for them outside, so she didn't do anything about it. And tell Casey that Gladys swears Kohler was nudging Lorenzo along with a gun."

There will be bullets aplenty for the bridegroom in next week's concluding installment of this exciting "honeymoon" story, and chills and fever for the readers.

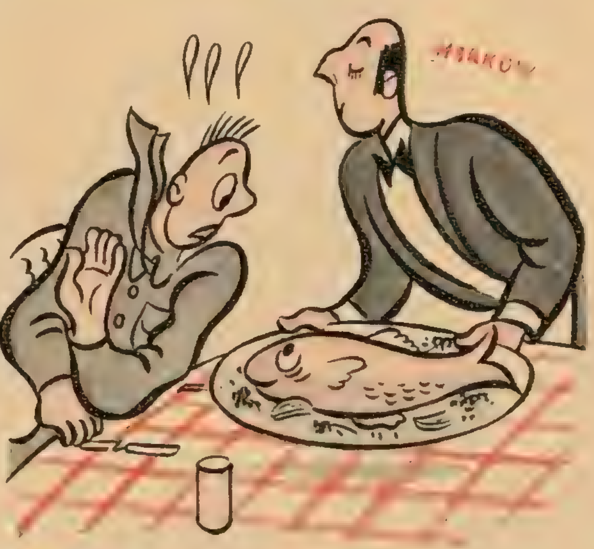
THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

DON'T think your Old Sarge is turning crapehanger. I'm hoping strongly that our casualty bill will be far lighter than we're warned to expect. Nevertheless, with hordes of troops still training in this country, I think it timely to put in a plug for a War Department move that may appear, at first glance, somewhat macabre.

That's the WD effort to emphasize to all servicemen and servicewomen the importance of making a will.

A will can save a serviceman's family considerable time, expense, and red tape, even in the simplest cases. Where conflicting claims may arise, only a will can ensure that the soldier's desires regarding property disposition will prevail.



Head on!

The Army particularly stresses that the making of wills should not be postponed until the soldier reaches a staging area or port of embarkation. Attend to it while you're still in your training camp, is the Army's plea. I say plea, because no C. O. or top kick can give orders in such a matter. A will, to be legally effective, must be prepared voluntarily.

Of course, there are servicemen who do not need to make a will. The WD points out that both those in doubt as to their need of a will and those requiring assistance in the preparation of a will may consult any of the following: civilian attorneys; the post legal assistance officer; the war-work committee of any bar association or other recognized legal-aid organization; any staff judge advocate or other officer of the Judge Advocate General's department; a draft-board member who is an attorney; or an attorney serving in the Army.

When possible, three civilian witnesses from the soldier's home town should sign when the will is executed. Military personnel should be used as witnesses only when no others are available.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

Do me a favor, Sarge. I'm a guy with a good record in civilian life, and I want to keep it that way. Just notify seafood restaurants in the Coney Island and Sheepshead Bay sections of Brooklyn that when I come home from the Southwest Pacific, not one of 'em had better set a broiled or fried fish before me with its head still on. Here's why. We captured a Jap base recently after a long march on which our rations were exhausted. We fought like mad, because we could see cases of canned goods stacked under the palms. And when we finished mopping up and started opening up, what did all those Nip cans contain? Fish heads! Every blasted can was full of 'em! And what did I eat for three days until our supplies came up? You guessed it! Never again!

L. B., Pacific Area.

O. K., I'm printing your warning and backing your campaign for piscatorial decapitation. I never cared to find a wall-eyed fish staring up from a platter, either.

* * *

I'm left-handed, I'm going to be drafted, and I'm practically sure I'll land in the infantry. I'm a fair marksman now, firing left-handed. Will the Army make me learn to fire with my right hand?

Wally, Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

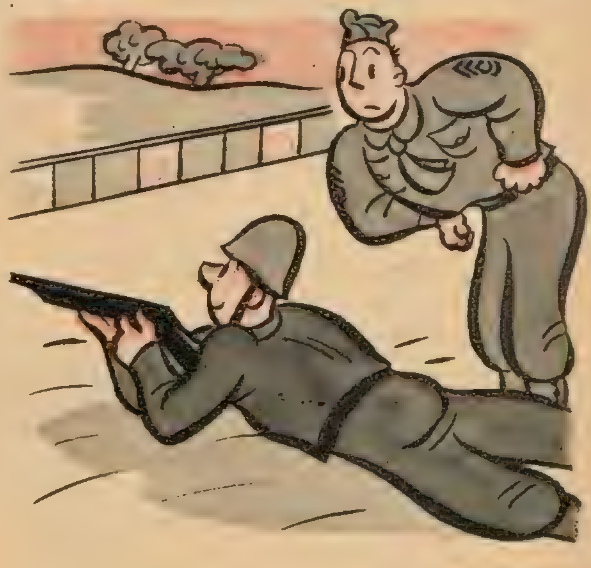
They'll try to. But if they can't, they'll let you fire with the left. There are some pretty good southpaw shots in the armed services.

* * *

Is it a fact that the Loyal Legion bar may be worn on the Navy dress uniform?

PM 1/C G. T. C.,
c/o Fleet Post Office, N. Y.

The ribbon of any such organization may be worn on any Army or Navy uniform while the wearer is attending a meeting or ceremony of that particular organization. But at all other times, only authorized ribbons or medals issued or approved by the U. S. Government may be worn on the American uniform.



Southpaw

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

. . . FOR AN EYE

Continued from Page 17

"Depend! How you English love your ifs and maybes and depends!" She was silent a moment, looking at him. "Do you happen to know the German word for depend, captain? It is *'abhängen.'* It also means to hang. It means to hang by the neck from the elm tree in your front yard. with your legs kicking like a ballet dancer's because nobody could be bothered to tie your feet—

"It depends," she repeated. Then she laughed.

Later they walked through the blacked-out streets toward the hospital. Wagstaff began talking, and she listened quietly. He talked about his boyhood in Cheshire, about medical school and week-ends in Kent and his experiences in France and the Middle East.

"Now it's your turn," he said finally.

"What do you want to know?" she asked.

"Who you are. Where your home was."

"My home was in a town called Katrowicz. It is on the Vistula, about fifty miles northwest of Warsaw."

"Were you there when—"

"Yes," she said. "I was there."

"You don't want to talk about it, do you?"

"No."

"You should, you know. Sometimes."

"Why?" she demanded. "Why should I?"

"Because talking would help you."

"Help me?" Her voice was cold. "How do you know what would help me? What do you know about me anyhow?"

"I know you are unhappy," he said. "I know you are still living with the past."

"I should forget the past perhaps?"

"No, not forget it. Accept it, rather. Accept what has happened as an accomplished fact. Go on from there."

"I am going on."

"Outwardly, yes. But within yourself?" Wagstaff paused, but she did not answer. "A uniform," he went on; "a nurse's certificate; a job to do. They're important, but not enough. A human being needs more than that."

"And what is that?" she asked.

"Something to live for."

Again she was silent, gazing down the shadowed street. Over toward the harbor the beam of a great searchlight was fingering the sky. Suddenly a second beam appeared, then another and another. Presently the girl's eyes moved back to Wagstaff. He had never looked into such eyes before.

"I have something to live for," she said quietly.

IN the desert beyond the city the guns roared. Then at El Alamein the Afrika Korps buckled and withdrew, and the long chase across Africa began.

Later in November the Fifty-ninth Medical Detachment was transferred from Alexandria to the field. It was attached to a divisional headquarters and proceeded through Bengasi to the south and west. At Agheila, Rommel stopped and dug in, and his pursuers stopped, too. They nursed their wounds, brought up supplies, prepared to thrust on again.

In conformance with the usual Medical Corps practice, the Fifty-ninth was split into sections. Two small units were moved forward directly behind the front line. The main body, remaining with divisional headquarters, was to function as a main dressing station, receiving the wounded from the smaller units ahead and evacuating them in turn to the casualty clearing stations in the rear.

On the evening before the two sections moved forward, Carla Brydowska again sought out Colonel Robb and asked to be assigned to one of them.

"The regulations are specific on that point," the colonel told her. "No nurse may be stationed forward of an M. D. S."

"I know, sir. But I thought—"

"There can be no exceptions. I'm sorry." He studied the white-faced girl before him. "What is it that's troubling you, sister?" he asked. "You're not happy here, are you?"

"Everyone has been very kind to me," she said. "It's not that at all."

"What is it, then?"

It was a moment or two before she answered. "Only that I want to be of help, sir," she said quietly.

He could get nothing more from her.

The following morning the advance sections moved forward, and the next day the division. Again the enemy withdrew. For two weeks the Eighth Army lurched forward. Then among the forlorn, tortuous wadis beyond Sirt, Rommel turned and dug in.

This, everyone knew, was to be his last stand before Tripoli, and the word spread that he had received substantial reinforcements from the Russian front.

"Two full divisions, they say," Colonel Robb announced one evening in the mess.

"Any word as to what units?" Wagstaff asked.

"Intelligence knows." The colonel shrugged. "We'll find out soon enough."

Carla Brydowska found out the next day. While she was working in the reception tent, four stretcher cases were brought in. The first two were British, the third Italian, the fourth a German. Coming to the German, she pulled down the blanket and began removing the brown-clotted bandages that clung to his chest. An instant later her hands were still. She was no longer looking at his chest, but at his shoulder—at the woven boar's head and the figures 131.

THE days passed, and the long black bitter nights. Up ahead, the guns roared, and the stream of wounded flowed back into the dressing station. From sunrise to sunset, and often far into the night, Sister Brydowska worked in the wards and surgery. When at last her work was done, she lay on her bedding roll in the brown gloom of her tent.

She did not sleep, but lay there with her eyes open, waiting. For the first time in three years she prayed.

And at last the day came when her prayers were answered.

All night there had been intermittent gunfire to the northwest. During breakfast there was the sound of a motorcycle stopping outside the mess tent, and a moment later a dispatch rider entered and approached Colonel Robb.

"Compliments of Major Wells, sir," he said, saluting. "There's been a bit of a do up in Wadi Kebir, and the major says there are more casualties than he can handle. He asks would you send about a dozen ambulances and two or three medical officers, sir."

The colonel nodded. "How'd it come off?"

"Jolly well, sir. Mousetrapped a whole Jerry regiment, they say."

"Tanks?"

"No, sir. Motorized infantry. The Hundred thirty-first, I believe."

"Most of the casualties are Boches, eh?"

"Yes, sir. The C. O. included, according to Major Wells. Says he saw a twenty-five pounder hit right next to the H. Q. car."

"Good." Colonel Robb nodded again and the dispatch driver withdrew. "Wagstaff—"

"Sir?"

Like mother - like daughter

BOTH SAY: "GOODBYE DANDRUFF"

CHILDREN and grown-ups alike are bothered with ugly, unsightly dandruff. Don't let this dandruff spoil your appearance! Fitch Shampoo is an antiseptic. Leaves your hair shining with natural life and color, and COMPLETELY FREE OF DANDRUFF. Use Fitch Shampoo regularly each week. Fitch Shampoo is sold under a money-back guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application. Effective in the hardest water! Good for all colors and textures of hair! Economical enough for the whole family! Fitch Shampoo reconditions as it cleanses!

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Soap Shampoo—1. Bacteria and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.

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After and between Fitch Shampoos you can keep your hair shining and manageable by using a few drops of Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic every day.

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BLENDED WHISKEY

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"You, Nettleton, and Greene will prepare at once to—" The colonel broke off. He was staring at the slight figure that had risen at the far end of the table.

"Well?" he asked.

"May I go too, sir?" said Carla Brydowska.

The colonel was annoyed. "Go?" he repeated. "Go where?"

"With one of the ambulances."

"You know perfectly well that nurses are under no circumstances permitted to go forward with the ambulances."

"Yes, I know, sir. But—"

"There will be no 'buts,' sister." His voice was brusque as he looked at her down the length of the table. Then he turned back to the three medical officers and continued his instructions.

Hurrying out a few moments later, Wagstaff noticed that her place was empty.

"Damn little fool!" he muttered.

He found the staff sergeant in charge of the ambulances and gave him his orders. Then he went to his tent. He reached into the musette bag where he kept his revolver.

It was no longer there.

THE driver of ambulance A-13259 let out his clutch and began to move off. Then he stopped as he saw a nurse running toward him. The nurse got in beside him and closed the door.

"All right," she said. "Go ahead."

"But—"

"Go ahead, please," she said quietly.

The driver let out his clutch again and they drove off. At a turn in the wadi, some time later, they came suddenly out on the battlefield.

They pulled up by a knot of M. P.s. "Where are our wounded?" the nurse asked.

A tall sergeant saluted. "They're just collecting 'em now, ma'am."

"And the enemy?"

The sergeant looked at her curiously. "'Ere, too, I guess, ma'am. Afraid Jerry'll 'ave to wait 'is turn, though."

"We'll drive on," the nurse said.

The sergeant shook his head. "It's not safe for an ambulance yet. Orders are no one's to go past 'ere yet, except regimental stretcher-bearers and police."

At a signal from the sergeant the driver pulled the ambulance over to the far side of the knot of cars. He turned off his motor and got his stretchers out on the ground.

When he returned the nurse was gone.

CARLA BRYDOWSKA picked her way across the undulating black-pocked sand. A bend in the wadi wall cut her off from the men behind.

For ten minutes—fifteen—she advanced through the detritus of battle. Her eyes sought out German vehicles, German uniforms. The scorched sand under her feet was sown thick with shell fragments. Around her were strewn rifles, kit bags, parts of engines, the sprawled and huddled figures of men. Most of the figures were still. A few moved slightly as she passed. Two or three were pulling themselves painfully along.

A corpse looked up at her with wide empty eyes. She stopped and stared at it. Then she bent closer. The uniform was different: the forest-green twill had been replaced by tropical khaki, and on the collar was the slim green palm tree of the Afrika Korps. But the insignia on the left arm were the same. There it was, scarcely visible under the caking of dust and dried blood—but still there—the boar's head—131.

She straightened and stood looking down at the sprawled, grotesque body. "Graceful as Nijinsky," she said suddenly, aloud.

Then she moved on again. The dead and wounded were almost all Germans now. Suddenly she saw that a gray crumpled figure had raised its head. She approached and knelt beside it.

"Where is your commanding officer?" she asked in German.

The soldier stared at her.

"Your colonel. Where is he?"

Still the soldier stared. She seized the front of his blouse and pulled him upward. "Where is he?" she repeated. "Do you hear me, Hun? Where?"

The wounded man tried to turn his head away. He struggled against the hands that were closing on his throat.

"Where?" the voice said again.

With a shaking blackened hand the soldier pointed. "*Stabwagon,*" he murmured. "*Die—blaue—Fahne—*"

She let him fall back and rose slowly to her feet. The staff car, she thought. Of course. How stupid of her. The staff car and the gay little blue—

She almost laughed, then stiffened.

She saw them. The car. The pennon. The car was no more than a hundred yards away, standing broadside to her beyond a gutted lorry and a shell hole. A tiny triangle of cloth projected above it on a slender pole. It was no longer gay, no longer even blue. It was merely a limp shred of smoke-blackened rag.

She was walking forward.

She heard her feet crunching against the sand. She heard the pounding of her heart and a voice speaking to her softly. "He will not be dead," the voice said.

Her hand moved in the deep pocket of her coveralls. The revolver was heavy and big; pressing the heel of her hand against the butt, she could barely reach the trigger with her forefinger. She brought the gun out and held it at her side.

She came to the edge of the shell hole and stopped.

BEYOND the hole, not more than ten yards distant now, was the staff car. In the hole itself were three men. Two of them were dead. The third sat facing her, his back erect against the far wall of the hole. The right side of his blouse was blackened and shredded, and the hand that was spread against it was darkly stained. His face, too, was almost black with blood and grime. But the close-cropped yellow hair above it caught the sun in a bright glinting nimbus, and the eyes staring up from it were a clear blue.

She descended into the shallow pit.

"Oberst Forscher," she said softly.

The wounded man was looking into her face. "You are German?" he murmured.

She did not answer.

"You are a nurse, aren't you?" His eyes moved from her face to her faded coveralls, from the coveralls to the revolver in her hand. "Who are you anyhow?" he asked hoarsely.

"My name is Carla Brydowska," she said. "You would not remember me, colonel."

The wounded man merely stared at her.

"My father's name was Josef," she said. "My mother's name was Marta, my sister's name was Pia, and my brother's name was Paul. You would not remember them either, colonel."

The man at her feet said something, but she did not hear him. She heard the blood pounding in her temples and behind her eyes. She heard her father's voice: "*Remember, Carlushka—remember—*"

Her thin body swayed a little, froze taut. Her gaze never wavered from that grimed blue-eyed face. It seemed to be hanging before her now: a face without a body.

She waited. In a moment now the red mist would rise around her, shutting out the sun, the sand, the sky; shutting out the

THROUGH THE DARKEST HOUR

The railroads are part and parcel of the vital service of supply on which fighting men depend. They know first-hand the darkness of the hour before the dawn.

They follow the progress of the war by the nature and urgency of the burdens they carry — burdens that never lighten through the whole 24 hours of the day.

So through sunshine and shadow, railroad men serve the needs of war. Short on help, short on time, they know the value of every hour and every car. They know that a fighting nation counts on them to deliver the goods that Victory is made of — and doggedly, devotedly, they are sticking to that job.

Some day the dark hour will be behind us. Then our nation will look back and judge our fiber as a people on the courage and the will with which we faced it.

The railroads are working now so that when that day dawns they can, in clear knowledge of a job faithfully discharged, look forward with confidence to finer things to come.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

ASSOCIATION OF
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ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

FALSE TEETH WEARERS

BEWARE OF THESE 2 DANGERS (DENTURE BREATH and LOOSE PLATES) DUE TO BRUSHING with MAKESHIFT CLEANERS

BRUSHING your plates with tooth pastes, tooth powders or soap, may scratch the denture material which is *60 times softer than natural teeth.* These scratches cause odorous film, food particles, and stains to *collect faster and cling tighter* . . . resulting in Denture Breath. Remember, *you* may not know you have it, but others *do!* Besides, brushing with makeshift cleaners often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens.

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Soak your plate in Polident fifteen minutes or longer . . . rinse . . . and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into tiny crevices brushing never seems to reach—keeps your plate sparkling clean and odor-free.

No brushing

A safe, modern way to keep dental plates, partial plates and removable bridges sparkling clean is to *soak* them in Polident every day. Polident is approved by many leading dentists and the leading makers of modern denture materials. No brushing, no danger, yet the daily Polident bath works into the corners and crevices no amount of brushing seems to reach—keeps your denture sparkling clean, odor-free.

"Now I get real kisses . . . not 'X's' on note paper." Millions call Polident a blessing. No fear of Denture Breath—no risk of wearing down and loosening the plate due to brushing. If *you* wear a removable bridge, a partial or complete plate, play safe. Use Polident daily to help maintain the original, natural appearance of your plate—costs less than 1¢ a day. Get Polident today. All drug counters—30¢—60¢.

FOOD
Fights for
FREEDOM
produce and
conserve—
share and
play square!

Use **POLIDENT** *Daily* TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES CLEAN . . . AND ODOR-FREE!

weeks and months and years; shutting out everything except the face—the blackened, sunken, sweating, unforgotten, never-to-be forgotten face that was staring up at her from the sand with blue, slowly widening eyes.

"Oberst Forscher," she once more said softly.

She raised the revolver.

CAPTAIN WAGSTAFF came to the edge of the shell hole and stopped. The orderly and the two stretcher-bearers behind him stopped too.

They looked at the two dead men and the wounded German officer and the figure standing beside him.

The orderly started forward, but halted at a gesture from Wagstaff.

Then Wagstaff climbed unhurriedly down into the shell hole, approached the girl, took the revolver from her hand, and put it in his empty holster. The girl stared at him dully, without surprise.

"I couldn't—" she murmured. "I—I couldn't—"

She tried to say more, but her mouth moved soundlessly. For another moment she stood motionless, staring at Wagstaff. Then a great sob convulsed her body and her knees buckled beneath her.

Wagstaff gestured to the orderly and the stretcher-bearers, and they moved away. He stood looking down at the girl. Then he picked her up. She sagged against him, hiding her face against his chest. Sob after sob wrenched her body.

He put his arms around her, and his hands pressed flat and firm against her trembling shoulders. "Of course you couldn't," he said softly.

She continued to sob. Her whole frame shook in a paroxysm of weeping. Suddenly she stiffened, threw back her head and stared up at him. "Why couldn't I?" she whispered fiercely. "Why? *Why?*"

"Because your business isn't killing," Wagstaff answered. "Because there are things that even they can't kill."

He pressed her head against his chest again and held her close. Her sobs rose again, subsided, returned. And then at last they stopped. Her body leaned against him, quiet and spent.

"How long is it since you last cried?" he asked gently.

She shook her head slowly without raising it.

"It will do you more good than killing, you know."

She neither spoke nor moved. Over her bowed head Wagstaff saw the wounded German watching them with staring eyes. After a moment he disengaged himself and stepped over to where the man lay. Then he stooped, removed the man's hand from his side, and examined what was underneath.

"This man is badly wounded," he said, rising. His voice was crisp and professional.

The girl stood where he had left her, staring at him.

"Apply a field dressing immediately. After he has been brought to the ambulance, spread the affected area with sulfathiazole and then inject two c. c.s of morphia."

Still the girl neither spoke nor moved.

"Do you understand me, sister?" he asked sharply. "We have work to do."

A long moment passed before she answered.

"Yes, sir," she said. Her voice was barely audible.

Wagstaff looked at her for a moment; then he clambered up out of the shell hole. "We have work to do," he repeated, turning.

"Yes, sir," said Sister Brydowska.

THE END

THE SILENT WAR

Continued from Page 20

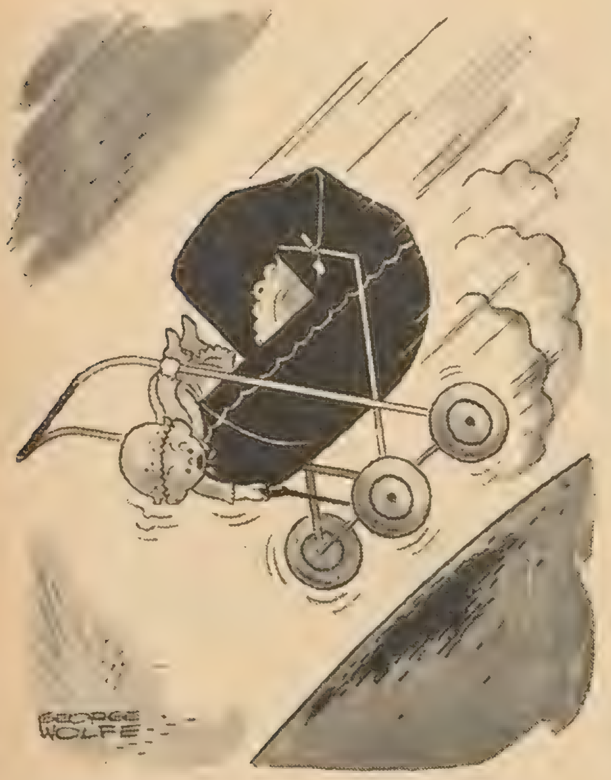
sion in Ankara, backed by the Americans, protested. Turkey haggled—and kept sending chromium to the Nazis.

Finally the British and Americans got tough. The British Lend-Lease mission, which had been there to help supply weapons if Turkey ever made up her mind to enter the war, packed up and went home. That shook Turkey, but she bluffed along for a while. Then, after reflecting on what might happen to her in the postwar world. Turkey provided a prize diplomatic shock: her Foreign Minister, Menemencioglu, announced that Turkey, of her own accord, would immediately stop sending any chromium to Germany. It was a stunning blow to the Germans, who had expected during 1944 to get at least half of their desperately needed chromium from Turkey.

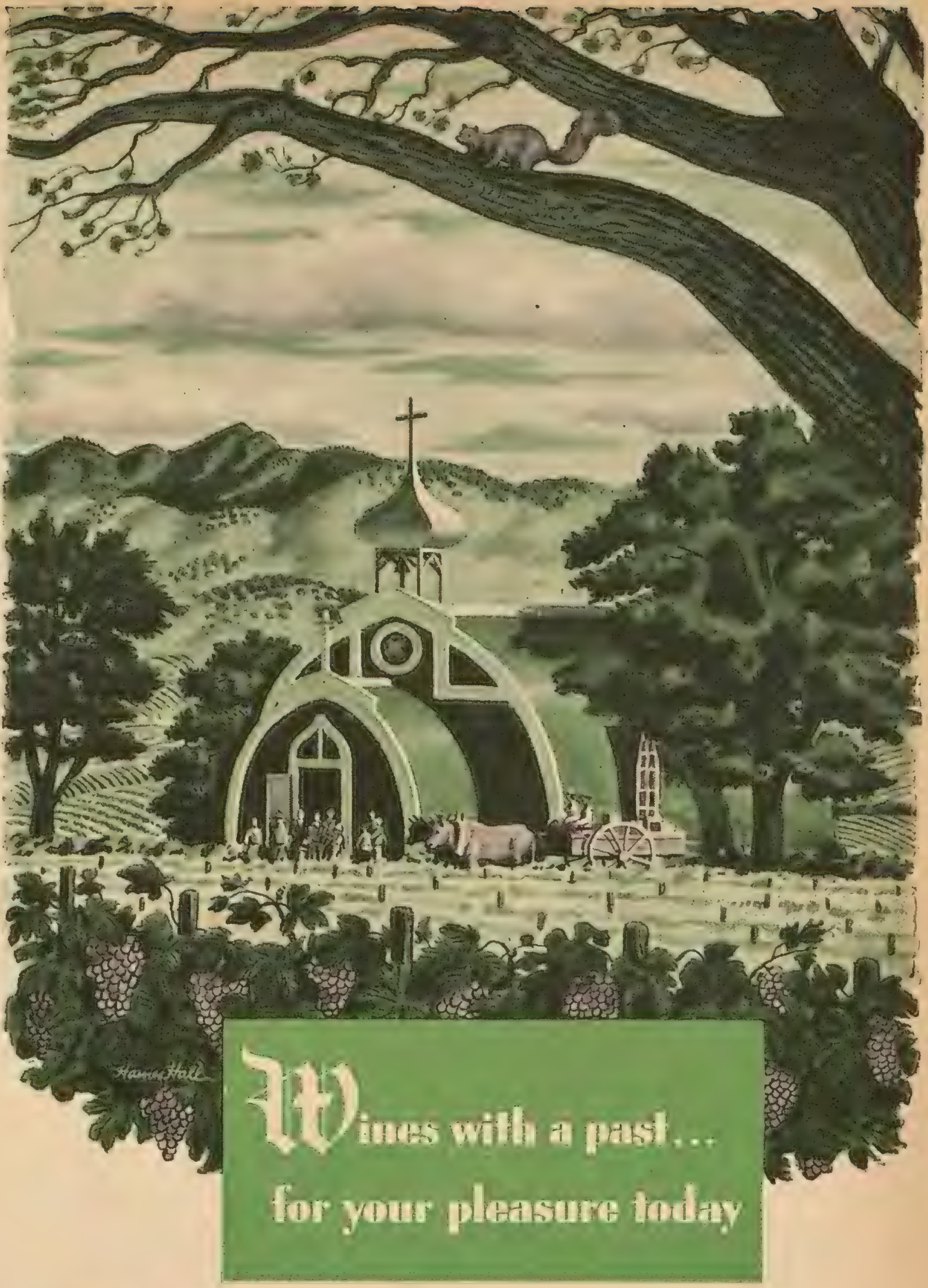
Tungsten has been the source of much of our trouble with another neutral—Axis-inclined Spain. The prime use of tungsten is in high-speed cutting tools, and without it Germany would be forced to revamp all her industry to use slower-cutting tools. It would be a disaster she cannot afford. Nine tenths of all Hitler's tungsten comes from the wolfram ores of Spain and Portugal. During 1943, Portugal sent him 2,000 tons, while Spain sent 1,000.

Our policy with regard to Spain has been strange and complicated. We apparently dealt gently with her at the outset because we didn't want to give Germany any pretext to invade her and we couldn't afford to take on any more enemies. More recently the Spanish question has been one of the few things in which American and British policy have differed. The United States uses nothing Spain has to offer, and wanted an all-or-none answer from her: either stop sending Germany *any* tungsten, or get no oil. And we did crack down on her for a while this year.

Britain is in a different fix. She uses Spanish tungsten, as well as Spanish iron ore and potash. She was in favor of a compromise, and eventually America agreed to it. For May and June, Spain could send Germany only 20 tons a month —instead of the 80 she had been averaging. After that, she could send 40 tons monthly.



"Heck of a place to put a brake!"



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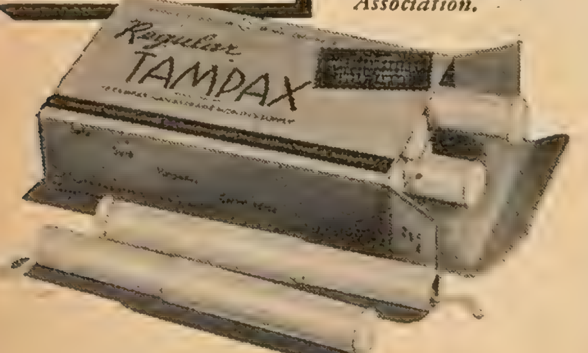


These quotas may be meaningless once the second front is well under way, for it is quite possible Germany will be isolated from her Spanish contacts entirely.

Portugal was another kettle of fish. As "Britain's oldest ally," she winked at neutrality sufficiently to let us use her strategic Azores islands. But in the matter of tungsten she cited neutrality, and refused to stop sending tungsten to Hitler—until the eve of D Day. Then Portugal, too, saw the light of day. She agreed to stop all shipments to Germany and to shut down all of her wolfram mines immediately.

In Portugal, some of the tungsten mines are British-owned, some German-owned, and some Portuguese-owned. The outputs of the first two naturally went to their respective countries. But the British and Germans bid against each other for the third, and prices reached dizzy heights. Tungsten ore which before the war cost $1,200 a ton was sold for as much as $32,000 during it.

With Germany willing to pay any price for tungsten, smuggling was brisk in both Spain and Portugal. From Portugal it was smuggled into Spain, thus avoiding export tax, and thence into German-held France. At one time it was estimated that two tons daily were reaching Germany in this way. Some time before the recent shutdown, large boxes marked "machinery" left Spain without customs inspection. Actually they contained tungsten ore. Fortunately, French saboteurs destroyed as much of this as they could get their hands on.

The supplies of these precious metals inside German Europe itself can be reached only by bombing. But even here Economic Warfare gives its advice on targets. Few people realize that when our heavy bombers seek out and destroy objectives in some unpronounceable European city, the chances are the target was recommended by a small group of economic experts somewhere in a London office.

A perfect example is the Eighth Air Force's attacks on Schweinfurt, Stuttgart, Berlin, and several Austrian cities. Economic Warfare learned that these cities were the heart of Germany's ball-bearing industry. Without ball bearings, almost everything that turns would quickly wear out. Schweinfurt was especially vital, and American bombers made three trips there, while the R. A. F. dealt another blow in February. These and other bombings elsewhere have reduced Germany's total ball-bearing output by at least one half.

Sweden has been sending Germany a considerable supply of ball bearings. Like Switzerland, she is so close to Germany she has been forced to play Germany's game more than she liked. Also she has coined money hand over fist. Some time ago an American economic warrior went to Stockholm prepared to offer the Swedes $30,000,000 for all the ball bearings they could make. Just what happened isn't clear yet, but last month the Foreign Economic Administration announced an agreement had been reached for a "very substantial" reduction of Swedish ball-bearing exports to Germany.

THE END

MISSING DOESN'T ALWAYS MEAN LOST

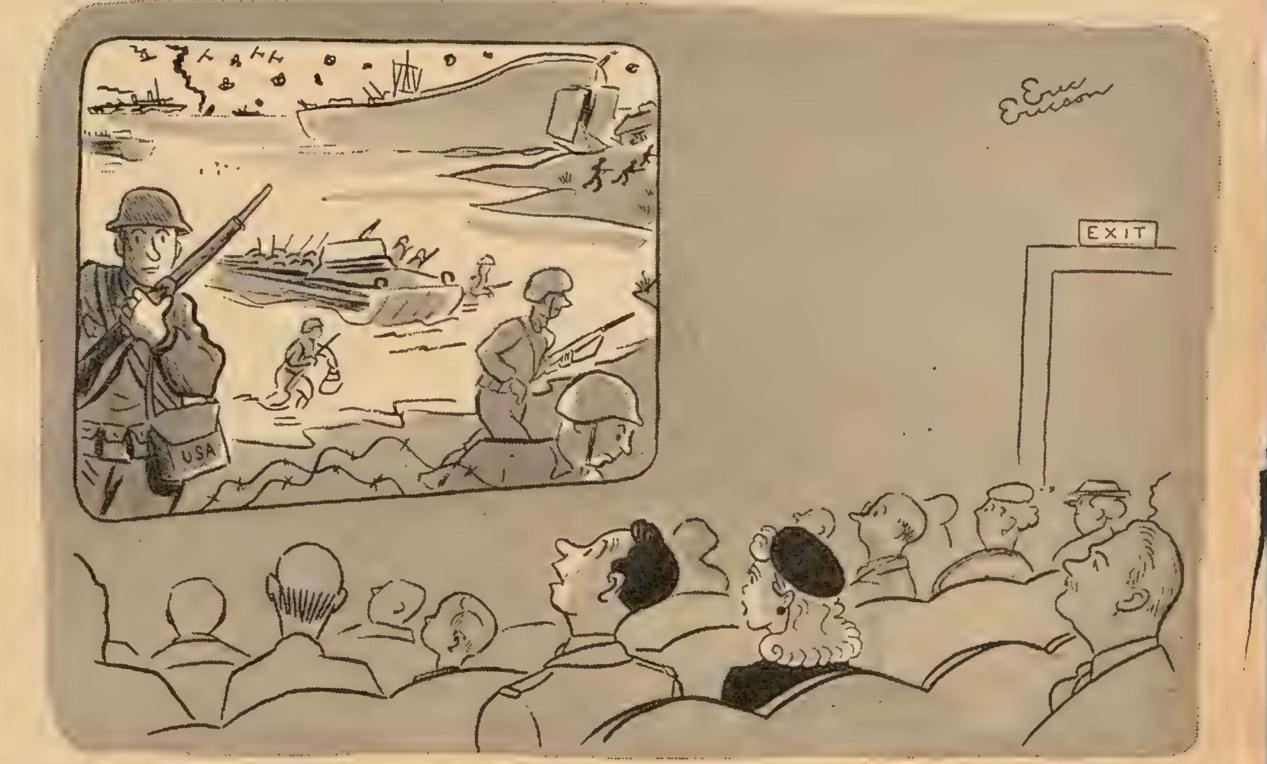
Continued from Page 23

how to think and do for themselves. Many of them come from farms, from ranches, and from mountain country, and have learned how to take care of themselves in any emergency. A large percentage of those who come from cities have had Boy Scout and Sea Scout training.

And of all sources of hope, the greatest is those men, once listed as missing, who have survived to tell their own stories. Newspapers have printed them again and again—stories of men who have braved incredible hardships in open lifeboats, in jungles, in enemy country, men whose quick thinking, stamina, and resourcefulness have brought them through.

And those are not rare, exceptional cases. The stories read like accounts of miracles, but as they continue to come in they become almost the usual, the expected. And all of them point to one thing—that, often enough, a missing man's chance of survival, provided he escapes the initial accident, is in direct proportion to his own determination to survive.

THE END



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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

AFTER A WHIRL at being a dramatic critic, James Ramsey Ullman decided he'd get on the inside of the theater, and wrote plays; but producing those that others wrote proved more interesting. Between 1933 and 1937 he produced, or co-produced, some ten plays on Broadway, including Men in White, which won the Pulitzer Prize for the best drama of 1934. He had two wild years with the Federal Theater Project, as assistant administrator for New York and administrator for California. Whether that led to mountain climbing or not, no man sayeth, but Ullman has tackled the Rockies, the Alps, and the Andes. High Conquest and The Other Side of the Mountain are books of his that reflect this hobby. In the spring of 1942 he got fed up with being turned down by the U. S. Army and enlisted as an ambulance driver with the American Field Service, attached to the British Eighth Army in Africa.

FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS Gene R. Casey, who gives us that illuminating article on penicillin in this issue, has been on the Boston Globe, though he's only thirty-four! And he has four children. A busy, crowded life, one might say. Cornered, he will confess that he's tried his hand at all kinds of copy on his trick typewriter, which he can whisk to any part of the house that's quiet at a moment's notice. Unfortunately for authorship, his kids look upon this as a variety of hide-and-seek.

WRITER'S ITCH has been his from the cradle, declares Theodore Pratt, and he's lost count of his output of literary wares. Besides Thunder Mountain, which you will enjoy in these pages, he's the author of Mr. Limpet, Mercy Island, and Big Blow. Once in Majorca, Spain, in 1933, he wrote an article that made the inhabitants so mad they bombed his house!

THE EDITORS.

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

Phyllis and Walter exchange furtive whispers in a grocery store.

DOUBLE INDEMNITY

(Paramount)
Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, Edward G. Robinson

IN Double Indemnity, James M. Cain's ability to flatten you out with a double dose of realism, gulped straight, has been translated to the screen in a surprisingly effective way. The sordid story of the murder of a Los Angeles business man by his wife and an insurance agent is deftly balanced by the strongly human performances of Fred MacMurray (as weak-willed Walter Neff) and Edward G. Robinson (his sleuthlike claims manager). Glittery-eyed Barbara Stanwyck in a blonde wig is excellent as the calculating wife, Phyllis.

This is actually a murder mystery with the pattern reversed. The strange midnight confession of wounded Walter Neff, gasped into his office dictaphone, tells you right away *who* did the deed. *How* and *why* it was done makes a gruesome story. The nerve-racking tension, cold horror, and gloom are remarkably maintained throughout—so you'd better not take the kids.

1 Walter, inveigled by Phyllis into a murder plot, gets her husband's signature on an accident policy under false pretenses.

2 Phyllis manages to keep Walter fro backing out by playing coldly upon h greed and his weak infatuation for he

3 Phyllis is exultant, Walter grim, as they place her husband's body across the tracks. No one must suspect how he died.

4 Keyes, who discovers Walter before has finished dictating his confessi is tempted to give him a chance to esca

THE HAIRY APE

(United Artists)
William Bendix, Susan Hayward, John Loder, Dorothy Comingore

THIS modernized adaptation of Eugene O'Neill's 1922 play about the soul struggles of a brutalized coal stoker on a freighter makes a paradoxical movie. The extraordinarily fine atmosphere and direction plus the first-rate performance of William Bendix nearly succeed in covering up a weakened, inconclusive plot.

Small-brained, powerfully muscled Hank has a fierce vitality springing from his sense of physical importance in the scheme of things. This is abruptly quenched when he comes face to face with a spoiled wealthy girl (Susan Hayward) who visits the stokehole and hysterically calls him a hairy ape. The nuances of the strange attraction-repulsion between these two have been finely caught and built up by the camera; O'Neill's tragic social implications (the whole basis of the play) have been completely ignored. Even so, the result is a picture of unusual quality and interest.

1 All the coal stokers are exhausted after a round of duty except irrepressible Hank, who glories in his brute strength.

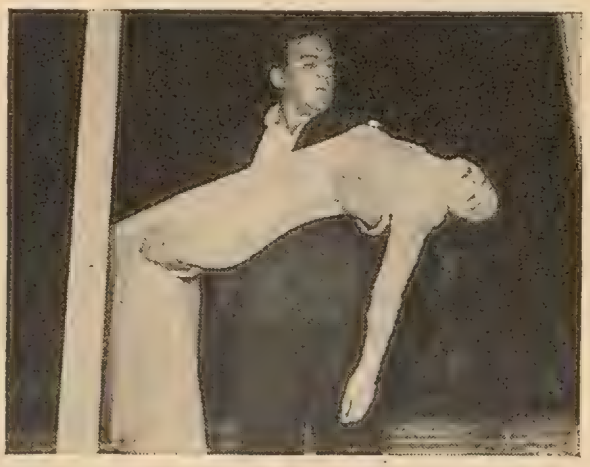
2 Petulant, supercilious Mildred (right) rails against the inconveniences of freighter passage to her friend Helen.

3 After Mildred calls him a hairy ape, Hank goes into a fit of brooding. His comrades try vainly to cheer him up.

4 Hank comes up from the stokehole, mad with rage over Mildred's insult, but his violence is thwarted by engineer Lazar.

HTENING
TERRI
GOLIATH

5 Ashore, Hank can't get his grievance out of his mind. A poster prompts him to go to see a caged ape—and his obsession grows.



6 Hank finally wangles his way into Mildred's swanky apartment. Alone with her, he finds a strange way to square things.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

GASLIGHT (M-G-M). Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten. Drama.
GOING MY WAY (Paramount). Bing Crosby, Risë Stevens, Barry Fitzgerald. Drama with music.
THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN (Warners). Fredric March, Alexis Smith. Drama.
THE EVE OF ST. MARK (20th Century-Fox). William Eythe, Anne Baxter, Vincent Price. Drama.
THE HITLER GANG (Paramount). Robert Watson and others. Documentary melodrama.
THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL (Paramount). Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, Signe Hasso. Drama.
THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER (M-G-M). Irene Dunne, Alan Marshal. Drama.
TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR (M-G-M). Van Johnson, June Allyson, Gloria De Haven. Musical.

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Another—and what another!—is the forthcoming "Dragon Seed".

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And all the shouting will be about something that deserves the shouting.

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Pearl Buck's best-seller is the story. M-G-M, you may recall, is the producer of her "Good Earth". But "Dragon Seed" makes this former remarkable production pale into whatever things pale into.

★ ★ ★ ★

Katharine Hepburn as "Jade" gives one of the outstanding performances of this or any year.

★ ★ ★ ★

But others—Walter Huston in particular—Aline MacMahon, Akim Tamiroff, Henry Travers—are right up there. As is the splendid direction of Jack Conway and Harry Bucquet.

Mask of Katharine Hepburn by famed W. T. Benda

★ ★ ★ ★

Pandro Berman produced. Misses Roberts and Murfin did the screen play. It's all a wonderful package.

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This tremendously dramatic, unquestionably tender personal narrative stands in the foreground of China's magnificent resistance to inhuman aggression.

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Other publications are calling "Dragon Seed" the Picture of the Month. Certainly that. It is really the Picture of the Year.

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But even more—it is the Picture of the Hour.

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AN OSCAR FOR PAUL

Continued from Page 29

In his first talking picture, The Wolf of Wall Street (George Bancroft was the Wolf), Paul did not talk. His voice was dubbed in. From then on, however, he did his own talking, with a Hungarian accent.

Since the early silent days in which he played the great lover, Paul has oscillated between villainy and chivalry. His first sympathetic role was in Shopworn Angel (1929), with Nancy Carroll and Gary Cooper. In this he played a debonair sugar daddy who kindly stepped aside to give a World War I private a break. In Little Women he played Professor Bhaer with such quiet dignity that several columnists suggested him for an Oscar. In Strictly Dishonorable, an early Preston Sturges, he was a sophisticated man of the world, a part that typed him for some time.

In 1937 Paul became fed up with the supporting roles that were being handed him in Hollywood, so he did his first New York play, Ibsen's A Doll's House, playing opposite Ruth Gordon. In England he played one of the spies in Alfred Hitchcock's The Lady Vanishes, and in 1939 he did his comeback picture in Hollywood, playing a member of the Nazi ring in the supposedly daring Confessions of a Nazi Spy. That was followed by supporting roles in several bad pictures, ending with They Dare Not Love, which starred George Brent and Martha Scott and was presented in January, 1941. Before long Paul had a wire from Herman Shumlin.

WHEN Paul returned to Hollywood to play the part he had created in Watch on the Rhine, Warner Brothers signed him for a two-pictures-a-year deal, at a reported $75,000 a picture, with the understanding that he could make outside pictures or return to the stage. Under this arrangement he made Uncertain Glory at Warners and Address Unknown at Columbia.

In Address Unknown Paul gives a brilliant performance as a Nazi weakling, the complete opposite of Kurt Muller in Watch on the Rhine. Long an enemy of the type-casting system in Hollywood, Paul quickly accepted the role. "One success can ruin a whole career," says picture-smart Paul. "If the actor allows himself to be cast in the same type of role over and over again, he himself gets tired of it, and the audience reaches the saturation point. My only desire is to act. Whether I play a nasty old man or a chivalrous hero is immaterial to me, as long as it is a good acting part."

The Lukases have kept out of Hollywood politics. When Paul is working, they stay in town in a small apartment, but the minute the picture is finished they go to their home in Palm Springs, a small cottage Paul built for $4,500 ten years ago. Their best friends, outside of the Walter Pidgeons, Lloyd Corrigan, and the Hungarian colony, are their Palm Springs neighbors, the Edward Sutherlands, the Charlie Farrells, and Charlie Butterworth.

Just before the Nazis started to march, Daisy brought her mother to America to live with her and Paul. Mrs. Benes, a relative by marriage of the President of Czechoslovakia, is a quiet little woman who is still bewildered by the Americans and their manners. She speaks only a few words of English and those, unfortunately, have been taught her by her gag-loving son-in-law. At a formal dinner party given by friends of the Lukases, Mrs. Benes caught her dress on a chair and tore it slightly. Thinking that she was saying "Oh, dear," she uttered a quiet but highly effective "son of a b——" and graciously shook hands with the startled guests.

The Lukases have never had any social

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ambitions and Paul is rarely seen at a Hollywood night club. Their Palm Springs home is just a stone's throw from the Racquet Club, and there Paul plays tennis every afternoon from two to five, the loser paying off with a double coke-and-lime. At forty-nine, Paul is still one of the best tennis players in southern California and has played against every big name in the tennis world.

Paul likes to boast that he became an American the hard way. Before he became a citizen, March 12, 1937, he learned everything there was to know about the Constitution and the history of the United States. He takes fiendish delight now in asking native-born Americans questions that were asked him at his citizenship examination. To his question, "How many electoral votes has California?" no one, as yet, has given him the correct answer.

"When did I know I wanted to become a United States citizen? It was during the Olympic Games in Los Angeles in 1932," he told me once. "I knew I was an American at heart when I began to pull for the Americans in the sports events against Hungarians. And later at the tennis matches when I wanted Bill Tilden to win against his Hungarian opponent."

Paul is a crossword-puzzle fan. "What is a four-letter word," he asks, "ending in eny?" After you have racked your brains, he coolly informs you that it's "deny."

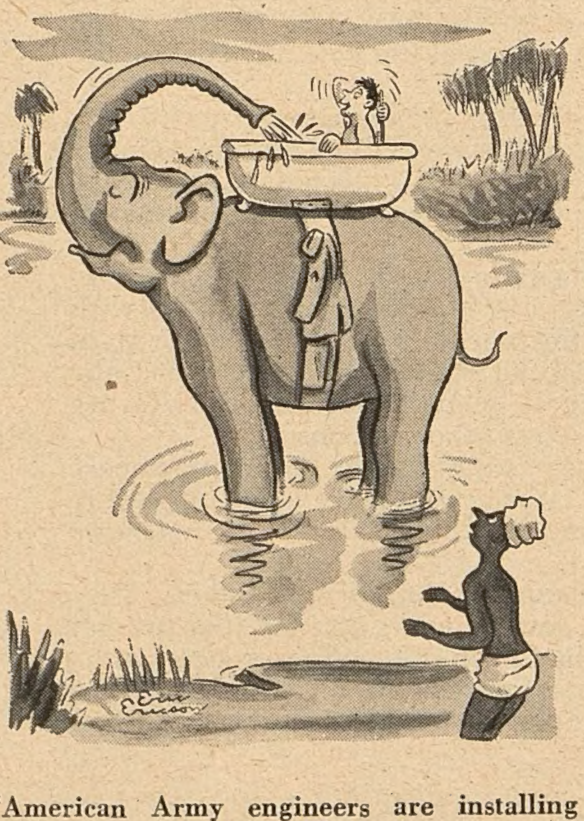
He hates to answer the telephone. So does Daisy. Whenever it rings, the following conversation takes place: "Telephone, Daisy." "Telephone, Paul." The Lukases miss a lot of their calls.

Paul likes to cook. The one dish he prides himself on he calls *lecho*. It is made of sausage, green peppers, onions, and tomatoes. One day Lloyd Corrigan, in the mood for a colorful Old World story of celebrated chefs and culinary delights in fascinating Budapest, asked, "Where did you learn the recipe for *lecho*, Paul?"

"In Detroit," said Paul.

Paul has never gone in for diamonds and plush in Hollywood. Conservative in his tastes, his one extravagance was his plane, which he sold in 1941. (He is making postwar plans to buy a helicopter.) Since 1932, whether it has been a lean year or a meaty one, he has managed to put a hunk of dough into an endowment. If Hollywood should kick him off the top of the heap again, he can well afford to thumb his nose.

THE END



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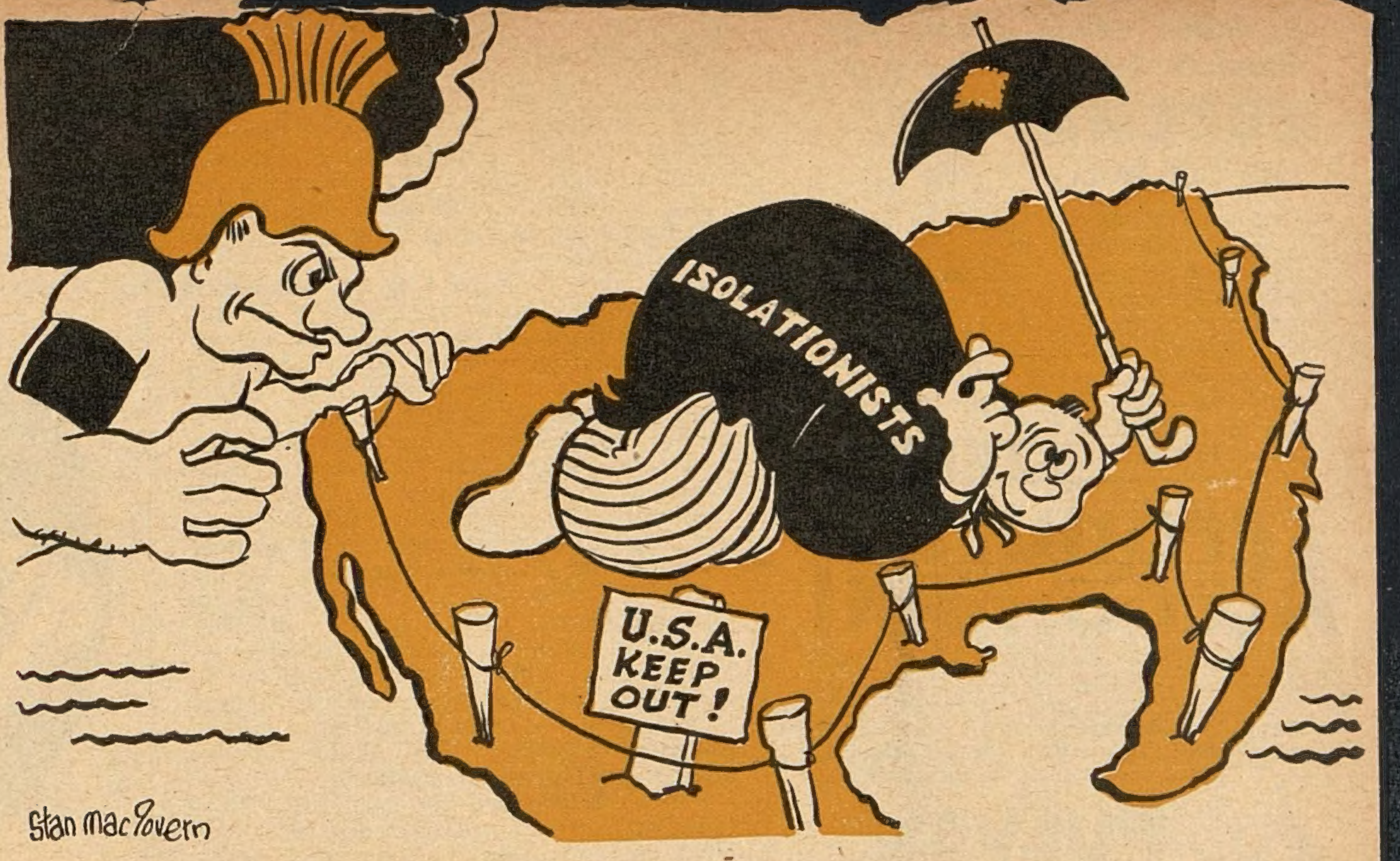
EDWARD MAHER
Editor



ISOLATION IS DEATH FOR AMERICA

ANYONE in touch with public opinion in this country can't help but realize many sincere Americans believe isolation is the best policy for the United States. However, much of this isolationist (or to give it its new name, "nationalist") thinking is based upon a misconception which is carefully fostered by the isolationist press.

Certain newspapers, which modestly presume to speak for "a majority of Americans," continually harp on the theme that we are in this war because Uncle Sam is Uncle Sap and gets the wool pulled over his eyes by those perfidious British and devious Russians. They state categorically that this war came about through the machinations of European politicians who are always ready to start wars as long as they think the U. S. A. will come in to pull them out of the hole and restore the status quo.

They infer also, somewhat less positively, that we are in the war with Japan for similar reasons—because we objected to the Japs making forcible changes in the status quo in the Pacific.

Thus the way to keep out of war, according to this theory, is to have nothing to do with the rest of the world. We are advised to go in for "businesslike internationalism with Canada," with joint plans for continental defense and to hell with other nations.

This all seems quite logical to many sincere and honest citizens who have more interest in comic strips than they have in reading news columns.

Let's just suppose America had adopted this sage advice several years ago and that the war in Europe had been allowed to proceed without our interference. In all probability we would be fighting today with the resources of the whole world outside North America ranged against us.

Without our help, England and Russia might, and probably would, have fallen to the Nazis, and China to the Japs. The resources of these nations would now be at the disposal of the aggressor nations instead of being on our side. If this were so, we could easily lose the final struggle for world domination and thus become an ex-land of the free, an ex-bright chapter in man's struggle for liberty and the dignity of the human spirit.

No, we did not go into this war to pull anybody's chestnuts out of the fire. We went into it to preserve the principles for which we have always stood. We saw early in the game, as we must always see in the future, that aggression, tyranny, and the enslavement of other nations by ruthless dictators must not be permitted. If we permit it, we ourselves eventually will be overwhelmed. We looked at the mounting storm abroad and knew in our hearts there was nothing we owned or prized which was too great to throw into the struggle.

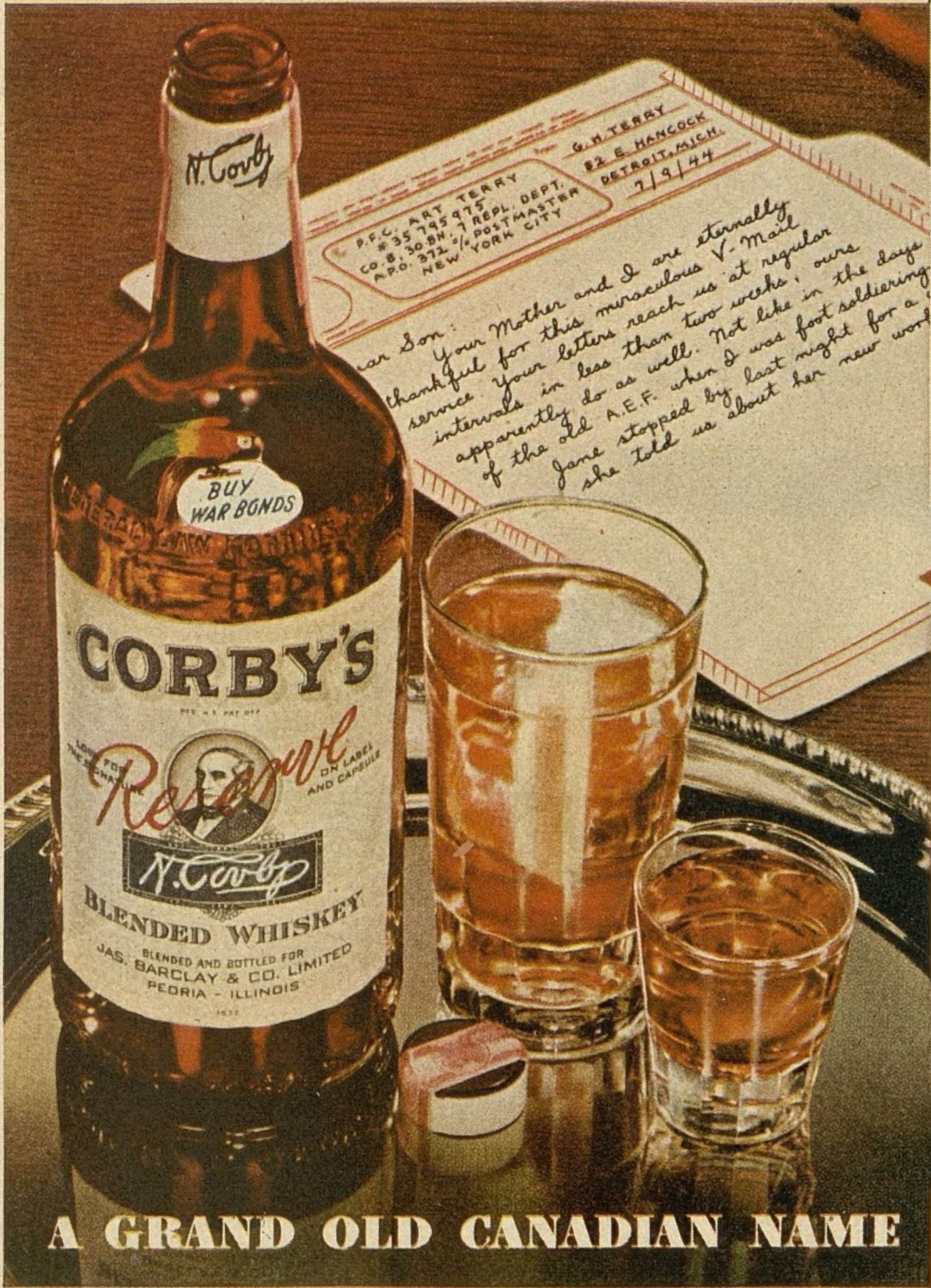
No, "businesslike internationalism with Canada" will not keep us out of future wars, if future wars there be. If we are so misguided as to think so, we will find that next time, instead of fighting a nation or two, we will have to fight whole continents. Of all the things we have learned the last few years, one fact is most clear: The United States must participate in some sort of world order conceived in justice and humanity if we are to keep war from the rest of the world and from ourselves

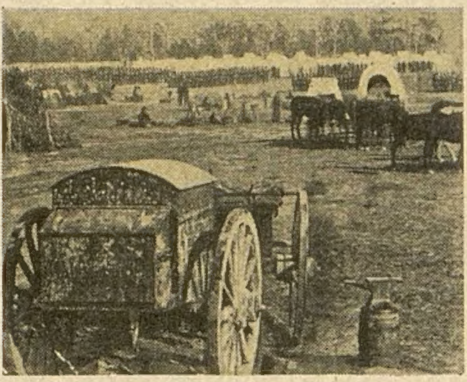
Paul Hunter

Liberty
... FOR ALL

From mud-spattered postal carts to

V-Mail 'Round the World


N. Corby
P.F.C. ART TERRY
#35 795 975
CO. B, 30 BN, 7 REPL. DEPT.
A.P.O. 872 c/o POSTMASTER
NEW YORK CITY
G. H. TERRY
82 E. HANCOCK
DETROIT, MICH.
7/9/44
Dear Son: Your Mother and I are eternally thankful for this miraculous V-Mail service. Your letters reach us at regular intervals in less than two weeks; ours apparently do as well. Not like in the days of the old A.E.F. when I was foot soldiering. Jane stopped by last night for a
she told us about her new wor
BUY WAR BONDS
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED PEORIA - ILLINOIS
V-MAIL
A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME



1861 **MAIL FROM HOME** followed the armies in the War Between the States by mule cart. Although fighting in this country, sometimes near home, soldiers' mail was slow and uncertain in Corby's third year as a fine whiskey name.

1917 **FRENCH RAILROADS** transfer Yank mail to trucks. Distribution of mail convoyed from America in slow ships was heavy work, letters took weeks to reach the front in Corby's 59th year as a grand old Canadian whiskey name.

1944 **V-MAIL IS ALWAYS AIR MAIL** for service men and women on five continents—fast, sure of delivery. Thirty-four million service letters will go overseas every week in this year, which is Corby's 86th as a great whiskey name.

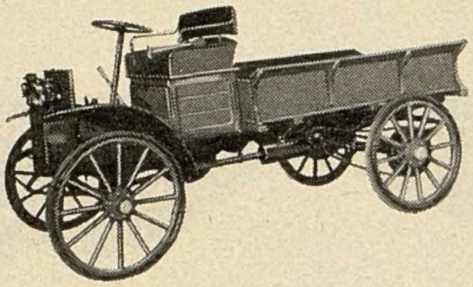
Join the fight
BUY WAR BONDS

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

You can help save valuable ship cargo space by writing service people through V-Mail. And for those quiet moments with pen and ink you may enjoy your favorite drink made with Corby's, the light, sociable blend. There is enough Corby's available to enable you to buy a "sample" bottle occasionally. *An occasional "sampling" of Corby's now may grow to lasting preference after victory!*

86 Proof—68.4% Fruit and Grain Neutral Spirits
Jas. Barclay & Co., Ltd., Peoria, Ill.

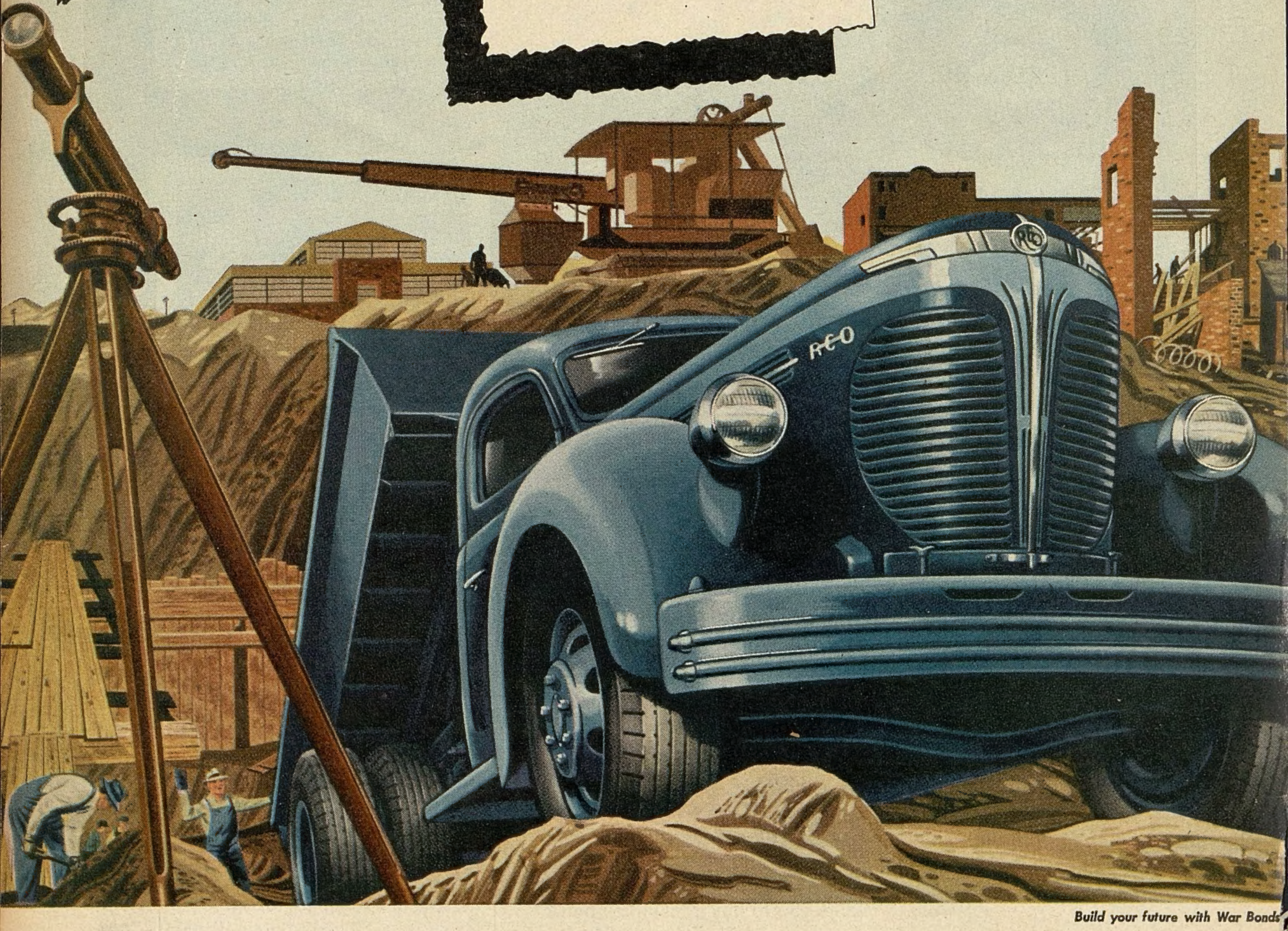
40 years of building with America



In 1904 the name Reo, which has meant top performance for 40 years, appeared on the transportation scene. In 1909 the Reo shown above was hard at work in the building field . . . quaint looking vehicle, but it did a good job in its day.

REO

America's Toughest Truck



Build your future with War Bonds

The 1944 Reo trucks inherit the "bone and sinews and fighting heart" of a long line of Reos which distinguished themselves in the building and construction field. They helped to lay the roads of America, helped push the steel of the skyscraper era down into the earth and up into the sky, helped build the Boulder Dams and little homes and businesses as well.

Dressed in olive drab and navy grey, Reo trucks are showing what this heritage means on the toughest wartime assignments at home and abroad. War production officials have released a limited quota of medium and heavy-duty Reo trucks for civilian use in 1944. Ask your nearest Reo dealer for complete particulars.

REO MOTORS, INC. • LANSING 20, MICHIGAN